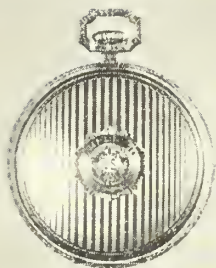


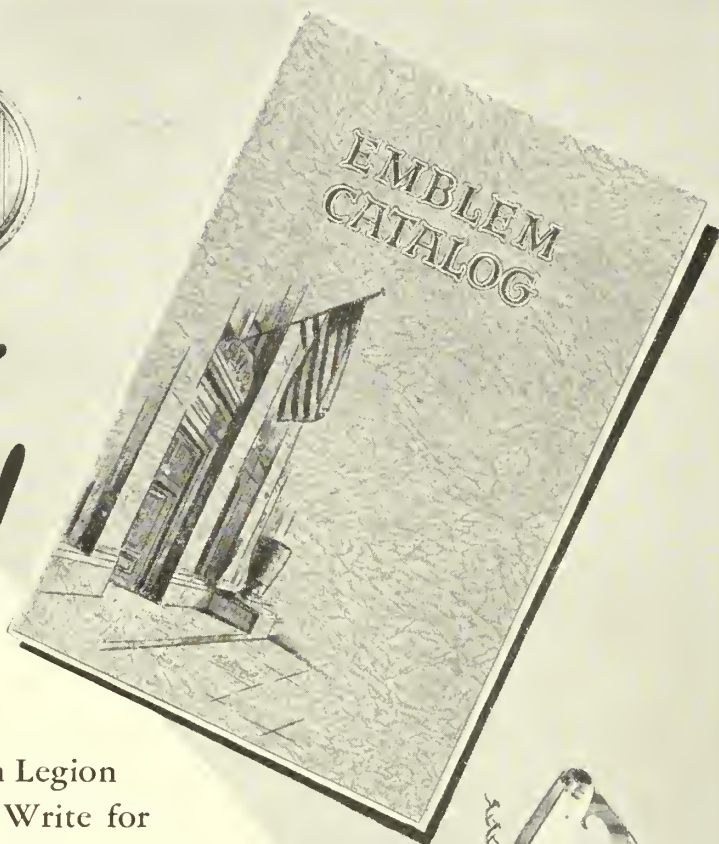
The **A**ERICAN LEGION *Monthly*



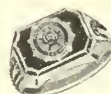
General Hugh L. Scott - Arthur Somers Roche
Franklin D'Olier *and* Letters of a Forty-Niner



Yours for the Asking!



YOUR COPY of the 1929 American Legion Emblem Catalog is ready to mail. Write for it today—it's FREE to Legionnaires . . . Bigger and better than ever, this interesting book illustrates and describes scores of novel as well as practical articles, all of which bear the American Legion Emblem. And all are moderately priced. . . . The selection includes jewelry, cigarette cases, desk sets, auto emblems, flags, banners and other attractive articles, as well as a complete line of Post supplies, including prize cups, medals and trophies. This is the one and only catalog of official Legion regalia . . . The coupon brings your copy of this interesting book, beautifully illustrated in colors —FREE. Every Legionnaire and each American Legion Post should have one. Write for your copy of this attractive catalog today. *There is no obligation!*



MAIL THIS TODAY

THE
AMERICAN
LEGION
Emblem Division
Indianapolis, Ind.

Please mail my copy of
the 1929 Emblem Catalog.

Name.....

Street.....

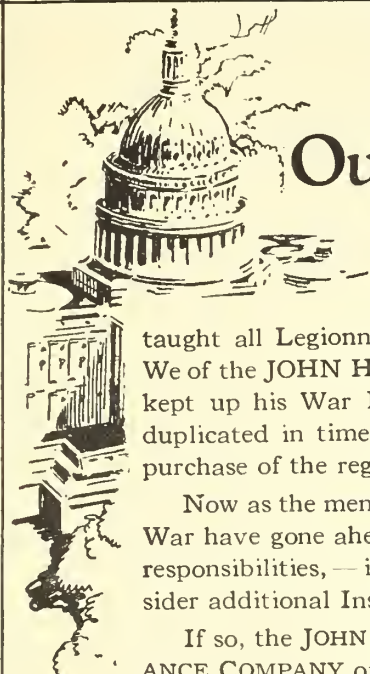
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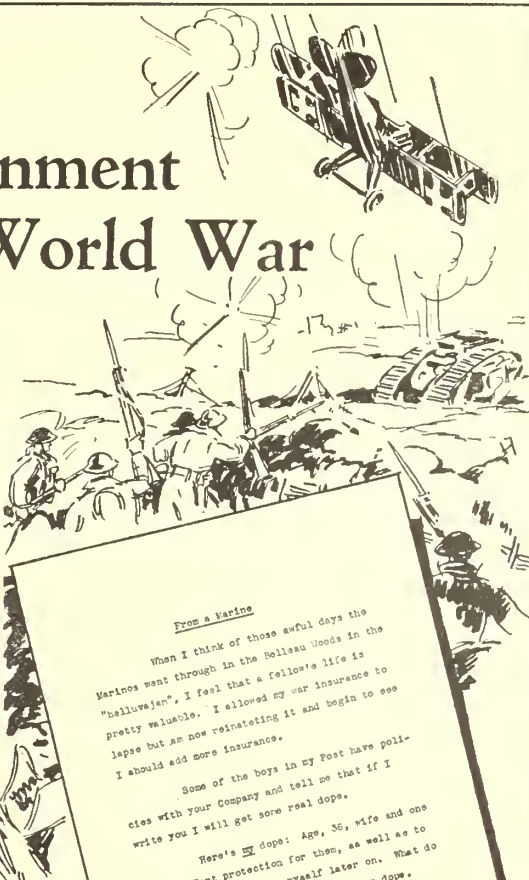
I am a member of Post No.....

Dept. of.....7-29

THE
AMERICAN LEGION
Emblem Division
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA



Our Wise Government During the World War



taught all Legionnaires the value of Life Insurance. We of the JOHN HANCOCK hope every veteran has kept up his War Risk Insurance, which cannot be duplicated in time of peace, but only added to by purchase of the regular life insurance lines.

Now as the men who served the colors in the World War have gone ahead in life,— have taken on greater responsibilities,— it may be the time is ripe to consider additional Insurance.

If so, the JOHN HANCOCK MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY offers many kinds of policies adapted to various needs. The type of our service to the men of the Legion may be judged from the following letters:—

From a Captain of the 20th DIVISION
and a Past Legion Post Commander

Several years ago, after having seen your advertisement in our Magazine, I wrote regarding a \$5000 policy. I took that policy and have been carrying it now for three years.

My family and I went over it again last night. I want you to know we are so delighted with it that now I am thinking of taking out another policy.

Am keeping up my full \$10,000 War Risk Insurance, but I feel the need of greater insurance. Want to build up my insurance estate to at least \$50,000.

I believe you have been advertising in the AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY ever since its inception, every issue. The policy of the Legion is, "They Advertise. Let's Patronize" — so it's going to be John Hancock again with me.

From a veteran of the SECOND DIVISION
and a Past Post Commander of the Legion

I shall always have many reasons to be grateful and appreciative for your services to me; but as a Past Post Commander of the American Legion, I want to thank you now for the good work you are carrying on with your advertising pages in the American Legion Monthly.

Soon after the war I took my first small John Hancock policy. At the present time I have \$280,000.00 worth of John Hancock protection for my family, my business and myself.

Your company's friendly guidance has been the greatest help to me in establishing this insurance-estate, and I am glad to see you opening the way to a more thorough understanding of insurance investment for all members of the Legion.

From a Marine

When I think of those awful days the Marines went through in the Belleau Woods in the "helluvas", I feel that a fellow's life is pretty valuable. I allowed my war insurance to lapse but am now reinstating it and begin to see I should add more insurance.

Some of the boys in my Post have policies with your Company and tell me that if I write you I will get some real dope.

Here's my dope: Age, 36, wife and one child. Want protection for them, as well as to get something back for myself later on. What do I want, and how much? Now about your dope.

From a sailor who served all
during the war in the American Navy

Am keeping all my American Legion Monthlies. Looking over back numbers, I found your page ad in the first monthly issue. I was a "gob" in the war, am married, and therefore thinking of some insurance in addition to War Risk. Have a moderate income and could afford at least a \$7,000 policy and would like to know what it would cost me for 20 payment or life policy, age 32.

As an officer in the American Legion Post, I naturally want to patronize the John Hancock Company which patronizes us.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Cut out and mail

Summary of Financial Statement, December 31, 1928

TOTAL ASSETS	\$496,171,706.51
TOTAL LIABILITIES:	
Policy Reserve	\$420,352,437.00
Reserve for Dividends to Policyholders	27,481,738.13
All other liabilities	9,669,747.58
	\$457,503,922.71
SURPLUS FUNDS	\$38,667,783.80

Inquiry Bureau
John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.
197 Clarendon St., Boston, Mass.

Please send booklet, "This Matter of Success."

Name.....

Address.....

Age.....

A.L.M.



The AMERICAN LEGION

Monthly



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THE STARS IN THE FLAG

ARKANSAS: The 25th State, admitted to the Union, June 15, 1836. Originally the area was included in Louisiana. A party of Frenchmen settled at Arkansas Post in 1785 or '86 where they built up a trade in furs with the Indians. The land came under the dominion of Spain in 1762, when the French sold Louisiana rather than yield it to England as a war prize in the French and Indian War. France bought the territory back in 1800 and sold it to the United States in 1803 as part of the Louisiana Purchase. Congress made Arkansas a district in Louisiana in 1804, and on March 2, 1819, organized it as a territory. A large influx of Southern settlers poured into the newly-acquired American land. Population, 1810, 1,062; 1928 (U. S. est.), 1,044,000. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1900, 8.5; 1910, 12.9; 1920, 16.6. Area, 53,335 sq. miles. Density of population (1920 U. S. Census),

33.4 per sq. mile. Rank among States (1920 U. S. Census), 25th in population, 26th in area, 28th in density. Capital, Little Rock (1928 U. S. est.), 79,200. Three largest cities, Little Rock; Fort Smith (1920 U. S. Census), 28,870; Pine Bluff (1920 U. S. Census), 19,280. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$2,590,617,000. Principal sources of wealth (1925 U. S. Census), lumber and timber, \$83,716,701; cottonseed oil, cake and meal, \$17,005,657; petroleum refining, \$11,807,532; mineral products (1925), \$87,185,532, mainly petroleum, coal, bauxite (used in making aluminum); all crops (1920 U. S. Census), \$340,813,250, mainly cereal and forage crops, tobacco, fruits and roses for perfumery. Arkansas had 70,314 men and women in service during the World War. State motto, adopted May 3, 1864: "Regnant Populi"—"The people rule." Origin of name: Algonquin name for Quapaw Indians. Nickname: Bowie State.



ROBERT F. SMITH, General Manager
JOHN T. WINTERICH, Editor

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PHILIP VON BLON, Managing Editor
WILLIAM MACLEAN, Art Editor

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The Man with the "Grasshopper Mind"

YOU know this man as well as you know YOURSELF. His mind nibbles at EVERYTHING and masters NOTHING.

At home in the evening he tunes in the radio—gets tired of it—then glances through a MAGAZINE—can't get interested. Finally, unable to CONCENTRATE on anything, he either goes to the MOVIES or FALLS ASLEEP in his chair.

At the OFFICE he always takes up the EASIEST thing first, puts it down when it gets HARD, and starts something else. JUMPS from ONE THING TO ANOTHER all the time!

There are thousands of these PEOPLE WITH GRASSHOPPER MINDS in the world. In fact they are the very people who do the world's MOST TIRESOME TASKS—and get but a PITTANCE for their work.

They do the world's CLERICAL WORK, and routine drudgery. Day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year—ENDLESSLY—they HANG ON to the jobs that are smallest-salaried, longest-houred, least interesting, and poorest-futured!

If YOU have a "grasshopper mind" you know that this is TRUE. And you know WHY it is true. Even the BLAZING SUN can't burn a hole in a little piece of TISSUE PAPER unless its rays are focussed and concentrated ON ONE SPOT!

A BRAIN THAT BALKS at sticking to ONE THING FOR MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES surely cannot be depended upon to get you anywhere in your YEARS of life!

The TRAGEDY of it all is this: you know that RIGHT NOW you are merely jumping HERE AND THERE. Yet you also know that you have WITHIN YOU the intelligence, the earnestness, and the ability that can take you right to the high place you want to reach in life!

What is WRONG? WHAT'S holding you back?

Just one fact—one SCIENTIFIC fact. That is all. And when you know what it IS, then you can easily learn how to apply it; make it carry you STEADILY, POSITIVELY, AND DIRECTLY to prosperity and independence.

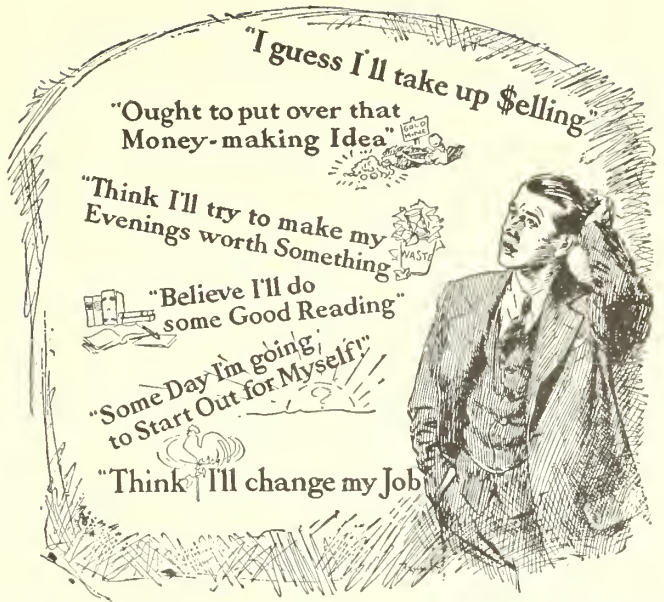
That fact is one which has been PROVEN and stated by the world's foremost scientists and psychologists. You are only ONE-TENTH as successful as you COULD be! Why? BECAUSE, as Science says, you are using only ONE-TENTH of your real BRAIN-POWER!

TEN per cent of his brain is all the AVERAGE person uses. He is paid for ONE-TENTH of what he really possesses because that is all he actually USES. The remainder lies dormant. The longer it is unused, the harder it becomes to use it. For the mind is like a muscle. It grows in power through exercise and use. It weakens and deteriorates with idleness.

What can you DO about it? That is the question you are asking yourself. Here is a suggestion.

Spend 2c for a postage stamp. Send in the coupon below for a copy of "Scientific Mind Training." There is no further obligation whatever. You need not spend another penny.

This little book will tell you the secret of self-confidence, of a strong will, of a powerful memory, of unflagging concentration. It tells you how to acquire directive powers, how to train your imagination (the greatest force in the world), how to make quick, accurate decisions, how to reason logically—in short, how to make



your brain an instrument of all-around POWER. It tells you how to banish the negative qualities like forgetfulness, brain fog, inertia, indecision, self-consciousness, lack of ideas, mind wandering, lack of system, procrastination, timidity.

Men like Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Sir Harry Lauder, Prince Charles of Sweden, Jerome K. Jerome, the famous novelist; Frank P. Walsh, Chairman of the National War Labor Board, and hundreds of others equally famous, praise the simple method of increasing brain power and thought power described in this free book. OVER 650,000 OTHERS PRAISE IT.

You have only TWO CENTS to lose by writing for your copy. You may GAIN thousands of dollars, peace of mind, happiness, independence!

Thousands who read this announcement will DO NOTHING about it. The effort and the will needed to send for this book—which is FREE—may be lacking. How can these people EVER gain what they hope for, crave for? They are the skeptics, the doubters, the "show me" wiseacres.

Other thousands will say, "I can lose only TWO CENTS. I may GAIN a great deal by reading 'Scientific Mind Training.' I will send for it NOW. It promises too much for me to RISK MISSING."

The thousands who are open minded—who are willing to learn something to their advantage—will ACT on their impulse to send the coupon. They will be better, stronger minded for having TAKEN SOME ACTION about their lives, even if they do nothing more than to READ a booklet about the inner workings of the mind. For your own sake—and for the sake of your loved ones, don't continue to GAMBLE that your future will be bright whether or not you DO anything about it! Mail the coupon today —NOW.

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
Suite 107, 71 West 45th Street, New York City
Offices in London, Paris, Stockholm, Delhi, Durban and Melbourne

The Pelman Institute of America
Suite 107, 71 West 45th Street,
New York City

Please send me without obligation your free booklet, "Scientific Mind Training." This does not place me under any obligation and no salesman is to call on me.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....



MEMORY STONES

*An offering of nation-wide service
to all Legionnaires and Legion Posts*

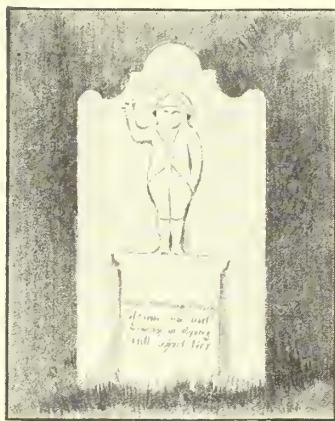
Through Master Craftsmen in Marble in every American city, we offer Legionnaires and Legion Posts the services of our own Department of Design, a staff of expert craftsmen who have created many of the finest examples of contemporary memorial art.

Command us at any time when you would like to have assistance in preparing preliminary sketches.. in providing authentic designs and estimates for personal, civic or Legion Post memorials.

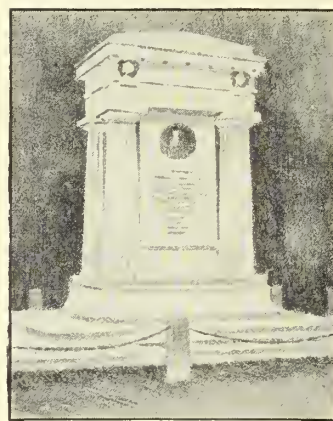
Today, Vermont Marble is perpetuating hero-records of every American war. It was chosen by the Government to enshrine the Unknown Soldier... to give permanence and gleaming splendor to the Arlington Memorial Amphitheatre. *It has always been the nation's noblest Memory Stone.*

VERMONT MARBLE COMPANY
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World's Largest Quarriers of Marble

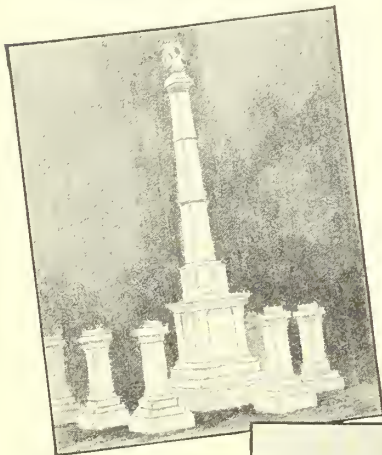
VERMONT MARBLE



1776—The nation's first soldier-monument, Lt. Col. Joseph Wait's quaint Vermont Marble tablet, erected "by his brethren in arms" in Clarendon, Vt., where it still bears his Revolutionary War record.



1812—Vermont Marble memorial, Vergennes, Vt., to Commodore Thomas Mardonough, national hero and victorious commander of the American fleet at Plattsburg, Sept. 11, 1814.

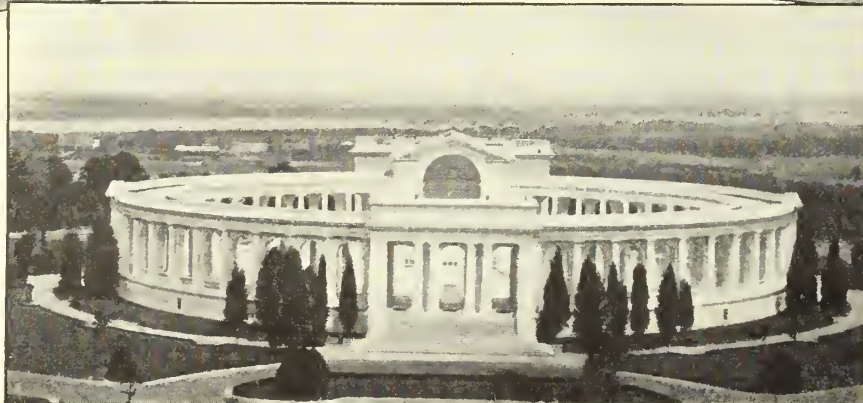


1861—First memorial erected by public subscription after the Civil War, the Lancaster, Wis., monument carved from Vermont Marble over half a century ago.



1898—The eternal flame of American pride and patriotism, a shaft of Vermont Marble commemorating veterans of the Spanish War at Attleboro, Mass.

1917—The world's largest cemetery memorial, the Amphitheatre at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Arlington, Va., National Cemetery, entirely of Vermont Marble.



All That Is Beautiful Shall Abide Forever, is the title of a booklet illustrating the 12 basic types of modern family memorials. It greatly simplifies problems of selecting a design. *Sent promptly on request.*



"Connie, I'm a low cad. I came here tonight to ask you to marry me. But I don't love you. I wanted your money. Now—I—I couldn't do a thing like that"

You Must Have ROMANCE

By Arthur Somers Roche
Illustrations by Harold Anderson

THIS is a love story. Sorry, girls, but I must think of the menfolk once in a while and give them what they want. What? Don't be silly. Who does all the coughing at the sad scenes in the movies? Who makes up first after the little quarrel? Who turns back at the door to kiss you good-bye? Who wrote the mushiest love letters? Anyway, isn't the god of Love a boy?

Introducing, folks, Theodore Halleyne. Ted, meet the gang. Gang, look a live one over.

Five feet ten and a half, one seventy-four, brown hair and the kind of eyes that girls call nice, plenty jaw, and a mouth with corners that tilt slightly upward.

Also, as I just said, a live one. Catch him wasting any time in nonsense. Not that he didn't like to dance, kiss a pretty girl when he got a chance, and play dollar-limit stud on Saturday nights. But he was no brain-in-the-heels lad, and nobody ever caught him out on a limb. When he had 'em, he bet 'em, and when he bet 'em he had 'em.

The Main Chance! Every waking moment his eyes were resting on the main chance. If you were broke he'd lend you twenty, but try and

touch him again if you were a day late with your payment.

"The Lord helps those who help themselves," he frequently said, "and between the two of us I'm going to get along. No third party is ever going to give me a benefit."

Not close—please don't think that. But a trifle harder than youth ought to be. At twenty-five or six a chap ought to be able to unbuckle the wallet—and the heart—naturally, easily. He ought not always to be thinking about possible profit. His impetuosity, his impatience, ought to be with regard to his happiness, rather than to his bank account.

"You're doing very well, Halleyne," said Durgan, of the Sixty-eighth National. "I know few men of your age who own as sound a business as yours. Your books show a net profit of seventeen thousand, after allowing yourself twelve thousand, and making due deductions of all sorts. What's the idea in asking us for fifty thousand? We're carrying you for twenty right



now. Why increase the loan?"

"Because the more capital the more profit," replied Halleyne.

"And the more risk," stated Durgan.

"Now listen here, Mr. Durgan," argued Halleyne. "I've been banking with your concern for three years. You know all about me. Know that I don't drink, speculate in the market, or make a fool of myself in other ways. I'm young, healthy, and you'll admit I'm fairly able."

Durgan smiled. "Go on, Halleyne. You're correct so far."

Young Ted chilled a bit. "Electrical supplies is a business that requires plenty capital, Mr. Durgan. If I stand well with the trade, have all that I've just said, why can't I have a bigger loan?"

"Because the Sixty-eighth doesn't believe in too rapid spreading. A young concern can easily be over-extended," replied Durgan. "Up to a certain point loans to a customer are investments; beyond that point they become speculations, and banks are not permitted speculations, Mr. Halleyne. I sympathize with you; in another year we'll undoubtedly feel that you are entitled to a fifty-thousand-dollar credit with us, but—not yet."

"And meantime I've got to plod along, lose opportunities—"

"Plodding along is a very good method of traveling the road to success," said Durgan, ponderously. "Of course, if you can't wait, you might enlist outside capital—"

"Where," demanded Halleyne bitterly, "will I find outside capital?"

"You have plenty of friends, haven't you?" asked Durgan.

Halleyne shook his head. "Friends and business should be kept apart, or you'll have neither."

"You might marry money," suggested the banker. "A fine-looking lad like you—"

Ted Halleyne grinned. "Afraid I'm not a sheik. Well, sorry to have bothered you. So long."

"Not at all," said Durgan politely. "Drop in any time."

A little of the jauntiness had left Halleyne's manner as he left the bank. The Wilson Company, owing to the death of its owner, was on the market. With fifty thousand dollars additional capital he could effect a merger that would triple his income immedi-

"But this is an exceptional day," he countered. "I've done a good bit of business—and I've met you"

ately. The Wilson Company had bully connections, a standing that his own little concern had not as yet attained.

By sheer hard effort and personality Ted Halleyne had turned ten thousand dollars and a college technical degree into an exceedingly ample measure of success. The big jobbing houses, the manufacturers—all looked upon him as a rising young man. But he wanted to be a risen young man, not one in the process of ascension. An opportunity such as this merger on which he had set his heart might not come again in years.

He thought of applying to other banks, but dismissed the idea as impractical. If Durgan wouldn't lend, no other reputable bank would do so. No, he must plod along, as Durgan advised . . .

But Durgan had advised, or at least suggested, something else. Of course, Durgan had been joking, but there is usually a serious kernel inside the shell of every jest.

To marry money? He'd never thought of it before, never considered the idea of marriage seriously. Some day, he'd vaguely thought, he'd meet some girl, fall in love, and marry her. But it was all so far distant. A hustling live business man couldn't be bothered with other interests. Girls were all right; darned nice, in fact, occasionally. But only occasionally. If you wanted



a really good time you got together a few of the gang and played poker. To contemplate being everlastingly tied to a girl, having to go home to dinner on time, and ask her what she'd like to do with the evening—not for Ted Halleyne.

But Durgan's chance, unmeant remark made him think.

Doggone it, if a chap were going to marry, he might as well be on the safe side, mightn't he? Of course you couldn't brutally marry a girl merely because she was rich, but the fact that she had some dough needn't necessarily *bar* marriage with her, eh? A few thousand in the bank didn't render a girl *less* attractive; it needn't render her more desirable, but it shouldn't be a hindrance, eh?

He began to think the matter over.

He knew plenty of girls. A man's man, as the hackneyed saying has it, he was nevertheless, as perhaps I've indicated, popular with girls. Many a business acquaintance, looking over this rising young chap, approving of his manner, his morals and his future, and thinking of the unmarried daughter or niece or sister

at home, would invite him to dinner and an evening at bridge.

And many of them had money, also. And one was rich. Really rich, even in these days when a million doesn't seem much of anything except to me or to you, perhaps.

Constance Heatherwood, her name was, and she was one of the Heatherwoods. You know—oil, motors, tobacco—I don't know what not. An orphan, sweet-natured, good dancer, corking golfer, expert at tennis, rode, swam—everything. Only—not pretty.

I wouldn't say that she was homely. If a girl is slim, nicely proportioned, and has the glow of health and a lovely nature, she can't be homely. But not pretty. Oh, most certainly not.

She didn't inherit all the Heatherwood money. But she had a sizable slice of it, Ted knew. He had met her first at the home of a college friend, and on subsequent occasions at dinners or dances. He didn't run with her set, but the sets in New York intermingle, carom off each other, so that he saw her several times a year.

Marry money, eh? Well, Connie Heatherwood had two or three times suggested that he call. Nothing urgent, all very casual, but—it might be done. Who knew? Anyway, it was worth trying. He locked himself in his private office that afternoon and gave himself over to serious thought.

It was a dastardly thing he contemplated. He realized that, and was amazed at himself because he even considered it. But was considering it, and considering it seriously. He was honest enough with himself to admit this.

It wasn't, he told himself, as though he were in love with some other girl, or even faintly interested in anyone else. Heart-whole and fancy free, that was Ted Halleyne. No other girl could be hurt by his marrying Connie Heatherwood . . . What a conceited ass he was! He looked upon the marriage as a fact accomplished, when he hadn't seen the girl for two months, knew nothing of her life, didn't even know that she was still unengaged, or even unmarried.

Well, there was a way of finding out. He had only to telephone. Let it be said for him that he asked for her number three times, twice hanging up in disgust at himself, before the connection was finally made. Then he steeled himself to the thing he was going to do.

Yes, she'd be glad to see him. She was (Continued on page 58)

LETTERS OF A FORTY-NINER

THE letters that follow,
written from California
by Thomas Needham to
his wife and daughter

Edited by Ida W. Giles

in New York, constitute a broken fragment of biography. Thomas Needham, failure, "not born to be killed, but to dry up and blow away," is of the company of Trader Horn. Canadian by birth and a cabinet maker by trade, Needham established himself in business in Varick Street, New York, about 1830, soon after his marriage to Julia Ann Halsey of Morristown, New Jersey. Sofas and claw-foot tables of his designing exist today. In 1847 he failed in business. Two years later word reached New York of the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill.

To the little man with the taste of failure bitter in his mouth the news sounded a trumpet of release. Moreover it waked in him old echoes. What though he was fifty years old, he had the heritage of the pioneer. He had been born on the Quebec frontier in 1799. His father had gone out to fight on the British side in 1812 and had come back minus a leg. His French mother was the daughter of Huguenot émigrés. To their son California held out the promise not of wealth only, but of adventure.

The letters which follow cover the story of seventeen years. They are reproduced as Thomas Needham wrote them, save for the omission of some material not of general interest.

Ship Samoset at Sea, Latitude 14.37N.
South Atlantic, May 3d, 1849.

Dear Julia Ann:

I will have an opportunity soon of sending these few lines home, as we have made a subscription on board to pay port charges at

Rio Janeiro, and we expect to be there in a few days. We left New York Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock and parted with the steamboat at six on the 22nd March, some in high spirits. For myself, I did not feel able to cheer parting friends. I went down to supper with a heavy heart on Salt Beef and Buiskit, and soon went to bed. Rose early, but sick, and could not eat any of the ship stores for four days, but soon after began to pick up.

We had very stormy and rainy weather for three weeks after we left that drove us near the banks of Newfoundland. From there we made the Cape de Verde Islands, passing within sight of the Island of Saint Anthony. From there we got in the Trade Winds and a smooth sea; crossed the Equator Friday night at eleven o'clock, 27th April, and have had a fine breeze and smooth sea ever since, with very little rain. I do not feel the heat near so oppressive as in summer in New York, but I have not slept between decks from the time we came in Latitude 20 to the present time.

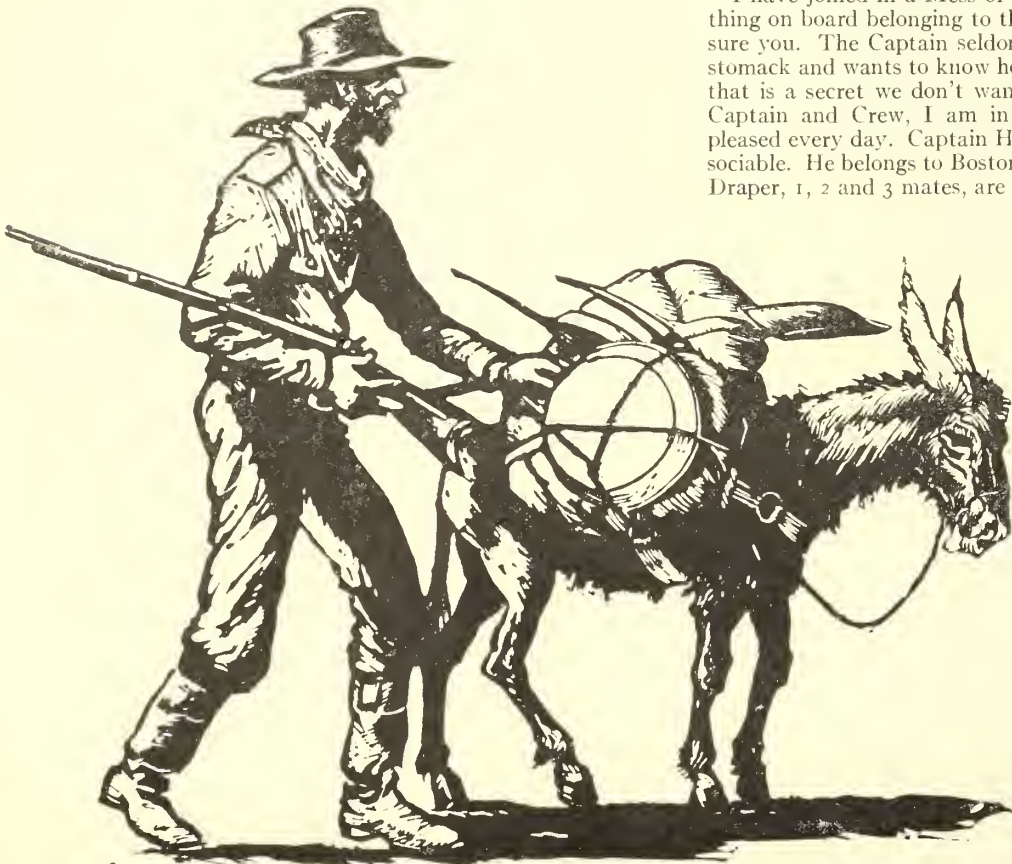
We may remain in Rio Janeiro about 48 hours. The Captain puts in for the accommodation of the passengers so that they can procure small stores for themselves for out of 43 passengers in the Saloon, not 10 came with any. They expected from the representation of the Charterers that they would fare well on board. But oh, how mistaken they were!

The ship stores are very poor. The Captain says the Beef and Buiskit is the poorest he ever saw put on board for passengers. Our Coffee is made with salt water, and all our meat and duff is boiled in the same. Only think what a fine flavour it has! The only thing that fresh water is used for is drinking, and a boy is stationed at the barrel not to allow any one to take any away; but drink as much as you please. Whenever it rains, everyone who has anything that will hold water has it in use to catch some.

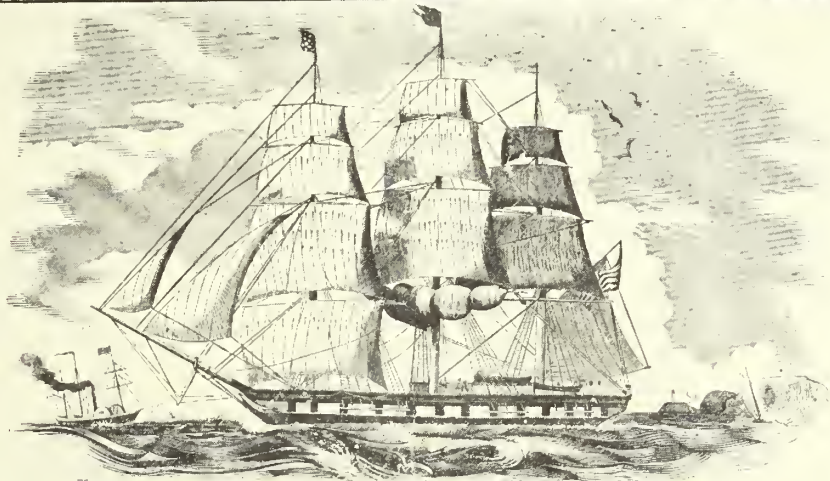
I have joined in a Mess of 11 young men, and if there is anything on board belonging to the Ship we have our share, I do assure you. The Captain seldom passes me but he hits me on the stomach and wants to know how I manage to keep it so full. But that is a secret we don't want him to know! As for the Ship's Captain and Crew, I am in no way disappointed, but better pleased every day. Captain Hollis is a first rate Seaman and very sociable. He belongs to Boston. Mr. Gore, Mr. Rennells and Mr. Draper, 1, 2 and 3 mates, are equally so.

We have preaching on board every Sunday morning by Rev. Mr. Morehouse, Episcopal minister bound to the Gold Mines. I would like you to see our Congregation, some with prayer book and Bible, some with novels, history and God only knows what. The dominie has been Chaplain in the Navy, is a good sailor, smokes his segar, drinks his punch—if any one will offer him some. The night we crossed the Equator, our party had a little supper and we had the Dominie with us. The Captain had his party on deck and few were spared a good ducking. The men were stationed in the tops with water for everyone that came on deck. I, for one, escaped.

This day, 5th, in Latitude 17.4, the ship Ovid Mitchell of New Bedford, bound for California, spoke us at 8 o'clock, 33 days out from New Bedford; Captain Fox master. And at



FOR
CALIFORNIA
AND THE
GOLD REGION DIRECT!



The Magnificent, Fast Sailing and favorite packet Ship,

JOSEPHINE.

BURTHEN 400 TONS, CAPT.

Built in the most superb manner of Live Oak, White Oak and Locust, for a New York and Liverpool Packet; thoroughly Copper-fastened and Coppered. She is a very fast sailer, having crossed the Atlantic from Liverpool to New-York in 14 days, the shortest passage ever made by a Sailing Ship. Has superior accommodations for Passengers, can take Gentlemen with their Ladies and families. Will probably reach **SAN FRANCISCO** **THIRTY DAYS** ahead of any Ship sailing at the same time. Will sail about the

10th November Next.

For Freight or Passage apply to the subscriber.

RODNEY FRENCH.

New Bedford, October 15th. **No. 103 North Water Street, Rodman's Wharf.**

3 o'clock we lay to for him to come on board. He brought his letter bag for our Captain to take to Rio Janeiro as he was not going to stop there. We had quite an excitement on board in seeing a few strangers. Our Band played all the time they were on board. From them we got 10 days later news from the U. S.

We had seen a number of Vessels but only spoke one. A French vessel bound to New York. This morning we saw a fast sailing Brig supposed to be a Slaver running into some Brazil port. She went through the water like a North River Steamboat.

While I am writing, they are gambling all around me. We have on board 40 of the biggest rascals New York ever sent out. But we have spotted them and they have to keep together. If it was not for them, we would be very happy.

After being out 8 days I found two old acquaintances on board, one was Capt. Van Wart of Sing Sing, the other was William Lambert of N. Y. City. I am on very friendly terms with the Sing Sing Company. They want me to go with them but I will not make up my mind till I land as I am on good terms with every man on board.

Now we are about 23 miles from Rio. The coast is very

When California's gold beckoned, even New Bedford's merchant marine was pressed into service to carry men and freight around the Horn to San Francisco. Doubtless the Josephine was a far speedier vessel than that which took 171 days to put Thomas Needham and his fellow voyagers within striking distance of the mines. From the collection of Robert Frudenberg

mountainous. It is the fall of the year here but fine weather. I will write another letter.

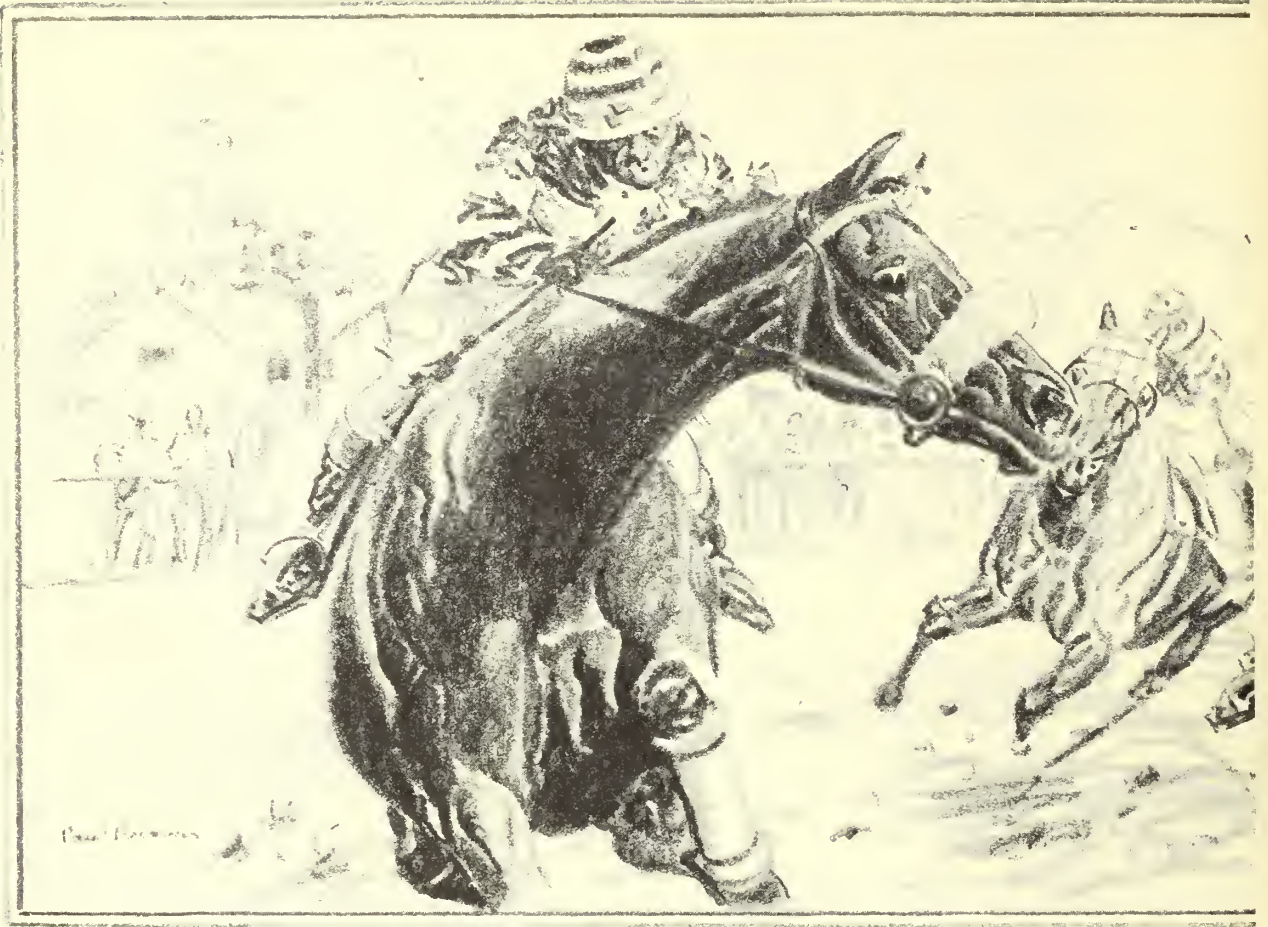
Ship Samoset off Rio Janeiro, May 10th, 1849, South Atlantick Ocean.

Dear Daughter Julia:

I take the opportunity of writing you as we are going into Rio. I have just ascertained that our letter bag will be closed as soon as we drop anchor. We are going on our fiftieth day out and you must think I would feel glad to put my foot on land.

From your Mother's letter you will find out how I have fared, but I have the worst part of the voyage to undergo. You must look at your atlas and from the Latitude you can judge very nearly where I am at different times. The Longitude I cannot send as it is impossible to find it out from the officers. You must improve yourself as much as you can before I come home, and look at your mother for advice in all things and I assure you, you will not go astray. Tell Thomas I think of him every day when I use his knife. I see you and Amelia every day for I have your miniatures under my pillow.

I closed your Mother's letter rather abruptly, but writing at sea is very different from writing on land, specially with such a crowd and noise about you. I want you (Continued on page 52)



RAINDROPS

CAPTAIN RAYEN, sole owner of Rayenwood farm and stables, pulled savagely on the bell cord beside his desk and then snorted disgustedly as a trim French maid answered his ring. A fine kind of servant to have on a farm that at one time had kept the best slaves in Kentucky! But he hid his wrath and merely said:

By William Erskine

Illustration by Paul Brown

resembling nothing so much as a faithful old hunting dog that knows he is not allowed in the house.

"Ask Uncle Will to come in, please."

"Uncle Weel?" questioned the girl, who was a recent importation to Rayenwood. "Uncle Weel who, sir?"

"Uncle Weel the devil," snapped old Cap, his little goatee bristling. "Just plain Uncle Will. That old darky pushing the lawn mower out in the front yard. Now hurry."

Uncle Will was an institution at Rayenwood. He and Cap were exactly the same age, Uncle Will having been born in the slave quarters at Rayenwood the same hour that the Captain had made his first appearance in the big square porticoed white mansion. The two had played together through childhood. As they grew older Uncle Will had served as house-boy, cook and major-domo in the big plantation house. He had prepared Cap's wedding supper. He had hovered nervously in the background when Miss Elsie was born. He had cried with Cap when the missus died. Even when Cap married again—a young girl he had met up North somewhere—and his friends all called him an old fool and even Miss Elsie went off to Paris in a huff, Uncle Will did not desert. The second Mrs. Rayen did not approve of colored help and insisted on white servants at Rayenwood, but Uncle Will merely moved from the house to the barn and kept on being a willing slave to Cap.

Now he entered Cap's study fingering his hat nervously,

"Will," said old Cap almost brokenly, "Miss—

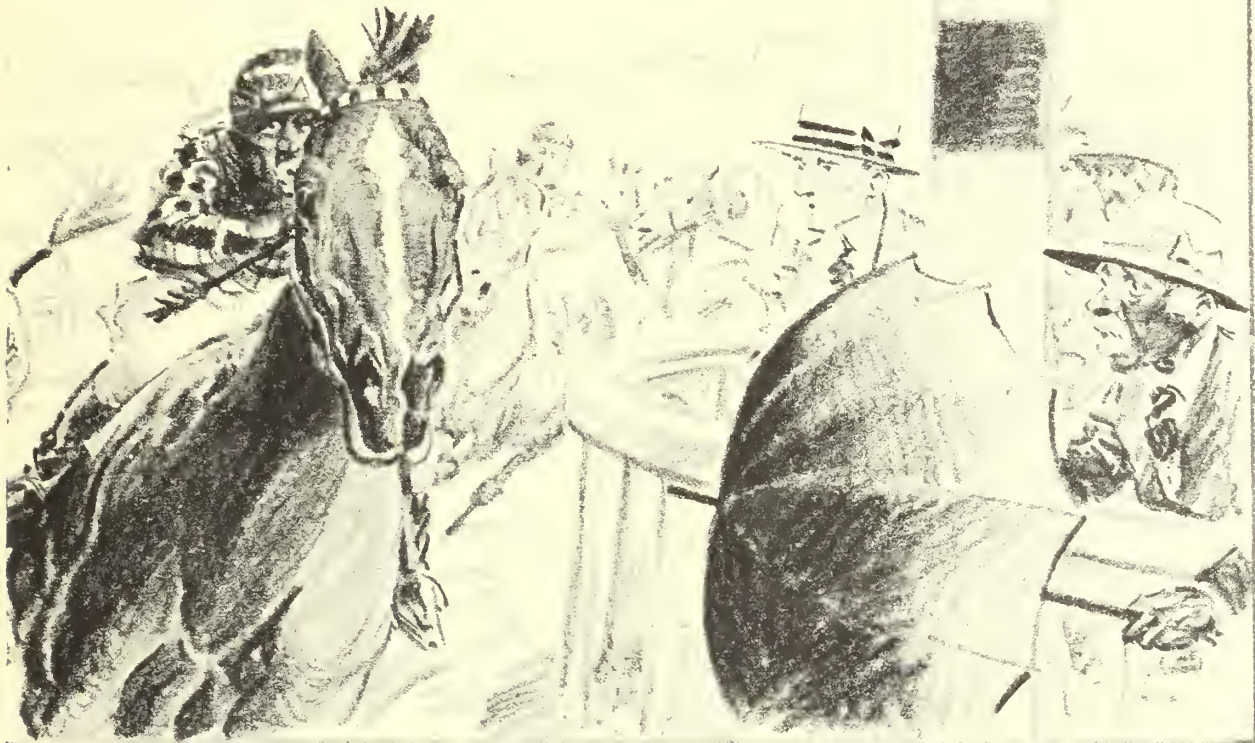
resembling nothing so much as a faithful old hunting dog that knows he is not allowed in the house. "Will," said old Cap almost brokenly, "Miss— almost brokenly, "Miss— not to work Bowser this morning. We're running him in the third race this evening. Harvey will ride. We're in with one hundred and two pounds."

"Yessuh," replied Uncle Will, hurrying out of the room at his best pace.

The Rayens had raised and raced horses for generations. At one time their stable had been one of the finest in the State, but of late years things had not gone so well. Accident, fever, and finally fire had each taken its toll of the best stock until now their string was reduced to two horses, and one of these was the selling plater Bowser. That is, he was a selling plater to most people. To old Cap he was the son of Miss Aileen—as fast a little mare as ever wore a bridle, suh.

Now Cap was one of the old-fashioned horsemen who believed that if a horse was good enough to enter in a race he was good enough to wager on, so no horse bearing the plaid silks of the Rayenwood stables ever went to the post without the backing of its owner's money. This is not the way to accumulate a fortune in the racing game, but it was Cap's creed and he never deviated from it. This being Cap's creed it was, of course, also Uncle Will's. Uncle Will's bets were necessarily small, but each racing day Cap faithfully hunted him up and presented him with two dollars. Just as faithfully Uncle Will took the money and backed the Rayen horse that was running that particular day.

But today for the first time Uncle Will was almost provoked



With one motion Uncle Will drew the rusty old umbrella from beneath his arm and leaning over the fence popped it open. Ironman, at that second rounding the turn, reared, almost unseating his rider

to treason. After delivering Cap's message he sat down on a bale of hay and tried to figure the thing out. His son, Thomas Jefferson, had just been granted a license to ride and had his first mount in the third race today. Everything had looked lovely, as he was to ride Ironman, owned by the Steelman stables, who was the favorite, and his first ride should prove a winner. Then Cap had to go and spoil it all by entering Bowser in this same race. Not that Bowser had any chance of winning the race. But it really wasn't a matter of winning that bothered Uncle Will, it was to whom he should give his moral and financial support. He had been faithful to Cap for so many years that it was almost unthinkable to be anything else. But Thomas Jefferson was his own flesh and blood.

Unable to reach a decision Uncle Will savagely stabbed a piece of paper lying on the ground with the tip of his umbrella and rose to peer into the stable where Bowser was quartered. Skeeter Bice, the diminutive trainer, was wrapping bandages around the horse's legs.

"What chance we got today?" asked Uncle Will.

The trainer stopped his work a moment to glare at the speaker. "Chance," he sneered. "We ain't got no chance. Cap must'a gone crazy to enter this dog in a mile race."

"He ain't got much to beat," retorted Uncle Will, indignant that Skeeter dared question Cap's judgment. "Anyhow a mile ain't so far. His mammy done run a mile en a half lots a times and never breathed hard."

"Yea, and his mammy didn't have four sore feet and hafta run on a track as hard as concrete," replied Skeeter.

"Maybe it 'll rain," said Uncle Will hopefully.

Skeeter stepped to the door and peered at the sky. "It's cloudin' up a bit," he agreed. "but it couldn't rain enough now to make that track soft. But it would sure stop Ironman."

"How come stop Ironman?" asked Uncle Will.

"He's 'fraid of rain," replied Skeeter. "He got darn near drowned in a cloudburst down at Bowie once, and now when it starts to sprinkle he aims for the barn."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Uncle Will. "Do you really think it'll rain?"

"No such luck with you here," growled the pessimistic Skeeter.

"You've been lugging that old umbrella around for forty years and I ain't never seen you get caught in no rain yet."

Uncle Will scorned him and stalked away.

All morning he wrestled with his problem. He had about decided that the thing to do was not to bet at all when he accidentally met Cap outside the betting shed that afternoon.

"Come here, you old scoundrel," called Cap. "I have an unlucky bill here. Take it and buy yourself some shoes." He tucked a two-dollar bill into Uncle Will's hand.

There was an answer that would have satisfied any disciple of the goddess Luck. Two-dollar bills bear on their face a portrait of Thomas Jefferson.

As the bugle called the horses to the post for the third race Uncle Will ambled across the track into the infield and sought a place against the fence at the head of the stretch. There was a certain post that he always stood by, he had stood there the day Dunhill paid him a hundred to one, but to his annoyance he found that today Joe Spillman had usurped his place.

Joe was the owner of Waveland stables and his horse, Fairy Queen, was running in this race. But that could hardly account for the tense look on his face as he leaned far over the fence anxiously watching the nervous horses prancing around at the barrier, for Joe was generally a carefree individual who refused to take racing or anything else seriously.

Uncle Will knew him well, as Joe had been a constant visitor at Rayenwood before Miss Elsie had gone to Paris. Perhaps if Joe had not insisted on looking at life as one continuous frolic Miss Elsie might not have gone to Paris and the huge house at Wavelands might not now be a bachelors' retreat. Be that as it may Uncle Will was determined to have his favorite position.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Joe," he said, "but would you-all mind moving a little? That's my lucky post there."

Joe, somewhat startled, whirled around. Recognizing Uncle Will he grasped him roughly by the shoulder and almost shoved him against the fence.

"Mind moving!" he exclaimed. "If you think leaning on this post will do that dog of yours any good why start leaning on it with both feet."

Uncle Will stared at him in frank

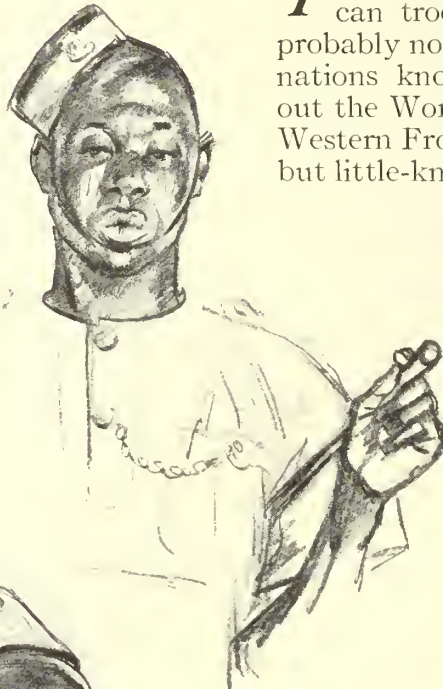
(Continued on page 68)

VETERANS of

Sketches by Cyrus



Flomo, top sergeant, has no trouble keeping his outfit in order in Monrovia, capital of Liberia



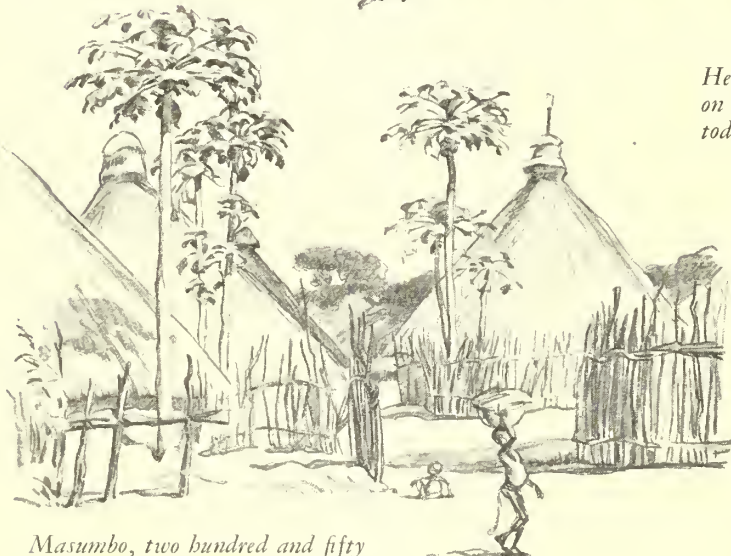
THOUSANDS of native African troops—just how many probably no one of the combatant nations knows—fought throughout the World War either on the Western Front or in the desperate but little-known campaigns which

He guards a Bush path in Nigeria, near Abeokuta, with swagger stick and a British accent. Although he cannot write (for his language is not a written language) he nevertheless carries a fountain pen



*Baldridge/
WEST AFRICA/28*

He fought with the French on the Western Front—today he's a Tommy in Gambia



Masumbo, two hundred and fifty miles in the interior of Sierra Leone, whose native chief is an ex-King's messenger



Most of the military in the British Upper West Coast colonies are of the Hausa peoples

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

another A.E.F.

Le Roy Baldrige

wrested Germany's African colonies from her. Most familiar to the veteran of the American Expeditionary Forces were the Senegalese—rangy black men from the southern edge of the Sahara who spoke French like Poincaré, or at any rate better than Pershing.



From old German West Africa, now under French mandate



Lots of identification marks for the service record. A resident of Old Calabar, Cross River, Nigeria



Raffia strings, a bent branch and a gourd for a sound box suffice this ex-German musician



Sekondi, British Gold Coast



A bark house near Kribi. Over this region the war for the Cameroons swept from the sea and by land

6 STRIKES *and* OUT

By Lieutenant Uzal G. Ent, U.S.A.

THIS is the story of an also-ran in the National Elimination Balloon Race, which started from Pittsburgh in a hearty downpour of rain on May 4th last. As I write I don't know whether Army Balloon Number One, piloted by two Legionnaires, finished fourth, fifth or sixth, because three of us are bunched so closely in distance traveled that it will take the experts to decide. Alibis, I know, are out of order, and while I must preface the yarn of my own adventures—as aide to Captain William J. Flood—with some comments on the freaks of wind and weather that made the race a memorable one. I want first to express, in behalf of all participants, my admiration for the winning team, Lieutenant T. W. G. Settle and Ensign Wilfred Bushnell of the Lakehurst Naval Air Station, who, under extremes of low visibility, contributed one of the smartest, gamest jobs of free-air navigation in balloon racing history. No balloonist likes to float away from the mainland. There are too many freaks of the wind to defeat the most scientific calculations to sail to an island, and leave one drifting over the open sea with the icy, barren wastes of the Arctic the next landing place.

Settle and Bushnell took that chance after floating two nights and more than a full day in the cramped confines of a wicker basket when their nerves must have been on edge from lack of sleep and exercise. They landed on an extremity of Prince Edward Island, bordering the Gulf of St. Lawrence, nine hundred miles plus from Pittsburgh, and farther than the combined distance traveled by their two nearest competitors, both of which pilots have won James Gordon Bennett international races. John Paul Jones and Oliver Hazard Perry may well be proud of them.

The weather maps at Pittsburgh were bad. Except that the temperature was appreciably lower, the general conditions were all but identical to those that brought disaster to the 1928 race that also started from Pittsburgh. Of fourteen balloons that took off in that race eleven were forced down by a thunder and lightning storm within a few hours after leaving the ground. It was my fortune to be in that race. Our balloon was struck by lightning, killing my pilot and burning the balloon. One other racer was killed and two seriously injured. Yet most of the survivors were again represented this year, notably Van Orman, whose aide was also killed and who himself suffered severe lightning burns and leg fractures when their balloon was set on fire by lightning.

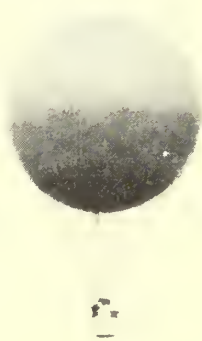
The lower temperature, however, minimized chances for severe electrical disturbances, although St. Louis reported an electrical storm during the morning with a temperature about the same as shown on Pittsburgh thermometers. The race this year began in the great concrete stadium of the University of Pittsburgh, which seats sixty thousand persons. It shares with a cemetery the crown of one of the city's highest hills, and from the field where the twelve balloons were inflated to the wall above the last tier of seats is eighty feet. Through the day the wind was gusty and its direction promised to carry us square over a fifty-strand line of telegraph poles and the roof and chimney of the Medical College of the University that rose another forty feet above the stadium wall. Trial balloons sent aloft through the day, while

we were inflating, indicated downward currents within the great bowl, and there was some concern as to whether we would all get away safely. We were due to start taking off at five o'clock daylight saving time, but because of the conditions prevailing the judges postponed the start for one hour.

Both Captain Flood and myself had other worries, too. We were flying a balloon which we had designed to eliminate the weight of the netting which ordinarily covers the balloon envelope. I may say in parenthesis that the winning navy team used a standard service type of balloon and basket with net. Instead of the netting, we had sewn just below the equator of our bag a band of fabric from which our basket was suspended. It saved us two hundred pounds of weight at least, but it had never been flight-tested. Between the time we completed the rigging band and the date it was necessary to ship it to Pittsburgh we had not had an opportunity to see how it would work in practise. Another factor in our rigging-band balloon that was to cause us many unhappy moments was the inflation net. When a balloon begins to take shape it is kept smooth and rigid and safely anchored by sandbags hooked into the netting. As the bag rises the bags are shifted lower and lower. Obviously a balloon without a net cannot be so inflated, and thus it is necessary to utilize a temporary net while a rigging-band balloon is being filled with hydrogen. We had rigged our inflation net in the belief that one strong yank on a breakaway line would cause it to drop off. That is fairly important to remember.

The last readings of the winds at various altitudes aloft were not reassuring. The highest winds were more westerly than northerly and the Atlantic ocean was less than three hundred miles away. If a balloon ascended into one of the forty-mile currents above three thousand feet there was a fair chance that morning might find it a hundred miles out over the Atlantic. Lower winds were variable in the extreme, and what happened to two balloons which rode them is interesting. Pilot A. C. Palmer of the balloon American Business Club of Akron suffered the misfortune to get caught in a sweeping circle of air that took him for a merry-go-round ride of Pittsburgh and environs. Through the night he rode through fog and snow and hail finally to identify his position as less than fifty miles from his starting point. At approximately the same hour that he was landing, discouraged, the balloon of the *Detroit Times*, piloted by Edward J. Hill, was being slapped to earth, its bag encrusted with inch-thick ice, in the wilds of the Adirondack mountains in New York State, four hundred miles plus from Pittsburgh. Now at 11:30 o'clock Saturday night, five hours after taking off, the *Detroit* balloon was only sixty miles from Pittsburgh and was possibly circling futilely as was the Akron bag. An electrical storm came sweeping upon them and they ascended to ten thousand feet. For seven hours the *Detroit* pilot flew blindly, only glimpsing the lights of a city below. They were obliged to expend much ballast to keep their altitude when snow and sleet weighted them down. They could not check their descent once they started towards earth. Only by throwing away their food and excess equipment did they avoid landing in a vast swamp. A few minutes later, at 7:15 Sunday morning, they came down near the shores of a lake. For more than fifty-two hours they fought their way through a forest wilderness, navigating isolated lakes in a rubber raft, before, starved and near exhaustion, they came upon a native. Their first question was "What State is this?" In eight hours they traveled further than did we in almost twenty-four hours. And that's ballooning sometimes!

When the judges postponed the hour of our take-off they did it in the hope that the wind lull which customarily occurs at sunset



would have set in. Instead it started to rain—a hard, cold down-pour. Captain Flood and I wore leather jerkins and we faced the unpleasant prospect of flying in water-soaked clothing. However, we were consoled by the thought that we had no netting to absorb water like a sponge and add to the weight of our bag. The rain was penalizing every balloon that carried netting. But it did slow up the wind, and that was something.

Balloons are sent aloft by the starter at five-minute intervals and if the pilot is not ready he may be penalized. The first balloon was taking off when we attempted to strip our inflation net. And the damn thing caught on top! Frantically we worked to release it. There was no way of sending a man up the slippery rain-soaked side to investigate—not even a human fly. We were wondering whether we would have to take off with our netting after all, a useless thing. Then we tried sheer strength. A platoon of soldiers yanked on the ropes like a tug-of-war. It gave way and flopped to the ground. Good! We had not a minute to spare in weighing off. As we were being walked forward to the point of ascension Captain Bill Kepner, winner of the last

Gordon Bennett race and a judge of the present race, whispered in my ear.

"I'm afraid you punctured your bag when you tore that netting off. Looks as though you were losing gas."

And that wasn't so good. I had visions of going up only to come down in a leaking bag. I have been told I looked unhappy as I took off. That's the reason. We were the fourth balloon to leave. We sacrificed three bags of ballast to make sure of clearing the Medical College. We were heaved into the air. Skyward we shot like an express elevator in a skyscraper. At 6:16 we were off. The rest of this story is recorded in my log:

6:30 P. M. We rose to about a thousand feet on our take-off but now we have settled at about three hundred feet. We have put on our parachutes in case the bag is leaking. We can make out the business center of Pittsburgh through rain, although at a thousand feet there is little visibility. It is a pretty picture with the rolling hills on all sides and the Monongahela and Alleghany Rivers, but there are too many high tension lines criss-crossing below to suit me. We can see Army Balloon Number Two, which took off just ahead of us. It is pacing us. We can also see the Pittsburgher. No others are in sight now, while last year we could count every one. We will not go above five thousand feet, Captain Flood says, because the

winds are too westerly. We are following the southern bank of the Alleghany River. Two other balloons are on the north bank.

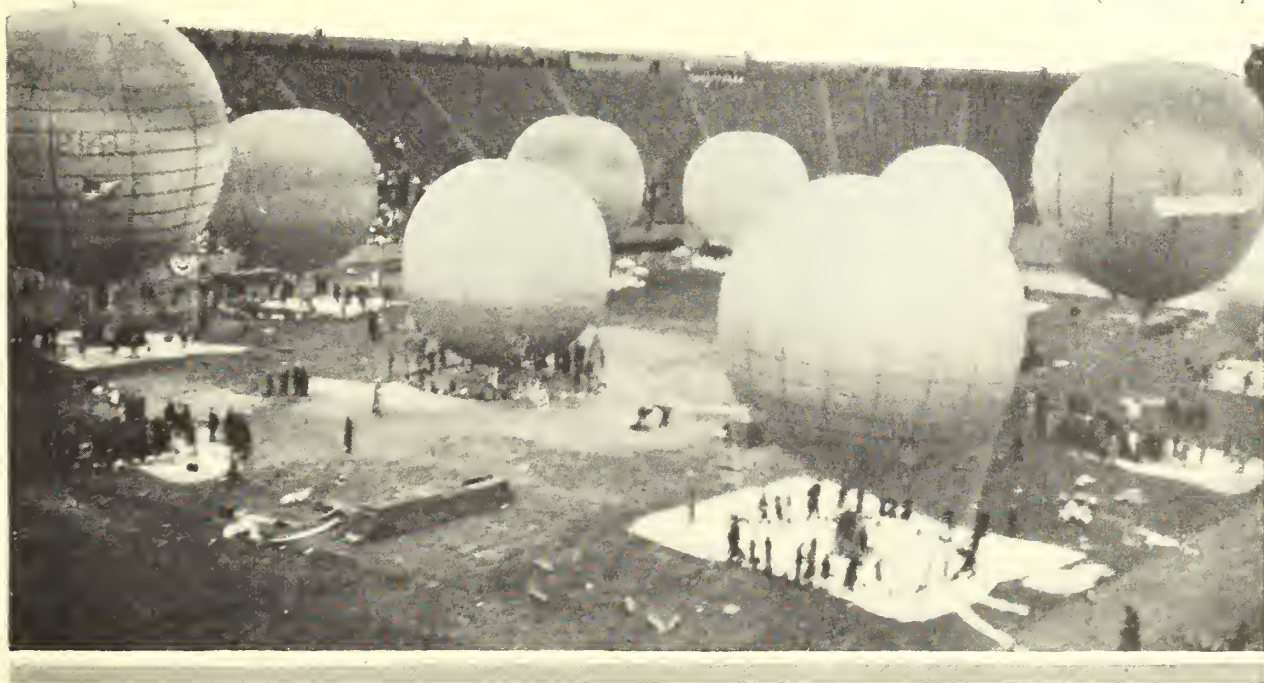
7 P. M. Thank God Captain Kepner was wrong, apparently, about the puncture in our bag. We are holding our altitude well. I have completed a dead-reckoning map projecting our probable course of flight, based on the wind aloft readings. It will take us into New England with luck and proper speed. [Note: When we landed at 5:35 P. M. the following day we were less than ten miles off our projected course.] Strike one! We started down a minute ago but did not throw out any ballast, thinking it was merely an oscillation that would check itself. We hit the ground hard but the two inflated fabric pontoons we are carrying strapped outside, in case we land in the water, took the shock. The place we hit was between two high tension lines about a mile apart. We spilled half a bag of sand and are now riding nicely at three hundred feet once more.

7:30 P. M. It is still raining hard but we are perfectly dry.

The rain drains off over the suspension band and doesn't touch us in the basket. There are many hills below us and several small towns but I can't definitely place them on the map. We are still at three hundred feet, traveling north and east.

8 P. M. It is beginning to get dark now. The town of West Apollo is below. They are turning on the lights. We dropped a message.

9 P. M. We are now flying at two thousand feet. There were too many high tension lines and high hills, or mountain peaks, around us at three hundred feet. Up here we are really 3200 feet above sea level as we started our altimeter at zero and Pitt Stadium is 1200 feet above sea level. Still have twenty-nine of our thirty bags of ballast left. (Continued on page 61)



All set to go in the National Balloon Races, Pitt Stadium, Pittsburgh. The craft that was to carry Lieutenant Ent and Captain Flood over into Ulster County, New York, is at the left of the center. The balloons left at minute intervals just as evening was closing in

THE BROKEN



*Chapters I—X
in Brief*

TWO murders, in each of which a mysterious symbol resembling a figure three with its top bar broken has been found chalked on the sole of the victim's shoe, have thrust themselves into what started as an investigation of the disappearance of a French horse trader, by Sergeant Pete Bright, Paris office of the American D.C.I. The horse trader, one St. Denis, had been meeting with a man described as an American with mismatched eyes, which is the reason for Bright's being detailed to the case. The first murder, committed on a train out of Bordeaux, whence the detective is returning to Paris, gives him possession of an important dispatch case being carried by his compartment companion, a British courier who is slain when Bright leaves the train for a few moments. The detective is ordered by his superiors to deliver the case to Sir Harry Whitfield, British oil expert. Arrived at Circé, where Whitfield is visiting an American major named Rennels, Bright finds both

men gone on a fishing trip, and with the precious dispatch case in his possession, decides to visit St. Denis' home, which is nearby. There the missing horse trader's secretary, a one-armed French veteran named Rude, introduces him to St. Denis' daughter and they discuss her father's disappearance. In the meantime a skulker is discovered at one of the windows of the house and after he has got away it is found that the door of the safe in which the dispatch case was placed is open and the case gone. Suspecting Rude, Bright locks the secretary in a wine cellar on the St. Denis grounds but subsequently discovers the missing case in the safe. When he takes it back to Whitfield's quarters he finds the oil expert slain, and Maj. Rennels and his adjutant, Lieut. Grice, vanished with the army car Rennels has been using. Bright tracks them to Le Mans and finds the army car, but its sole occupant is Josephine St. Denis. She admits she has come to Le Mans with Grice, who has left her. Bright, through questioning Josephine, finds that Rude has left the St. Denis home and employment. Taking the girl to the home of a widow at which she says she can spend the night, Bright opens the door—and discovers Rude in the house. As the former secretary sees the detective he runs out the rear of the house and escapes. Bright goes back to the car, to discover an American soldier standing alongside it and lighting a match to get its number. Bright charges forward, calling out, and as the soldier turns around presses the button of his flashlight. The two eyes which stare into the blinding light are mismatched, one pale gray, the other a deep reddish brown. The detective clutches for the stranger and goes down on top of him. Before he can do anything further hands from behind him clutch his throat. Bright, rapped smartly on the head, falls in the frozen road, while his assailants escape.

XI

IN the D.C.I. office in the Rue Bollée, half an hour later, Captain O'Sullivan listened skeptically to Bright's account of the attack. Once, without success, he attempted to relieve Josephine's distress. She was bewildered, he decided; telling the truth and not play acting. When Bright finished the captain asked:

"You're sure of the man's eyes?"

"Positive."

"One blue?"

"No, sir. I said gray. The other one brown, sort of a reddish brown."

"But nobody tried to get your luggage?" The captain jerked his head prudently toward Courier Bathhurst's dispatch case.

"No, sir."

"Just knocked you down and made off?"

"That's it, sir. The girl here screamed." The sergeant indicated Josephine. "It frightened 'em, I guess."

"I hear deaf-iculy," Josephine explained. "I hurry out, I see M'sieur Bright injured in the road. I scream, yes. The assailants depart with rapidity."

"Which way?"

The girl shrugged. "One minute they are there, the next gone. It is dark, I may remind you."

O'Sullivan nodded. "Think you could identify the fellow, Sergeant?"

"I'm certain, sir." Bright spoke positively.

The captain shook his head. "I doubt it. You've been thinking

3

BY KARL W. DETZER

Illustrations
by V.E. Pyles

so hard about those eyes you've taken to seeing 'em now, merely a mental projection on your part. Not unusual. It's the trouble with most identifications. People imagine they see the man they've been thinking about."

"I saw 'em plain, Captain," Bright retorted stubbornly.

"Your flash was how far from his face?"

"Not more'n six inches, maybe ten."

"And you distinguished color?"

Before Bright could answer the captain leaned over and blew out the flame in the single lamp on his desk. Next instant the sergeant's astonished eyes looked into a blinding beam from the captain's flashlight.

"Gray," the officer admitted, putting it down. "Both of them." He struck a match to relight the lamp. "Merely a laboratory experiment, Sergeant." He turned to the young lieutenant who stood by the door listening. "Send out the strong-arm squad, Judd," he directed. "Have 'em beat the town and bring in anyone they pick up. As for you, young lady," he spoke encouragingly to Josephine, "if you'll be good enough to wait here a few more minutes? There's an easy chair in the identification room."

He arranged the papers on his desk, fitted a .45 caliber automatic into his concealed shoulder holster, took up his crutches, and then inquired of Bright:

"What's that lieutenant's name?"

"Grice. Matthew Grice."

"I'll look him up."

He was gone thirty-five minutes. The sergeant had examined the new cut on his cheek in the meantime; twice addressed Josephine, who replied only in monosyllables. He crossed the hall as soon as he heard the captain return. Adjutant Grice stood at stiff, uneasy attention in the middle of the office. He was breathing hard and swallowed repeatedly; when O'Sullivan turned up the lamp Bright saw that he was perspiring, his face white and wet.

"Sit down, Lieutenant," the captain was saying. He pointed to a small chair.

"Bright, please shut the doors, both doors. That person's still in the next room?" He omitted Josephine's name. "Tell her to wait."

When the sergeant returned again O'Sullivan was sitting on the edge of his desk with his leg propped on a chair in front. Grice stood rigidly.

"How you happen to be locked up out there?" O'Sullivan was asking. "I told you to have a chair," he added.

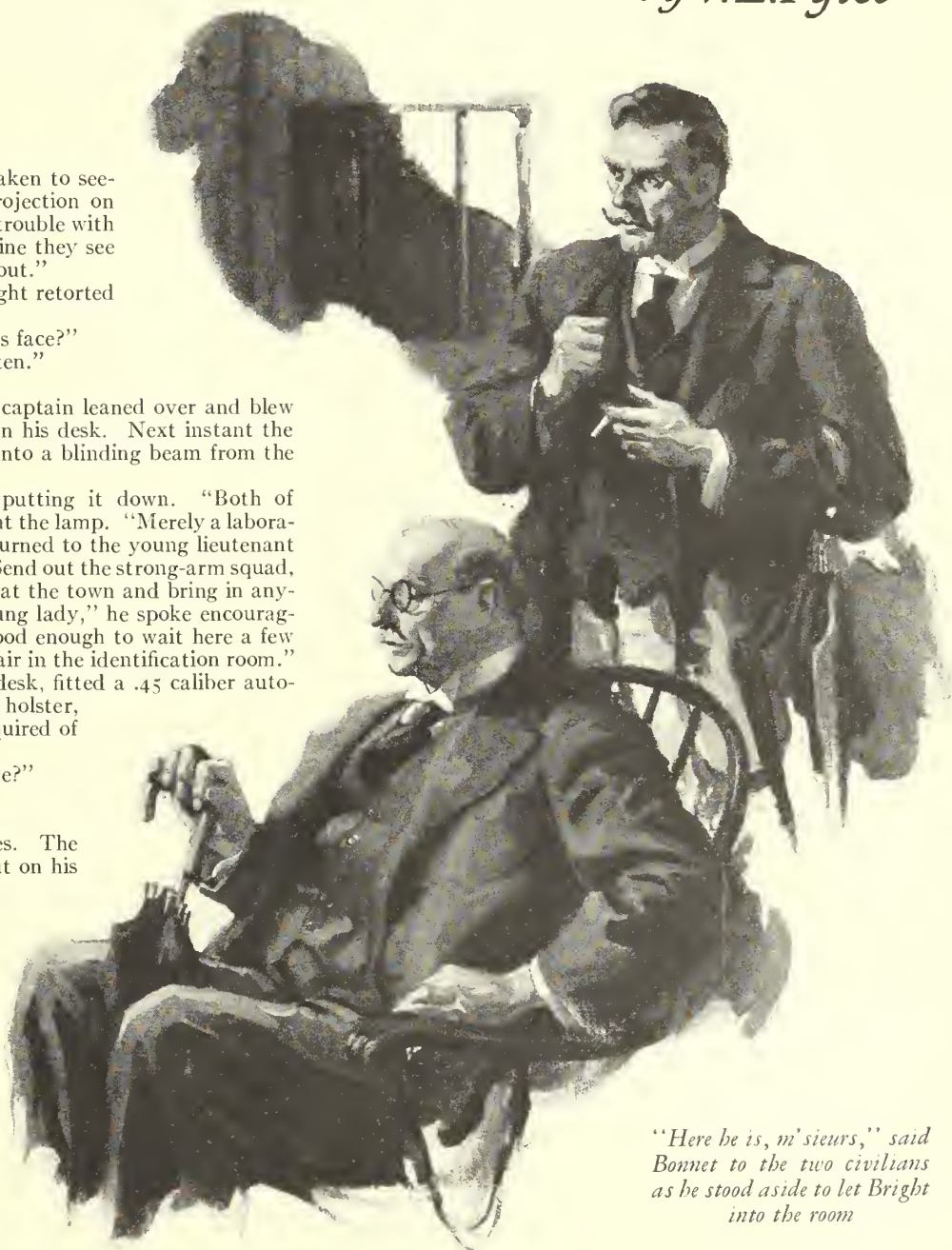
Grice cleared his throat before he answered. He ran a finger once around the inside of his collar, then looked at Bright with distaste and sat down.

"For A.W.O.L. Hadn't any papers, sir. I ran into my C.O."

"There at the Classification Camp?"

"Yes, sir. I was in the personnel office when he came in. I was asking for transfer to a casual company. He ordered some major there to arrest me."

"Rennels did?"



"Here he is, m' sieurs," said Bonnet to the two civilians as he stood aside to let Bright into the room

The lieutenant nodded.

"What you want a transfer for?"

"To get away from Circé."

"That's original," Bright interjected. O'Sullivan glanced at him reprovingly.

"Wasn't there time enough between reveille and retreat, Lieutenant, for you to ask your commanding officer for a transfer written out from-to-subject and have it forwarded through channels if he approved it," the captain inquired. "You're an adjutant—you ought to know something about paper work."

"I was in a hurry," Grice replied angrily.

Bright thought of Duclose and what he would have said. "That is obvious," he commented. "A hell of a big hurry. Had to get away so fast you took the major's car . . ."

The adjutant flared. "He'd let me have it other times. If you've got to know . . ."

"We got to know," O'Sullivan admitted without enthusiasm. "We're here to find out. How'd you happen to pick tonight to skip?"

The lieutenant arose jerkily and walked with short steps the length of the desk and back. To Bright's observing eyes he looked like a schoolboy under discipline . . . there were lieutenants like that, school-boy lieutenants.

"How'd you know I took the car?" he demanded.

"You forget you had a passenger."

Grice twisted about angrily. "Where is she?"

Captain O'Sullivan interposed: "We're asking the questions, Lieutenant, that's our job. Why'd you skip so suddenly?"

"Something happened."

"What?"

"I refuse to answer. You can't make me. I know my army regulations, sir."

"What happened?" O'Sullivan persisted.

"A purely personal matter, sir. I'll not discuss it."

"Nothing personal in this man's army, Lieutenant," the captain reminded him. Bright, watching, felt sorry for the adjutant. He was caught in an unpleasant situation, but on the whole he probably wasn't a bad sort; rather decent in fact. New gold bars had not turned his head the way they do so many. He was only foolish. If he were not mixed up in this murder, he had had no business to run.

"I asked you a question, Lieutenant, and as your superior officer I demand a reply," O'Sullivan was saying stiffly. "Why did you hurry away from headquarters tonight? Wait a minute . . . I'll give you a few reasons for answering. First, you're A.W.O.L. Second, you, an officer, drove the car, which you know is against regulations. Third, you transported an unauthorized person . . . you transported a woman . . . you transported a civilian . . . that's three counts on the same deal. And besides you took your commanding officer's car without authority. I can hang a couple hundred specifications on you if I care to. Wait . . . you'll have a chance to talk! There's a G. C. M. sitting right downtown in the dining room of the Hôtel de France handling just such cases as this. Colonels, most of them, and not inclined to be sentimental. Now, how'd you happen to break away tonight?"

Grice hesitated, and appeared to be summing the charges against him. He looked increasingly worried, Bright observed; more than worried . . . beaten. The sergeant could easily imagine why he skipped.

There had been murder . . . he'd seen the man killed, more than likely, and he was military enough, foolish enough, not to want to betray his superior. He was standing at stiff attention now, hands along the seams of his flaring corduroy breeches, knees pressed so tightly together that the leather riding pads between them were invisible. O'Sullivan, sitting on the edge of the desk, his injured foot thrust out in its bulky plaster cast, towered formidably above him. The adjutant was on the point of speaking frankly, Bright thought, when suddenly he changed front and said sharply: "I want a lawyer, sir!"

O'Sullivan smiled. Before he could reply feet scuffed the stair. Lieutenant Judd, whom Bright last had seen hurrying away to call the strong-arm squad, pushed his face into the room, after rapping twice. He examined Grice critically, then asked: "Captain, may I bring in Perkins?"

"Right now," O'Sullivan consented, adding without emotion, "You may stay, Lieutenant Grice."

The newcomer was a slight, serious, blue-eyed soldier with his cap in his hand and his red hair cut short. He wore a tidy uniform and the double stripes of a corporal.

"Hello, Perkins," O'Sullivan greeted him.

"Perkins knows this major who's wanted," Judd began.

"That's convenient," O'Sullivan said. His eyes did not leave the adjutant's face. Judd went on:

"The corporal's on the platform at the gare this shift. I ran down there to give him the tip. He'd already seen Rennels."

"Here in Le Mans?" Captain O'Sullivan asked. He caught Bright's eye, and nodding, indicated the adjutant.

Grice's face had become pale in the interval, and an expression of amazement covered it. He sat down abruptly, and leaning forward, gripped the seat of his chair between his knees while he stared at Corporal Perkins. The latter, sensing that something was wrong, looked a little anxiously at his own lieutenant.

"Tell 'em everything, Corporal," Judd prompted.

"I saw Major Rennels tonight, sir," Perkins said, speaking to O'Sullivan.

"When and where?" the captain asked.

"At the gare. About half past twelve, or a few minutes one way or another. It was before the Etat train come in from Paris, the train that goes to Brest."

"Where'd he go?" the captain demanded. He still watched Lieutenant Grice's face. The amazement on it had deepened to incredulity.

"Nowhere, sir. I mean not on the train. He come in the station and went up to the window and asked some questions off the fellow there. It was that dumb one on duty, the one that can't understand French unless it's spoke by a Frog. Major Rennels talked pretty loud trying to make him compree. I was standing near the window and when he turned around he saw me. I saluted him and wondered if he'd know me any more. 'Hello!' he says, and then he give me a hard once-over like officers do when they try to remember your name."

"Where'd you know him before?" The question was Bright's.

"He was my captain in the States, at Camp Sherman, the depot brigade. I was just a private then."

Bright continued: "What happened next?"

"He says: 'When's a train go to Domfront?' and I says, 'Sir, there's so many Domfronts that every train goes to one or another of 'em.' He says then: 'The Domfront up by Circé,' and I says: 'At seven o'clock in the morning.' 'I'll grab me some sleep, then,' he says, except maybe not in them words, and was just turning around, after I saluted again, when he bumps into this Frog . . ."

"What Frog?" O'Sullivan asked.

"Just a plain Frog, sir. Looking for some one, I guess." The corporal was speaking more easily. "When he sees the major he goes right up to him and they had a little talk. I couldn't hear it. Only the major was mad about something. He kept nodding his head and snapping his teeth . . . you know how he does. He was asking questions. The

Frenchie kept coughing and answering them."

"Coughing?"

"Yes, sir. Then the Paris train come in and I see the major say goodbye and the one-armed guy starts running . . ."

"One-armed?" Again it was Bright's question.

"The fellow had one arm. Just a plain one-armed Frog . . ."

Lieutenant Grice exclaimed under his breath. He spoke with the eagerness habitual to him. "Why, I know that Frenchman . . ."

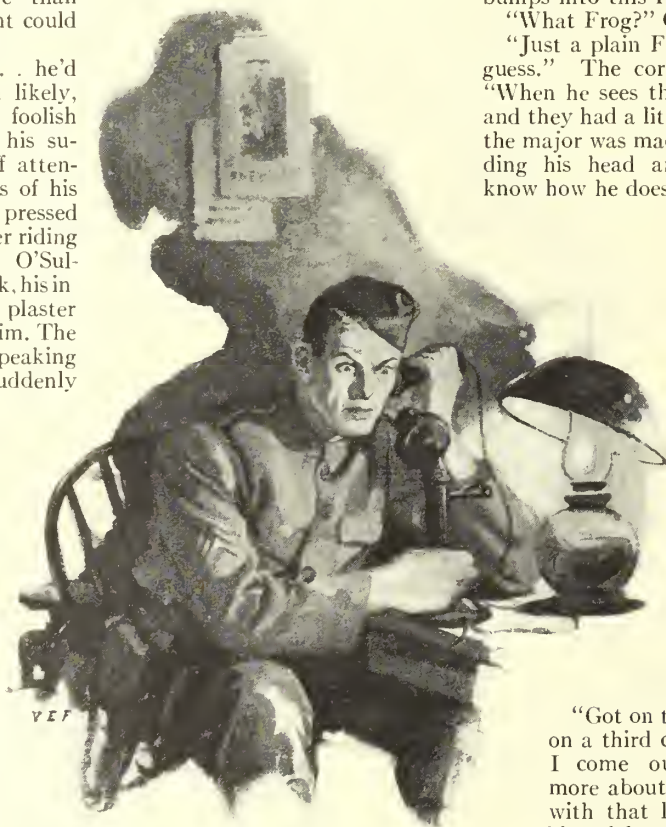
"So do I," Bright agreed in a matter of fact voice.

"Where'd he go, Corporal?"

"Got on the Brest train, sir. I see him climb on a third class. The major was gone when I come out, and I didn't think nothing more about it till Lieutenant Judd, sir, come with that look-out." He paused and wiped his red face thoroughly.

"Anything else, sir?" Judd asked the captain.

"Watch the trains for Rennels," O'Sullivan directed the corporal. "Bring him right in, Lieutenant, soon as you see him."



An astonished expression fixed on Bright's face as he listened to Duclose's message



The door swung shut. Chains rattled. Bolts thumped. He was alone. The dispatch case was gone. In the outer room he heard Rennels laugh

"Yes, sir." Perkins saluted, and with some relief turned, heel and toe, in a rigid about face. He began whistling as soon as he was half way down the stair—a quaint air that concerned a mademoiselle from gay Páree and the major with his Croix de Guerre.

"Funny Rennels would want to go back to Domfront after making one getaway," Bright said. He hesitated, looking sideways at Grice.

The adjutant could restrain himself no longer.

"You mean . . ." he turned nervously from Bright to O'Sullivan, "you mean Major Rennels is wanted by the police?"

"I mean two officers left Circé in peculiar haste," O'Sullivan said significantly.

He had opened the adjutant's suitcase while he talked, and was sorting through its contents. Bright, standing at one side, watched while he lifted a pair of field glasses to the desk, then a small blue book that the sergeant recognized as infantry drill regulations, a stack of picture postal cards, a pair of cordovan puttees, finally a bulky manila envelope with a red rubber band about it. As their removal continued Grice scowled.

"I don't know why you're doing that, sir," he objected. "You can't play horse with me . . ."

"Who's playing horse?" O'Sullivan demanded. When the adjutant did not answer, he repeated: "Who's playing horse?"

"You are!" Grice blurted. He added "Sir!" hastily. "I know something else has happened . . . you don't search a man's suitcase for plain A.W.O.L. . . ."

"It don't pay to be choosy what you search," O'Sullivan answered wearily. "A murder's a murder." He sat back to watch the effect of the word.

"Murder?" Grice repeated. He laughed. The tension to which he had held his nerves snapped and he continued to laugh. The sound was incongruous. He stopped almost as abruptly as he had begun, and turning angrily, cried: "I said you were playing horse . . ." then: "Who's murdered?"

"Sit down," O'Sullivan commanded. "I guess you know, all right."

His right hand dipped again into the traveling bag. A whipcord blouse alone remained in it. He (Continued on page 71)

EDITORIAL

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

The Stuff of History



QUEEN VICTORIA was setting the standards of morals for a world, and women without ankles wore tight-laced corsets, muttonleg sleeves, bustles and ersatz hair. Youngish gentlemen with skin-tight trousers and whiskers rode high-wheeled bicycles, smoked Sweet Caporal cigarettes surreptitiously and pursued romance with twanging guitars and an occasional top buggy. In this decade, between 1890 and 1900, there developed a new type of American boy—a boy who was nurtured on valor, who grew up absorbing the glory of reality that was spread before him in countless books on the battles and campaigns of the Civil War and the glory of pure romance that he found between the covers of supposedly pernicious novels which cost a whole nickel—sometimes a dime.

There were woeful headshakings in those days when father or mother accidentally discovered little Johnny's many-colored library beneath the mattress of his bed or stowed on the roof beams of the family barn. There was no parental concern, however, when Johnny pored for hours over the huge volumes full of lore on the Civil War which were a part of every family library.

To Johnny himself the two types of books which comprised his favorite literary diet were supplementary. When he got tired of thrilling over the duel between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* or of looking at the artist's interpretation of the flight of the stolen railway train—one of the epics of the struggle between the North and the South—he could always whet his literary appetite by joining Old King Brady or Diamond Dick for a few hours of jousting at evil in the Wild West, with virtue bound to triumph. For relaxation he read Horatio Alger, Jr., and the Henty series.

The World War was fought by American boys who grew up on the Civil War books which the nineties and the first ten years of the new century cherished—these and the chivalry-inspiring tales of redskin-conquering cowboys. Boys reared on this literary diet were true to the traditions of George Washington's patriots—they maintained those traditions notably on the battlefields of France.

The huge pages of the Civil War volumes were almost memorized by the boy readers of thirty or forty years after the war. The artist's drawings and the photographs made by the indefatigable Civil War photographer, Matthew B. Brady, were transferred from pages to minds, never wholly to fade.

There will come a day, undoubtedly, when big volumes telling of America's battles in France will be read by American boys as avidly as their fathers read

the volumes on the War Between the States. The World War has not been over long enough to make it an epoch of general interest to readers. The events of that war must ripen in memories of those who took part in it. Scattered testimony of participants must be assembled and correlated. Historians must produce the great works of the future after years and years of studying intently all the evidence and testimony which they can find. The great books will be written. They will deal not so much with tactics and strategy as with human experiences and individual recollections.

Meanwhile Uncle Sam apparently is about to undertake a work which will help the future historian. Congressman A. Piatt Andrew, a Legionnaire from Massachusetts, has introduced a bill which provides for "the assembly, inventory, classification and publication" of all official records and maps relating to the participation of the military and naval forces of the United States in the World War. Upon the passage of this bill—and it seems certain of adoption, sooner or later—trained literary workers will be employed for years at the task of bringing together the exhibits which comprise the record of every unit of the Army and Navy and Marine Corps which had a part in the war.

National Commanders of The American Legion have strongly indorsed Mr. Andrew's proposal, and Eben Putnam, National Historian of The American Legion, has assembled many arguments in favor of it. The War Department and Navy Department favor the proposal and the only issues debated in Congressional consideration of it apparently are those involving the amount of the appropriation necessary and other questions of ways and means rather than of principle.

The resolution which Representative Andrew has introduced points out the need for the work proposed. It states:

"No complete and accurate account of the American effort in the World War has yet been written, and no such account can be successfully undertaken nor can scholarly studies even of special phases of that effort be made without access to official records in Washington, where such access is limited to documents already inventoried, classified and indexed."

The resolution says further: "Such records not only ought to be preserved to posterity but ought to be available and readily accessible at the earliest possible date in the archives of States and cities and in libraries, where they can be consulted by State and local historians, by historical students and writers, and especially by such as were participants in or contemporaries of the World War."

TO
HAVE

AND

TO
HOLD

INDEPENDENCE



1776-1918

In Congressional hearings on the resolution it was revealed that unless records are assembled and published in book form, many priceless documents will soon be lost forever. Most of the official records now in the files of the War and Navy Departments are written or typed on wood pulp paper, which has already begun to disintegrate, and handwriting and typing on many documents, in ink of poor quality, has faded badly.

Still another argument for early publication is the fact that many company and regimental records and other official papers are now in the hands of former officers of wartime units who have no right to retain them, and there is urgent need of the Government regaining these before holders have died or the records have disappeared from other causes. To lose these memorabilia of great times and great deeds would be a great pity, for they are in a very special way priceless.

The proposal for the classification and publication of all the principal records of the World War has especial interest to The American Legion because the Legion has already won one notable victory for posterity and future historians. Congress in 1926 passed a law directing construction of a national archives building which will cost several million dollars. Congress passed this law after four national conventions of The American Legion had adopted resolutions favoring it, and Eben Putnam, the Legion's National Historian, and John Thomas Taylor, Vice Chairman of the Legion's National Legislative Committee, had presented evidence that the building will meet a vital national need. At this time Uncle Sam is tearing down a group of old buildings in Washington to provide the site on which the new national archives building will rise. The glorious records of America's past will thus be fittingly preserved as permanent exhibits for posterity.

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG

By Franklin D'Olier

THE first three months after the Minneapolis Convention, Lemuel

Bolles, the new National Adjutant, and I were so busy moving the Headquarters of The American Legion from New York City to Indianapolis, and Robert H. Tyndall, the new treasurer, and I were so busy keeping the Legion and the Weekly off financial rocks that fortunately I had plenty of excuse for merely working and not talking. I therefore was able to put off the making of speeches until these two major operations were completed.

My second appearance as a public speaker took place on February 15, 1920, in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York. The occasion was a dinner to the late Henry P. Davison, international head of the Red Cross. My debut before an audience was still fresh in my mind. This had taken place only a week or ten days before when I addressed the Pennsylvania Bankers' Association in Philadelphia on "The American Legion and Its Aims". The fact that a man could have been as scared as I was, and live, was in a measure reassuring.

Another circumstance from which I took comfort was the fact that the gentleman seated next to me at the speakers' table was in a plight fully as unenviable as mine. To have General Pershing as a comrade in distress was a compensation. Moreover the General was on the program for the principal address of the evening. I was merely expected to make a few graceful and brief remarks and sit down. I did not intend to disappoint anyone on the score of brevity.

General Pershing was so miserable that he could hardly eat a bite.

"General Pershing," I said, "two years ago today I did not dream that I should be seated beside you on an occasion like this."

The General asked me what had happened two years ago.

"You and Secretary of War Baker inspected my outfit," said I, giving some details.

"Oh, yes," said the Commander-in-Chief. "I remember that occasion. And now I remember you—very well."

I cannot tell you how greatly flattered I was to think that of all the inspections that had crowded his busy life this particular one should have impressed itself on the mind of the head of the Expeditionary Forces.

"Yes," continued the General, "I recall it perfectly. You were the most nervous officer I ever saw."

"Was I any more nervous than you are now?" I finally managed, in the way of repartee.

"I doubt it," General Pershing replied sincerely.

That evening stands out in my memory for another reason. It was the first anniversary of a little dinner in Paris that proved to be the genesis of The American Legion. In wartime none of us knew what a day might bring forth, but if, on February 15, 1919, someone had told me that as a result of that little dinner-table talk in Paris would come an organization known as

CAUCUS TO PLAN VETERANS' BODY FOR WHOLE ARMY

After-War Association Subject of Paris Meeting Tomorrow

When something of a "Stars and Stripes" and enlisted men, representing the whole A.E.F., get together in Paris tomorrow to talk over the problem of organizing a national society for veterans of this war, they will start with a clean slate, according to members of the temporary committee which was formed to bring the question to the attention of the whole Army.

The new organization will not be born full grown, the committeemen emphasized. There are no preconceived objects, no policies, no causes which have been mapped out in advance, it is stated, other than the one object of perpetuating the relationship formed while in the military service.

The sole purpose of the caucus, the temporary committee which is in charge of the meeting explains, will be to take the necessary steps toward the organization of one great association to include the men who have served their country under arms in this war, an association "similar in character to the Grand Army of the Republic or the United Confederate Veterans."

The story in The Stars and Stripes for March 14, 1919, which announced the projected meeting to discuss a "veterans' body"

in which they had come over, and to publish this intention to the Army.

Our official labors completed, Roosevelt asked us to be his guests at dinner at the Allied Officers' Club in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré. By this time we had become pretty well acquainted and I was impressed by the calibre of the personnel of the detail. Captain Ogden Mills, now Under Secretary of Treasury, was the junior officer present. The senior officer was Colonel William J. Donovan of the Rainbow Division, who on March 4th last retired as Assistant to the Attorney General.

I went to the dinner without the least intimation of what was in Roosevelt's mind, and my impression is that most of the others were in the same boat. When the coffee was served our host unburdened himself. His idea was a veterans' organization. He outlined the subject from a very practical point of view. Such an organization was as bound to come as night follows day. Divisional and regimental societies already were being formed, and movements of larger scope were on foot. This was all very good, excepting for the fact, that as our recent discussions had shown us, the average soldier was not in a normal state of mind. Would

The American Legion, of which before the year was out I should be the titular head, frankly I should have thought him out of his mind.

You will recall the state of things in the A.E.F. after the Armistice. Nerves the world over were on edge. Bolshevism was the bogey. Disgruntled soldiers had provided the manpower for the cataclysm in Russia, and the surface of the earth was pretty well covered with soldiers who had little to do but think of their troubles. It seems foolish to speak seriously of these things now, but in 1919 they were very real. The first and foremost wish in the breast of every American soldier was to get home. I myself was not untouched by the contagion. Doing duty with G-4 of the General Staff, I was on detail at Bordeaux rustling supplies for homebound troops and indulging in private calculations as to when I should be one of their number.

One morning I opened an order. While not the order I most desired, it was not so bad. I was to go to Paris as a member of some board, or detail, that was to devise means for improving the morale of the Expeditionary Forces. But the principal thing I noted was that I was to go to Paris—and went.

There I met nineteen other officers—all strangers to me, and pretty generally to one another. I think Theodore Roosevelt possessed the widest acquaintance of any member of the party. Our deliberations lasted for two or three days. We drafted a series of recommendations which, with some modifications, were adopted by G.H.Q. These provided for a comprehensive program of athletic competitions and entertainments, for more leaves and for facilities for study in French and English schools. Moreover G.H.Q. was urged to send men home in the order



The Paris caucus of the Legion in session, March 15, 1919, in the Cirque de Paris, where shortly afterward the boxing championships of the A.E.F. were decided. In some ways the caucus was more exciting than the boxing championships. Officers predominated, but this was not the fault of the promoters of the caucus

it not be a misfortune if the disquietude that afflicted our spirits should become crystalized into an organization capable of wielding the great influence that tradition bestowed upon veterans' organizations in our country?

There was no disputing that Roosevelt had touched something important in the dimly-perceived problem of post-war adjustment. A lengthy discussion followed, with a decision in favor of a general caucus of representatives of the A.E.F. to meet in Paris as citizens rather than soldiers, and lay the foundation for an organization on the right basis. By the right basis I mean a basis that would express the true patriotism and common-sense that had carried the average man into the war and had carried him through it.

The difficulties in the path of such a meeting were enormous. We appreciated that. The procedure was unmilitary, in the professional sense of the term, and G.H.Q. might have none of it.

Nevertheless we made our arrangements to finesse matters through. A committee consisting of George A. White, of G.H.Q., Eric Fisher Wood, 88th Division, and Ralph D. Cole, 37th Division, all lieutenant colonels, was instructed to win the consent of G.H.Q. Roosevelt was delegated to wangle an order home and to organize a companion caucus on this side of the water. Roosevelt got his sailing order and departed. White and the others finally overcame the objections of General Headquarters.

This had not been an easy thing to do, and White, who was a newspaper editor in Portland, Oregon, and a good persuader, deserved great credit. After obtaining permission to hold the caucus it was even harder to get delegates from the various outfits distributed from the Mediterranean to the Rhine. White solved this problem by the personal contact method, assisted by a Dodge automobile and a fake travel order. In other words our road-agent was plain AWOL, and an alert M.P. might have spoiled everything. As it was the M. P.'s were about the only people White did not meet in the way of opposition. National Army and National Guard outfits denounced the scheme as a Regular Army frame-up to put over compulsory military service. Regular Army officers said "politics"—a scheme to line up the soldier vote for someone in 1920. Enlisted men feared some sort of hocus-pocus for the glorification of the Sam Browne belt. But

White, as I say, deserves credit. He combated these objections tactfully and intelligently and lined up a representation that exceeded anticipations.

Meantime I had returned to my duties at Bordeaux. I had nothing to do with the important work of setting the stage for the Paris Caucus. I did not have the curiosity to inquire how I had happened to be made a member of the Paris detail, but have since learned that General Harbord was responsible. Also, I did not learn until later that Roosevelt was the father of the idea that brought that detail into existence, and that, from the beginning, the notion of starting a veterans' organization was in the back of his head.

In due course I was appointed a delegate to the caucus at Paris, which held its first meeting on March 15, 1919, at the American Club in the Avenue Gabriel. Later the sessions were transferred to the old Cirque de Paris.

I was an inconspicuous member of that notable assemblage. I was on no committees and contributed nothing that I can recall to the work that was done. The presiding officer was Bennett C. Clark, a son of the distinguished Champ Clark of Missouri. A last minute edict from G.H.Q. had ruined the carefully laid plans for a representation evenly balanced between enlisted men and officers. Both officers and men were denied the privilege of attending under orders. This meant that they had to get leaves and attend at their own expense. The enlisted men were hit harder than the officers by this order, the result being that only about one hundred showed up. There were, I should say, five hundred officers. Not more than a hundred of all ranks paid much attention to the caucus, however, and a small handful did the actual work. But there was no steam roller. Anyone who had anything to say could get a hearing.

The Navy was not represented, except through the Marines of the Second Division. I do not know why this was, as I am sure that the fleet was solicited to send delegates. I have heard the story that on the second or third day a lone sailor on leave strayed into the Cirque de Paris. He was immediately pounced upon and asked whom he represented. He represented no one, he said, but had judged from the noise that there was a prize-fight going on. A couple of colonels pressed him to stay, but



This historic photograph was taken at the Second National Convention of The American Legion at Cleveland, Ohio, in September, 1920, which marked the end of Franklin D'Olier's year of leadership. Left to right, Past National Commander John R. McQuigg (deceased), Past National Commander D'Olier, Vice-Admiral Grant of the British Navy, guest of the convention, and Major General Leonard Wood (deceased)

the seafaring young man departed, the ways of the Army as obscure to him as before.

The caucus voted to establish a veterans' organization by the name of The American Legion. There was a great deal of debate over the name, as there was over everything. The Committee on Name duly reported in favor of "Legion of the Great War," with "Veterans of the Great War" as second choice. In the discussion on the floor a dozen additional titles were suggested. It was getting near meal time when Maurice K. Gordon of Texas moved the adoption of "The American Legion." With the stipulation that the question might be reopened, the motion was carried and we went out to eat.

There was really something very fine about that Paris Caucus. If a small minority did the work, the same is true of every convention. But colonels and privates in uniform worked side by side, and the eagles counted for nothing at all. It was the soundness of views that counted, and the work of the caucus was sound. The whole was a demonstration of democracy in action under difficult circumstances. Mr. Wilson's soldiers at least had preserved among themselves the ideal they were sent to fight for. The caucus turned the new Legion over to an Executive Committee which elected Milton J. Foreman chairman. His job was to keep the organization alive in the A. E. F. while Roosevelt got the ball to rolling in the States.

On April 10, 1919, I disembarked at Hoboken, looking forward to a holiday with my family—and then back to my business in Philadelphia. After an absence of nearly two years I must confess that The American Legion was a small factor in my plans. Before leaving New York, however, I made good a promise to Foreman and dropped in on Roosevelt, who occupied an office of the Military Training Camps' Association in West Forty-fourth Street. His brother-in-law, Dr. Richard Derby, and Eric Fisher Wood were helping him to get up the caucus at St. Louis. They were up to their ears in work. They asked me to lend a hand. I did not have the heart to refuse and obtained Mrs. D'Olier's assent to a postponement of our vacation plans for one month.

Getting delegates for St. Louis was quite a job. The average veteran was still shy. If not a trifle hostile he was, at least, "from Missouri" and had to be shown that this Legion was what it claimed to be and not something else. Propaganda and camouflage had been done to death during the war. The veteran was fed up. He had left the service with \$60 in his clothes, which would purchase a second-rate outfit of civilian attire, leaving about enough over for one of those good five-cent cigars Vice-President Marshall had just said was the great need of the country. The veteran could then stick his hands in his pockets

and watch the ex-munition workers pass in their cars. Most of the delegates were obtained by dealing through men in the different States that some of us knew. In dealing with Democratic States we would sign Clark's name to telegrams, and in Republican States we would use Roosevelt's. In doubtful States both names were used. All routine efforts failing, we sometimes took extraordinary means to get delegates. One drawback, I know, was that a man had to have the railroad fare. To pay the rent, the stenographers' salaries and buy postage stamps in New York Roosevelt and I had signed a note for \$10,000. Eventually it was paid, and that cancelled note is the earliest souvenir of the Legion that I still possess. I recall that we wired Luke Lea in Nashville to round up seventeen men to represent Tennessee and bring them on. He did so. Where or how he got them I have no idea. Had facts like this been widely known in 1919 it would have been harmful. The veteran was skeptical enough as it was.

Politics was the great problem at our door. We were on the threshold of a Presidential campaign in which the candidacy of General Leonard Wood was to play a conspicuous part. The two great veterans' organizations with which we were all familiar as boys and girls were highly political and intensely partisan. In the North the Legion was called the successor to the Grand Army of the Republic and in the South it was thought of as the heir to the traditions of the United Confederate Veterans. In New York State the political currents already had caught up Roosevelt and he was, or shortly became, a candidate for the Legislature. Roosevelt realized that this eliminated him from the Legion, and he decided to step out immediately. We had a long conversation about it on the train going to St. Louis.

Having issued the call for the caucus, Ted called the meeting to order. Hats and banners went in the air and the house took up the old "We-Want-Teddy" chant. We had fixed it up for a man from Maine to nominate Henry D. Lindsley, ex-mayor of Dallas, Texas, as chairman, thinking that would be a good answer to the political critics. But the noise kept up and it looked as if plans were going by the board. Finally, Roosevelt made himself heard.

"In the name of my family I wish to thank you for your splendid tribute to the memory of my father."

What would have been finer? Lindsley was elected chairman and Roosevelt's official connection with the Legion ceased. I do not believe he has ever held an elective office in the organization which he more than anyone else is responsible for.

I did not leave the service of the Legion after the St. Louis Caucus, because in common with several thousand other ex-service men and women I found myself in a job that had taken hold of me. The establishment of this Legion seemed as important a

task to me as my modest contribution to the war had been. It was carrying on, a winding up of the big work. At St. Louis the Legion's Constitution with its inspiring Preamble was written, and a number of committees were created to put the organization on a permanent basis. I accepted the chairmanship of the Committee on Organization, which had to do with the creation of state departments and local posts.

The job was of fair proportions. Organized labor was chary of us. It was thought that we might turn out to be a strike-breaking organization. Enlisted men were still rather leery; too many ex-officers around. There was a feeling between the men who served at home and those who served abroad. And, of course, our old friends politics and radicalism stuck to us like brothers.

But we succeeded because the underlying idea was psychologically sound. The man who served his country during the war was willing to serve it in peace. The only question in his mind was, "Does this Legion represent real service?" The question was not expressed in those formal terms, of course, but that is what the ex-service man's reaction amounted to. It was a good thing. The quizzical attitude of the average veteran made us go slowly and carefully where we might have speeded up and made elementary mistakes. It showed us how to mold this Legion to conform to the real aspirations of the men and women who made the Army and the Navy. The experience has made me respectful of criticism and tolerant of the views of minorities.

It was a long, hard-working summer and fall. By July 1st, six weeks after the St. Louis Caucus, we had less than a thousand posts going. But by August 1st the number had more than doubled and by September 1st it had quadrupled. On October 1st the number of posts was 5,670 and we felt that the Legion was right and would win.

The First National Convention that met in Minneapolis in November of 1919 was a truly representative body. The Legion left the hands of that gathering accepted by the rank and file of the great body of veterans. This is not to say that a large number of skeptics did not remain. They did, and their criticisms proved very useful to me in the role that I had unexpectedly been called upon to assume.

I left for Minneapolis a candidate for nothing except some railroad tickets to take my family on that promised vacation. Bill Donovan and Ted Roosevelt talked me into permitting my name to go before the convention. They picked me for my negative qualities. I had never made a public speech in my life. I had never given an interview to a newspaper reporter. I had never been in politics and would never get in, because I lacked the qualifications. I was thought to be capable of giving the Legion a quiet, plain business administration, which was felt to be a good thing during a Presidential year.

The Donovan-Roosevelt idea was not unanimous among the delegates—far from it. There was a strong feeling in favor of a type of leadership of which I am not capable. This expressed itself in the candidacy that was thrust upon Hanford MacNider. You all know MacNider. His services to the Legion and to the country have been of the first order. I do not understand why I was elected unless it was because my job with the organization committee had given me a wider acquaintance among the delegates. Even so, the vote was very close.

The greater part of my work as National Commander was the undramatic organization of a large public-service corporation—for such, in terms of my businessman vocabulary, is the Legion. I proceeded along the lines made familiar to me by my business training.

I was no orator, had no desire to become one, and anyway felt that the country was a bit fed up on oratory and that the public would be more interested in plain business statements as to what the Legion was actually accomplishing and intended to do, and it was along these lines I operated. I felt that the public would be more interested in brief communiqués from the front than in oratorical effort. I liked to travel about and meet the

men in the different States, just as the president of a corporation, if he is smart, should get away from his desk and meet the stockholders and employees. I received too much credit for tact and patience in listening to complaints and differences of opinion. Really, I was learning a lot.

I remember the Executive Committee meetings we used to have in the Raleigh Hotel in Washington. I had never before presided over a meeting, but felt that the most important thing was to give everyone an opportunity to get everything off his chest, if for no other reason than to prove that here was an organization where there was no steam-roller and that everybody would be entitled to express an opinion, counting on the fundamental American principle of fair play that after a full discussion the majority would rule. Many a time we reached a unanimous decision simply because everybody was physically exhausted and had talked himself out and was finally willing to agree to anything reasonable.

This procedure I fear rather exhausted the patience of Milton Foreman, who was experienced in the matter of wielding a gavel. Once some resolution came up that everyone wanted to amend. I let them do it and get it all out of their system. I could see the disgust written on Foreman's face. A fine presiding officer I was! Finally the Committee-man from Illinois addressed the chair.

"Mr. Commander, I wish to move a substitute for the whole."

"Please state your substitute, Mr. Foreman."

"Resolved, That vice shall hereby be abolished and that virtue shall prevail."

This cleared the air. We had been trying to reform the world by a single resolution. After a good laugh the futile resolution was forgotten and we went about our business. Nevertheless, some of those long-winded sessions accomplished a real purpose. Of course I see this more clearly now than I did then. One day I would think that maybe I was a pretty useful citizen, and again I would be pretty sure that I was just a good-natured boob for letting myself be talked into taking a job I was unqualified for.

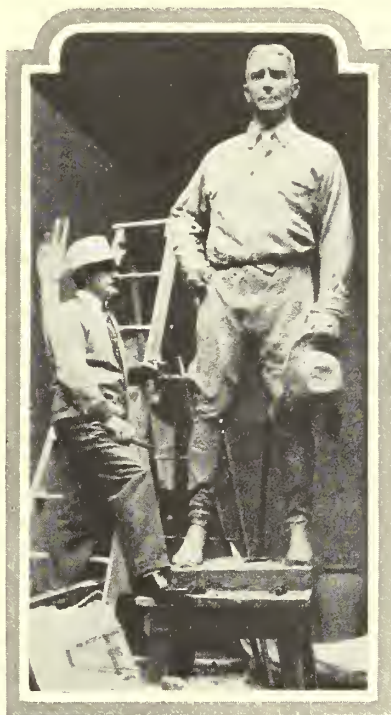
On one of the bright days a famous banker said to me, "D'Olier, you are the most useful private citizen in America." At the time I was trying to figure out what to do about the so-called soldier bonus. I had known all along that a certain percentage of the membership wanted a bonus, but that was all I knew. I did not know the proportion of the members who wanted it, or whether they needed it or were entitled to it. Perhaps I was blind, but I did not know these things of my own knowledge. I investigated. I heard views pro and con. I

decided in favor of the bonus and found all but a negligible minority of the membership with me. Whereupon my banker friend denounced me as the "most dangerous type of citizen—an aristocratic demagogue, trying to ride into power on the back of the soldier vote."

We all recall the bonus rumpus. The Treasury was to be wrecked, taxes increased and the veterans only made greedy for more. Have these things happened?

Thus problem after problem fell before the Legion and as my term drew toward its close it seemed that The American Legion had become a genuine factor in the national life of our country. Personally, however, I had one more river to cross. My official associates feared that my reputation for letting people talk would be the ruin of me at the National Convention at Cleveland. My dear friend the lamented Fritz Galbraith gave me a copy of Roberts' Rules of Order and asked me to study it. I carried the book around with me and tried to read it, but it was no use. On the eve of the convention my inability to learn my lesson was discovered and someone dug up an expert parliamentarian and posted him just behind me on the stage.

The convention had not been under way very long when some situation arose not covered by my knowledge of procedure. I thought of my expert, and then thought I'd better forget him. I am sure that I was right. If that bunch (Continued on page 68)



Arizona is contributing to the Hall of Fame in Washington, D. C., a statue of John C. Greenway, Legion founder, prominent figure at the St. Louis Caucus. Gutzon Borglum is shown at work on the statue

THE MAN WITH THE HOSE

And the Lighter That Failed

By Wallgren



A PERSONAL VIEW

by
Frederick Palmer

MANY JULY FOURTHS have brought news of bigger and deadlier noise than fire-crackers can make. News on

**The Month
Of Battles** July 4th, 1863, when brother was against brother, of the great decisions of Vicksburg and Gettysburg; in 1898 of the final decision of the Spanish-American War in the taking of San Juan Hill and the destruction of the Spanish fleet; and in 1918 of turning the tables at Château-Thierry on the German offensive that threatened Paris!

PACKED BLEACHERS, or movie or radio fans, never saw or heard the like. Babe Ruth and Will Rogers in "impromptu entertainment." The place a hospital for crippled children in Boston. The little hosts might feel the hands that grip the mighty bat if they could not see a home run swatted. And Will could do his tricks and make his jests to bring gurgles of laughter. Birth's gamble! In the presence of crooked bodies, which medical magic was trying to make straight, what a call for Will and Babe to do their best in gratitude for their own gifts which have won fame and fortune.

ON THE SAME DAY recently I looked at some Revolutionary letters 150 years old and at a book published only forty years ago. The rag paper on which the letters were written was as tough as when made. But the leaves of the book of wood pulp paper cracked with turning. In another forty years they will be powder. So, while the original rosters and orders of Washington's army, which have not been destroyed, will endure a century hence, the rows upon rows of steel cases in Washington which hold the World War records will be powder bins. Why this delay in passing the bill before Congress to publish them on enduring paper? They are a record which should be available to scholars a thousand years hence, for they are a historical account of great deeds that should be treasured as answer to a section of opinion which, unless human nature changes, will assail our stand. We must preserve our motion and still picture films of the war, too.

A GOOD WORD, wholesome, the highest praise. It is the reason that A. S., northern-born, now living in Florida, gives for liking our magazine. Also "because the Month keeps me close to the things that are men's interests in life;" "because the ex-service man is close to my heart" when the war took the lives of her brother and the man to whom she was engaged. And, living in the South, she finds "more reason every day for training people to want a share of both Grant and Lee."

"BISHOP, THERE'S A heavy fire up that road," an officer warned him. But the chief chaplain of the A. E. F. had an errand up that road. He smiled his thanks, and went right on, his fine, calm face lighted by his mission, when this soldier of the spirit saw that his part was the risk that the front line was taking. Bishop Charles H. Brent never recovered from war strain; but the great work he did in '17-'18 will live after all who served over there are dead.

WE HAVE THIRTY-SEVEN percent, or \$3,746,000,000, a decrease in a year of four percent, of the total of ten billions of gold reserve held by all the nations. **Few Babies, Much Gold** Thrifty France is second with \$1,253,000,000, not quite twice as much as England. But England has gained seven percent in population since the War. France is having so few babies that it will take twenty years to make up the loss of her million and a half war dead.

THE BRITISH ISLES spent \$1,500,000,000 last year on drink; but that was a decrease over the previous year of \$1.75 per capita. Despite the increase in population the decrease, since 1913, has been fifty-nine percent in hard drink and thirty in beer; but wine consumption increased until heavy duties stopped importation. One cause is the restriction of hours saloons may be open; another that the teaching of temperance continues active in England.

ONE THOUSAND ITALIAN Fascists, who are American citizens, are going to Rome in a body this summer to pay worshipful tribute to Mussolini, dictator, destroyer of the free ballot and self-government, who crushes with iron hand all opposition to his absolute rule. **Wholly Un-American** They would better make a pilgrimage to Independence Hall, Old South Church and Williamsburg; or to the westward, seeing the landmarks and shrines of American history from our east coast to the ends of the Oregon and Santa Fé trails on the west coast.

Then they would have a few lessons in what has been achieved by a people who rebelled against autocratic rule and declared themselves free of it on July 4th, 1776. We have required no dictatorships for our growth and development. When we got bad officials we had the power to turn them out. For that our forefathers fought.

And we opened our doors for people from other lands to get in step with our movement and to share its benefits. All we asked was that they understand our system and adopt our ways, and be of us in (Continued on page 67)

VETERANS

By Richard

Illustrations by

voice was raised to protest that an incompetent employe had been added to the government service, that the whole structure of efficiency was being undermined, or that America was reverting to the spoils system. One can readily understand this lack of personal opposition to Abe's getting on the payroll. It is probable, however, that if a thousand Abes, or a hundred, or even a dozen, were to be given a one hundred percent preference in getting government jobs, the protests would be loud and numerous.

The American Legion has for ten years waged a steady fight to secure as many government jobs for veterans as there are competent veterans and available jobs. That is a simple statement of what is meant by veterans' preference under the civil service. It means that as between a competent veteran and a competent non-veteran, the job should go to the veteran.



ABE Is on the Payroll."

This headline above an editorial in a New York newspaper last spring is an ideal text for a discourse about working for Uncle Sam. The editorial was one of commendation and rejoicing because Abraham Krotoshinsky, former private, Company K, 307th Infantry, and sometimes known as the savior of the Lost Battalion, had been attached to the executive civil service of the United States in the capacity of a postal clerk. He had secured the position at a time when his wife and two babies were hungry and his own health impaired, and after he had pawned just about everything except his Distinguished Service Cross.

He had secured it without competitive examination under the civil service rules because President Coolidge had appointed him by special executive order. His case had come to the attention of the President because the newspapers in New York City had raised a public protest when they found the hero of the Lost Battalion and his family on the edge of starvation.

This chain of events, beginning when Private Abraham Krotoshinsky crawled on his stomach through the German lines surrounding Whittlesey's battalion in the woods of La Buironne in 1918, ended with the executive order of President Coolidge in 1928 making Krotoshinsky a postal clerk without the usual examination requirements. Public opinion on the whole matter

was summed up in the enthusiastic caption on the editorial:

"Abe Is on the Payroll."

The editorial carried out the sense of its headline, expressing warm approval of the President's unusual order overriding all civil service rules, and rejoicing because Abe had been put on the payroll without even waiting to find a definite position for him to fill. The whole point was that Abe was a hero, and Abe and his family were hungry, and a grateful nation ought to get Abe on the payroll without delay.

When Abe went on the payroll no



There is a long and complicated tale of ups and downs back of this fight, and yet ahead of it. On March 2, 1929, just two days before he went out of office, President Coolidge signed an executive order improving the preference status of certain classes of veterans. That order was the latest victory of the Legion in the ten-year struggle, and it was not a complete victory.

Every National Convention of the Legion has dealt in some detail with this fight. For years the District of Columbia Department of the Legion has been the spearhead of the attack, because by its location in the capital, and its large membership of government employes, it understands every phase of the problem. Harlan Wood, leader in the struggle for greater preference, is this year Department Commander of the Legion in the District. Paul McGahan, three times National Committeeman for the Legion of the District, kept a trail worn between his office and the White House during the last days of the Coolidge administration when it was a toss-up whether the retiring President would ever get the veterans' preference order onto his desk and under his pen. McGahan won out with very few hours to spare, for the order is dated Saturday, March 2d, the 3d was Sunday, and the 4th Inauguration Day for President Hoover.

When he walked out with the signed order McGahan did a rather Legion-like thing. Instead of pausing to hold a celebration over the accomplishment he returned to his office and dictated an explanation of the order for the use of the press. With a proper expression of appreciation to President Coolidge, he added a statement of what the order accomplished, and then a state-



PREFERRED

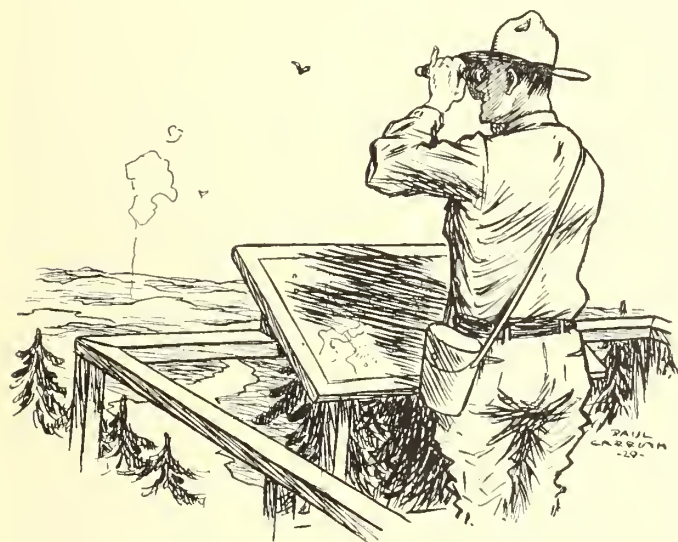
Seelye Jones

Paul Carruth

ment of what remained to be accomplished in the long battle to secure justice for those who served their country in the time of need. His summary declared, in substance, "The Legion has just begun to fight."

The United States of America employs 568,715 people in civilian jobs. It also hires a lot of officers and enlisted men in military and naval jobs. Of the civilians, 431,763 secure their jobs by competitive civil service examinations, followed by appointment. The others include common labor or minor jobs. They also include the 18,000 strictly Presidential appointments, or what we sometimes call political appointments.

About 123,000 of these government jobs were held by veterans at the end of the fiscal year 1928. Probably between 35,000 and 40,000 changes are taking place in government jobs this year, and as many more will take place next year, and thereafter. Of the 38,000 jobs filled in the 1928 year, 9,000 were secured by



veterans.

What are these jobs?

They cover everything from the beginning clerical places, paying \$1,260 a year, up to technical experts receiving \$9,000. Uncle Sam hires workers of practically every sort imaginable. He is the world's largest employer, his the world's largest payroll—probably its only billion-dollar payroll.

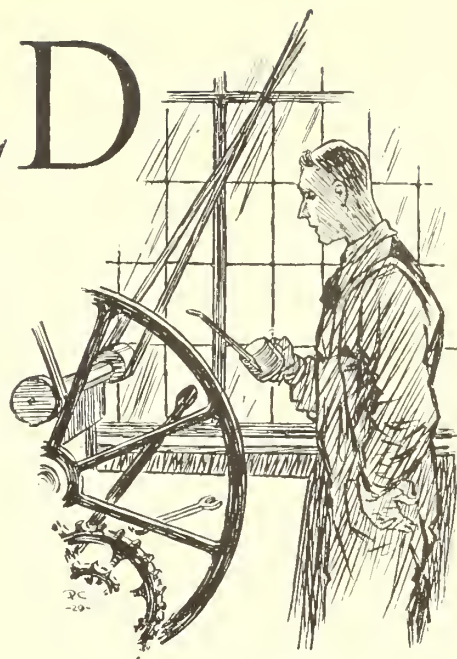
Why the eternal scramble for these positions? Are they overpaid, or under-worked? Is a public position a private snap? Are these, indeed, better than private jobs?

Certainly the answers to these questions must shed some light on the anxiety of the veterans to secure them, and on the continuing effort of the Legion to secure preference for veterans.

Probably the fairest general answer, allowing for plenty of exceptions, is to say that job for job the government pay is a little higher, the conditions and hours of work a little better, and the permanence and security of employment a great deal more solid, than in private employment.

The last is the largest inducement to working for Uncle Sam. If you are reasonably competent and faithful you may quite likely keep on working for him so long as you please, and be retired on a small but certain pension in your old age.

About half of all government employment is in the postal service. About 60,000 jobs are located in the City of Washington. Wherever government workers are employed they are under fairly strict discipline, and subject to fairly continuous ratings as to their efficiency. The conditions of working for your



Uncle Sam are, in fact, strict but not hard. The hours may be short, but they must be kept.

All these half-million jobs are theoretically filled by appointment of the President of the United States. The Constitution empowers him to appoint all of the needed help in the executive departments of the Government. The United States Civil Service Commission, with its system of examinations, is really just helping the President to sort out the applicants and test their ability. He is not precisely obliged to appoint the eligibles whom the Civil Service Commission designates. More than ninety-nine times out of a hundred he does appoint them, but he retains the power to overstep the whole civil service machinery if the situation warrants. He did so, for example, in appointing Abe Krotoshinsky.

Prior to 1883 every government position was more or less a plaything of politics—the old "Spoils System." Frequently the wholesale rewarding of political workers with public positions became a scandal. While many events pointed toward ultimate reform, the assassination of President Garfield in 1881 by a disappointed office seeker was the moving factor in the establishment of the civil service as it exists today. The blood of a martyred President washed out many political sins. The useless, cruel deed aroused a nation to conditions which previously had been passed over by many as the mere wailings of the minority politicians.

The law of 1883 set up the Civil Service Commission and founded the competitive system of examinations. As brought into operation, the basic method remains as it was in 1883. For any position to be filled, the Civil Service Commission has examinations, makes up an eligible register of those who have passed, and submits to the appointing officer the three names highest on the eligible register. The appointment is made from among these three.

(Continued on page 64)





KEEPING

EVERY Legion post and every Auxiliary unit may now ask itself these questions: "Is there in our town a Gold Star Mother whose son still is buried on the slopes of the A. E. F. cemetery at Romagne or Thiaucourt or elsewhere in France? Do we know a widow whose husband is numbered among the twenty-seven thousand men who lie in America's military cemeteries abroad?"

Since the World War there have been many simple pilgrimages by mothers and widows to the cemeteries in France, but most of the bereft mothers of America whose sons' bodies are still buried in France and most widows have found the difficulties of a long voyage to a strange country insurmountable.

Now, however, every Gold Star Mother of a service man buried overseas and every widow who has not remarried since the death of her husband may make the long overseas journey to a loved one's grave, untroubled by any difficulties. The United States Government has made provision for conducting them on quiet pilgrimages to the cemeteries abroad. Congress in last March passed a law making the pilgrimages possible and provided that all arrangements should be directed by the Secretary of War and all expenses should be met out of public funds.

National Adjutant James F. Barton has asked that all posts of The American Legion and all units of the American Legion Auxiliary do everything possible to inform mothers and widows of the pilgrimages. He has requested that posts and units report the names of the mothers and widows of their communities to Major General B. F. Cheatham, Quartermaster General, War Department, Washington, D. C. Full name of son or husband should be given, the branch in which he served and the cemetery in which he is buried overseas.

Congress has provided that the pilgrimages shall be made by small groups during the period from May 1, 1930, to October 31, 1933, and each group will be in Europe for a period of two weeks. Cabin class accommodations will be furnished on steamships for all those making the pilgrimages. The Secretary of War will prescribe regulations as to the time for each group pilgrimage, itineraries, the composition of groups, accommodations, transportation, program, management and all other details.

Stepmothers, mothers through adoption and any woman who held the place of a parent to a deceased member of the military or naval forces for a year before he entered service will be

entitled to the privilege of the pilgrimage. Only widows who have not remarried since the deaths of their husbands are eligible to make the pilgrimage.

The Middle West's Week

WHAT is the Middle West? Where is its center and what are its boundaries? When the special trains begin arriving in Louisville, Kentucky, on September 30th, anybody ought to be able to figure out the answers to these questions.

The American Legion's national convention in Louisville—September 30th to October 3d—is going to be more than an "open house" celebration for Louisville and the State of Kentucky. It will also be the entire Middle West's old home week. It promises to be the most significant, the most impressive and the largest reunion of World War service men held since the war ended.

The fact that at Louisville the Legion will celebrate the completion of ten successful years supplies to men who have missed the ten preceding national conventions an especially good reason for turning out this October. And it looks as if Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma would all send tremendous delegations. Equally large delegations are expected from the States lying south of Kentucky—such Legion strongholds as Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida and the Carolinas. Louisville luckily is so close to all these States that many tens of thousands of Legionnaires who have never attended a national convention may now get in on the big show at comparatively little cost.

Legionnaire William B. Harrison, Louisville's young mayor, made a speech at the national convention at San Antonio last October. He declared that 42,000,000 people live within a night's ride of Louisville. He told of an experiment he had just made—he had sent out from his office ten Louisville citizens in automobiles, asking them to get as far as they could, by careful and ordinary driving, in twenty-four hours. The ten motorists in the single day got to New Orleans, Jacksonville, Richmond, Washington, Philadelphia, Syracuse, Toronto, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Omaha and Texarkana. Looks as if a lot of Legionnaires would want to drive to Louisville.

Louisville is getting ready to give the Legion a wonderful



The start of the 15-mile race conducted by James J. Tappen Post of Staten Island, New York. The winner's time was one hour and thirty-one minutes

STEP

week. The article, "Kentucky," by Ulric Bell in the last issue of the Monthly told those planning to attend the convention what to look for. Everywhere conventionnaires will see reminders of Kentucky's claims to fame. They will recall that in the settlement of the Middle West a century and more ago vast numbers from the Southern seaboard crossed Kentucky on their way to new homes in the Middle West. They will recall Louisville's glory of the old steamboat days. They will not need to be told that Kentucky is the traditional home of beautiful women, that the celebrated Bluegrass section still produces race horses that set standards for the whole world, that old chivalry and the old ideas of hospitality still survive among Kentuckians of today. Louisville is one of the country's distinctive cities. It has an atmosphere, a glamor, that appeal to the whole nation. It is a city every American wants to visit.

On the first day of the convention American Legion Day will be observed at Louisville's famous race course, Churchill Downs. The convention will open Monday morning. Monday afternoon everybody will journey to Churchill Downs. Here in the vast stands and the open spaces, Legionnaires will meet friends from all parts of the country. Courtesies of the track will be extended to all Legionnaires. There will be special race events in which Legionnaires will be jockeys. Some of the finest horses in the country will run in The American Legion Handicap.

The convention parade on Tuesday is expected to bring into line more Legion bands and drum corps than ever have assembled before. On Wednesday night there will be held a massed band concert, with more than one thousand Legionnaire musicians from all parts of the country playing the songs which service men like. Lots of fireworks when the bands stop playing. Big night for everybody—a sort of rally 'round the campfire event!

The Disabled First

THE American Legion will carry on a countrywide campaign to inform the American people of the urgent need for several thousand additional beds in Veterans Bureau hospitals for mental and nervous patients, under plans prepared by National Commander McNutt and approved by the National Executive Committee at its meeting in May. The objective is the passage of the Legion's hospital construction bill as soon as Congress convenes in its next regular session.

The problem of increasing the Legion's service to the disabled

was given primary consideration at the executive committee's meeting and the committee decided that, supplementing the campaign of public education on hospital needs and rehabilitation problems in general, all departments will be asked to consider an increase of national dues to provide more funds for rehabilitation activities. Present national dues of \$1 would be increased to \$1.25 under the proposal.

As a means of obtaining more funds for rehabilitation work, the committee approved a proposal for a football game to be played in New York or Chicago under American Legion auspices between college teams representing the East and the West. The game, to be played at the end of the football season, is expected to be one of the biggest sport events of the year. The executive committee voted that every effort should be made to obtain the passage of the Reed-Wainwright Resolution, under which the President would appoint a commission to make a comprehensive study of the Universal Draft Bill.

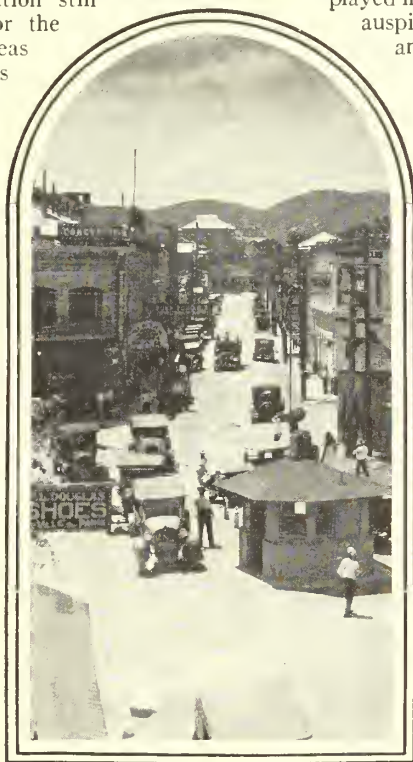
National Commander McNutt, who will attend the annual Congress of Fidac at Belgrade, Yugoslavia, in August, with a delegation representing most departments, was authorized to invite Fidac to hold its Congress in the American Legion's national convention city in 1930. The executive committee voted also to invite societies of French World War veterans to meet in the United States in 1932, returning the Legion's visit to Paris.

Membership Leaders

THE District of Columbia won The American Legion's national membership race, the Kentucky Derby, which ended on May 18th, the same day the famous race was held at Churchill Downs in Louisville. The combined Legion and Auxiliary Departments of the District gained the victory by obtaining a percentage increase of 338.38 over its 1920 membership quota. The Auxiliary made sensational gains in the final days of the race. Second in the derby was Hawaii, with 151.45 percent. Kentucky was third, with 114.16, and Indiana fourth, with 108.89. At the end of the race The

American Legion had 10,000 more members than it had at the corresponding period last year.

In The American Legion Sweepstakes, figured on the derby positions, the Mississippi Department was first, with 122.60 percent; Indiana second, with 116.24, and Panama third, with 111.58. In the Auxiliary Sweepstakes, Alabama was first, with



Ridge-Igo Post of Nogales, Arizona, simply walks down its town's main stem, past the boundary station, and finds itself in Paris — Nogales, Sonora, Mexico

K E E P I N G S T E P

110.02; Wyoming second, with 106.63, and Michigan third, with 105.28. On May 18th the Auxiliary had 293,175 members.

Nevada won the Sprint, on the basis of largest percentages of membership increases between April 5th and May 18th. Its percentage was 77.27. Oklahoma was second, with 72.91, and Massachusetts third, with 63.45.

Beyond the Goal Line

WHEN La Société des 40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux elected as its Chef de Chemin de Fer at San Antonio last October a lawyer from Fargo, North Dakota, it did not know all about him. He was John P. Conmy. What the voyageurs at the Promenade National did not know was that they were electing the best quarterback who ever kicked a field goal from the fifty-yard-line for the University of North Dakota—a roly-poly lawyer who plays golf even in mid-winter and manages to shoot pretty close to 72 consistently—a veteran of the A. E. F.'s Tank Corps who is honest enough to admit that he didn't break the Hindenburg Line single-handed, but did a powerful lot to make the world safe for Democracy by tugging several million pounds of captured German cannon out of mudholes in the Argonne.

A lot of water has flowed down the Red River of the North since Jack Conmy did his quarterbacking and drop-kicking for the University of North Dakota—he got his bachelor's degree at the university in 1906 and his law degree in 1907. For three years he played quarterback, and, in addition to running the team on the field uncommonly well, won lasting fame with his good right foot. To this day, they point to Chick Conmy as the best kicker North Dakota has ever had—and that title goes for everything, punting, drop-kicking, place-kicking and kicking-off. He had a habit of scoring on drop kicks and place kicks from behind the 50-yard-line. They sang a song about him in the old days—its title, "When Chick Drops Back to Kick." You'll find it in the university annual of '06. Chick Conmy also won his letters in track and baseball—was captain of his baseball team during his last two years in school.

A good eye and football musculature never kept down anyone's golf score, so Chick Conmy today manages to stay even with the outfit that plays the course of the Fargo Country Club, and tournament records show that outfit has plenty of fast timers. Mr. Conmy makes no claims to real championship speed, however. Something always happens, it seems. In the North Dakota State Championship Tournament last year, for example, he made thirteen straight holes in two under par, only to blow up the next day.

In 1926, while he was Avocat National of the Forty and Eight, Mr. Conmy rose to golf's loftiest peak—he made a hole in one. It happened in Seattle, Washington, in a game with N. Carl Nielsen, Commissaire Intendant National, and Dr. E. E. Ristine and Bill Nelson, Seattle voyageurs. The Seattle newspapers spun a flock of stories about it.

The Seattle thrill wasn't much bigger than the one that came to Mr. Conmy on a December day on his home course, which runs along the banks of the Red River of the North. It was a cold day and the river was bridged by thick ice. Conmy hooked his drive off the eighteenth tee. When his caddy found the ball it was on the ice in the middle of the river. With his mashie-niblick, Mr. Conmy played the ball from the ice and laid it on the eighteenth green, with a good chance for a birdie three. But history wasn't made—there were two putts and a consequent par.

Mr. Conmy was 'way past football age when the World War came along. He joined the Tank Corps, spent some time at Camp Colt at Gettysburg and went overseas with the 331st Battalion, Light Tanks. After a training period at Bour, near

Langres, he went with his outfit—reorganized as the 345th Battalion—into the Argonne. Plenty of excitement there, a few jolts from high explosives, but no leading-the-infantry stuff, as Mr. Conmy remembers it. After the Armistice, that tank outfit spent two months tugging big guns—German and everything else—out of the mud of Argonne battlefields and loading them on flatcars. Later he had a look at all these camouflaged heavy-weight trophies lined up in Paris on the Champs Elysées. And today, as he goes about the country, he sees now and then, on a public square or in front of a Legion clubhouse, a captured German fieldpiece which is hooked up in memory with a particularly hard pull from a mudhole ten years ago.

Mr. Conmy was born in 1885 at Pembina, then Dakota Territory, now North Dakota, a town established by trappers and fur traders in 1779. It lies seventy miles south of Winnipeg and one and a half miles below the international boundary line.

After graduating from Pembina High School, Chick Conmy began his football and law career at the university in Fargo. After being graduated from the university, he practiced law in Fargo continuously, excepting the war period.

Immediately after the war, Mr. Conmy helped organize the American Legion post at Pembina. In May of 1919 he returned to Fargo and joined Gilbert C. Grafton Post. He was elected Commander of this post in 1920 when the post had 1,200 members. He has attended every convention of North Dakota Department and has regularly served on committees on legislation and resolutions. Starting with the first at Minneapolis, he has attended all national conventions except those at Cleveland and New Orleans. He was a charter member of Fargo Voiture of the Forty and Eight and served three years as Avocat National and three years as Cheminot National before being elected to the Forty and Eight's highest office.

Mr. Conmy's close interest in the Legion and the Forty and Eight was extended in 1926 to include The American Legion Auxiliary. In that year he married Miss Abby M. Hurley of Fargo, who was Secretary of the North Dakota Department of the Auxiliary. When Mr. Conmy went to the San Antonio convention last October he found it pretty hard to keep his mind on Promenade affairs, and from San

Antonio he hurried back to Fargo to be with John P. Conmy II, who had been born September 30, 1928, just before his father left home to attend the convention.

Eleven Years After

ELEVEN years ago Lewis J. C. Poppe of New Bremen, Ohio, was a private in Company D, 16th Regiment, First Division, in the A. E. F. On October 9, 1918, he was on his way to a waterhole to fill the canteens of the members of his squad. This was between the villages of Sommerance and Romagne. He didn't find the waterhole but he did discover an 18-year-old German soldier. Poppe was unarmed, but he knew all about the rules of poker. He warned his prisoner that sixty other Americans were following him closely. The prisoner descended into a dugout and returned with sixteen other German soldiers. After overpowering and disarming a grizzled veteran of 1914 who wanted to attack and kill their American captor, all the prisoners marched in front of Poppe toward the mythical American detachment. They didn't stop until they came to Poppe's squad.

Poppe returned to the United States, after a stay in hospital, but he kept exchanging letters with Max Christochowitz, the 18-year-old German who was the first of his prisoners. Last January Christochowitz arrived in Lima, Ohio, Poppe's present home, and got a job as an accountant.

Recently William Paul Gallagher Post of Lima invited Christochowitz to attend a post meeting. He came and told the



John P. Conmy, national head of the 40 and 8, and John II, who was born just a week before his daddy was elected at San Antonio



Blasting old stumps with dynamite and cutting young timber, DuBois (Pennsylvania) Legionnaires built a road through a forest so their town might not lose its airport



The new road (in circle) permitted the abandonment of an old road that bisected the site of DuBois' new air field at which New York to Chicago mail planes stop nightly

story of his capture. He told it well. Post members informally nominated Poppe for the D. S. C. and agreed to seek testimony of members of Poppe's company to help him get the decoration.

DuBois Still Beckons

THE Government's big air mail planes, plying between New York and Chicago, still come to earth nightly where flares and beacons mark a landing field at DuBois, Pennsylvania. Had it not been for Montgomery Post of The American Legion in DuBois, the Government air mail planes might not be stopping at the town. Here is the story, as told by Legionnaire G. J. Proesl, editor of the *Almont News* of DuBois:

"Some years ago the Government established a beacon light at DuBois, but the field on which landings were made was almost continually under water in places and a better site was needed. When the new site was selected it was found that a township road bisected it. This road could not be abandoned until a new one was built. The city was without authority to re-locate the road; the township had no money with which to do it. It seemed possible that the Government would abandon DuBois as a stopping point because the plans for a new field would fall through.

"Montgomery Post had been talking about establishing an airport. It volunteered to build the new road—obtain all money necessary and handle all other details. It wasn't an easy job the post took on. The new road had to be built according to fixed engineering standards. It was to be sixteen feet wide, with sub-drains and grading, and it was to have a twelve-inch covering of cinders. For almost a half mile the new road would run through a second-growth forest—trees that had grown sturdily for twenty years.

"The post first appealed for funds from business men. Contributions were given gladly. Then we asked for volunteer labor to supplement the work of our own members. One of our members, who is assistant city engineer, made the survey for the road, estimated the material needed and bossed the job generally. On our first workday sixty or seventy men turned out.

We began at 8 and by 11 o'clock we had felled all the trees on the path marked out. Then

we proceeded to drag out the fallen timber and blow up the stumps of first-growth timber which were scattered all along the route. A business firm donated the dynamite, fuses and caps for blasting these stumps. Two Legionnaires who had been miners and another who had served with the Engineers in the war directed this work.

"All post members were urged to take part in the work. Those who couldn't come out personally sent substitutes or paid a day's wages for a hired worker. Citizens paid for teams that were hired. Lots of eatables were donated and to supplement them the members of the Auxiliary unit sent their husbands hot coffee, cake and other good things. The Pennsylvania railroad helped mightily by getting to us our cinder supply. Legionnaire W. W. Atterbury, president of the railroad, saw to that. So we got the job done, and, if we do say it, it is a good road."

Writing Chaplain

THE Selle River up beyond St. Quentin, in Northern France, is little more than a creek, but to cross it the 27th Division of the A. E. F. fought a memorable battle in a fog in October of 1918. On the third day of that battle, after the river had been crossed and the fog had cleared away, an American chaplain, who had been working day and night among the wounded



Rabbi Lee J. Levinger, National Chaplain of The American Legion, with his family at his home in Columbus, Ohio, where he is director of a religious and social center, serving eight hundred university students. Mrs. Levinger, like her husband, is the author of many books

at a first aid post of the 108th Infantry, took a pistol in his hand and set out toward the not-far-distant front lines.

No, this is not going to be a story about a "fighting chaplain," because it is a story about Rabbi Lee J. Levinger, National Chaplain of The American Legion, and Rabbi Levinger says he never won that title.

The pistol Chaplain Levinger carried was a captured weapon, a Luger, and it wasn't loaded. The men who marched ahead of Chaplain Levinger didn't know it was unloaded, however. It happened that those men were German prisoners. And they weren't at all anxious to go back toward the lines from whence they had come. For one thing, German shells were exploding along the roads and in the fields.

Chaplain Levinger and his command got to the place they started for—a shell-riddled farmhouse in which lay many American wounded. They returned with stretchers burdened with helpless and hungry men.

In that front-line incident there was much that appeals to the imagination. For example, there was the conversation between the man with the Luger and the green-uniformed stretcher-bearers. Chaplain Levinger spoke to his helpers in German, and, after their first reluctance, his kindly persuasion proved more effective than his pistol. But there was another element of drama—the American chaplain may have remembered that his father had come from that same Germany represented by his prisoners—had come to the United States in 1880 to escape from the caste system and the militarism of the Germany of that period.

Rabbi Levinger was elected National Chaplain by the Legion's National Executive Committee in January, 1929. He is the director of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation at Columbus,

Ohio, a religious, social and educational center for more than eight hundred students of Ohio State University, founded by B'nai B'rith, the leading Jewish fraternal and philanthropic society. He is also president of the University Religious Council of Ohio State University, composed of representatives of many denominations. Before going to Ohio State University—he has been four years at this post—Rabbi Levinger served two years as director of the Young Men's Hebrew Association in New York City and was a pastor of a congregation in Wilmington, Delaware.

While carrying on his work among young people, Chaplain Levinger has written a number of books, notably "A Jewish Chaplain in France," "Anti-Semitism in the United States," "Story of the Jew" and "History of the Jews in the United States."

Rabbi Levinger's after-the-war career and his literary works fulfill the promise of unusual scholarship attainments in his boyhood and youth. He was born in 1890 in Burke, Idaho, a mining town in the Cœur d'Alene Mountains, where his father was storekeeper, postmaster and justice of the peace. After his earliest years in Idaho and eight years at Mitchell, South Dakota, in the heart of a corn-growing section, he moved with his parents to Sioux City, Iowa, where he was graduated from high school at the age of 16, incidentally winning many scholarship honors. He entered the University of Chicago at 16 and was graduated at 19. After attending the University of Chicago Divinity School, he studied five years at the Hebrew Union College at Cincinnati, Ohio, and was ordained as Rabbi in 1914. His first charge was at Paducah, Kentucky. Here he took a prominent part in civic work, serving as secretary of the Associated Charities, as secretary of the Vice Commission appointed by the mayor and as a leader in the Big Brother Movement.

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When the United States entered the World War, Rabbi Levinger served at Great Lakes Training Camp, near Chicago, as representative of the Jewish Welfare Board, until he received his commission as Chaplain and sailed for France. Before he was attached to the 108th Infantry, he was stationed at Nevers. After his service at the front, he was in charge of the Jewish community center at the vast embarkation center of LeMans.

Rabbi Levinger's wife, Elma Ehrlich Levinger, collaborated with him in writing "The Story of the Jew." She is the author of a dozen books for children.

Rabbi Levinger's Legion service began as Chaplain of Lexington Post in New York City. Later he served two terms as Chaplain of the Delaware Department. He is now a member of Franklin Post of Columbus, Ohio.

When It's a Boy

WHAT'S this—The American Legion clubhouse?" asks the visitor to Kingsport, Tennessee, seeing a captured German cannon, bright in its dizzy camouflage of wartime, reposing on a lawn in front of what certainly looks like somebody's home. "Oh, no," replies the native Kingsporter, "haven't I told you about that local custom?" Legionnaire S. P. Platt of Hammond Post of Kingsport tells the story.

"It started when Hammond Post got one of the German cannon distributed by the War Department," writes Mr. Platt. "The gun weighed two tons and off-hand we couldn't think of any good place to put it. About this time a son was born at the home of Legionnaire Sam Anderson, and Charles P. Ed-

wards, Jr., who was then Post Commander, hit upon the happy idea of celebrating the stork's visit by parking the cannon on Sam's front lawn. The whole post turned out to move the cannon, using a truck, a block and tackle, lots of planks and plenty of muscle. The thing was so heavy that it stayed in Sam's yard for many months—until a son was born in another Legionnaire's family. Of course, when that happened, Sam

hastened to organize a cannoneer section to move the gun to the new father's lawn.

"The cannon has been moved often in the past few years, frequently arriving only one jump behind the doctor. It once caused much excitement by parking itself at the wrong house.

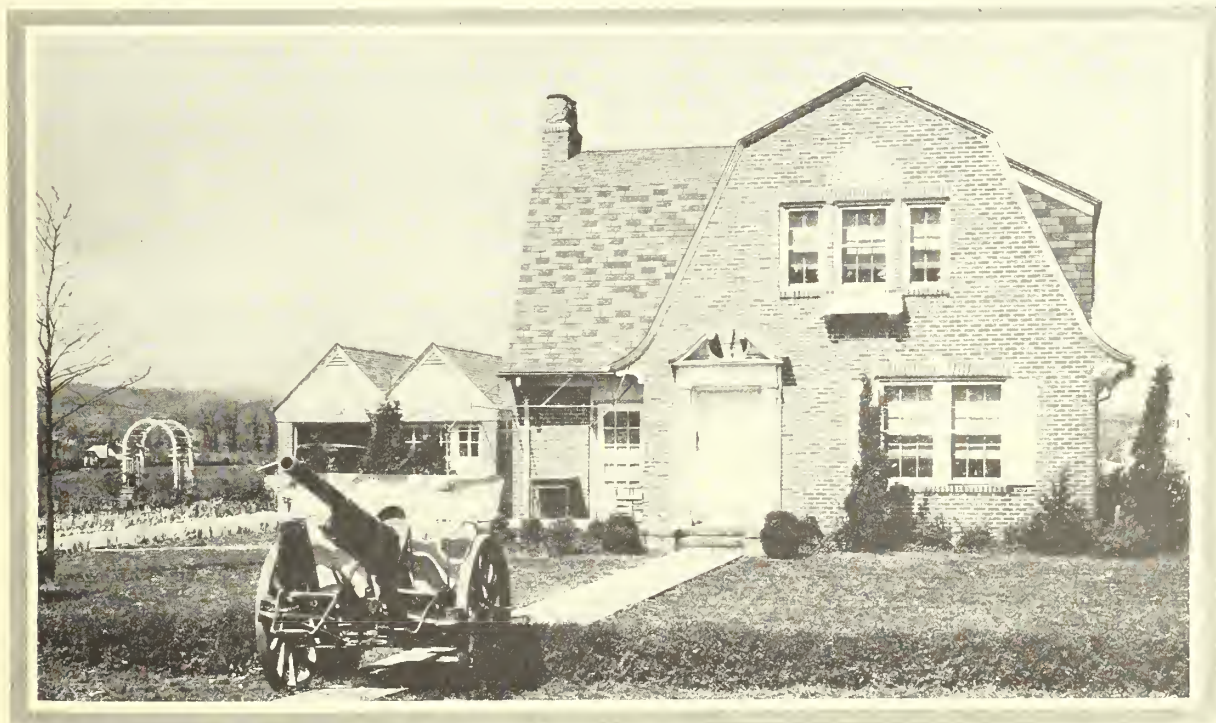
"One prospective father, Legionnaire Holmes, was so certain that the impending addition to his family would be a boy that he threatened to build an emplacement in his front yard. But lo! this Holmes, like the two preceding ones, was a girl."

Cake and History

WHEN members of the five Legion posts of Richmond, Virginia, assembled at a banquet to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the organization of the first post in Richmond, they were dazzled by a birthday cake six feet high, upon which rested candles in orthodox birthday cake fashion. There was music and speaking, but the big moment of the banquet came when ten pretty dancing girls stepped out of the cake. Nelson D. Overton of Newport News, Commander of the Virginia Department, and Mrs. George Cameron, Jr., of Petersburg, President of the



These Auxiliary dancers stepped from a huge birthday cake to entertain Richmond (Virginia) Legionnaires celebrating the Legion's tenth anniversary with a banquet



When a new son arrived at the home of Past Commander Charles P. Edwards, Jr., in Kingsport, Tennessee, all Legionnaires of Hammond Post turned out to park this two-ton cannon in Daddy Edwards' front yard, where it will remain until a son arrives at some other Legionnaire's home

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Auxiliary Department, were guests of honor at the banquet. John A. Cutchins delivered an address on the early history of the Legion in Virginia and Richmond which was broadcast by Radio Station WRVA.

Conventionnaires

ON TO Louisville and we'll all see you in Boston in 1930" was one of the slogans of Massachusetts Department Conventionnaires when they held their annual banquet in Boston in March. The slogan appeared on the banquet menu, which at first sight appeared to be a long-distance railroad ticket, printed on the usual green, watermarked paper and bearing twelve coupons. Each coupon referred to a course of the dinner. Sample items, reminiscent of the last national convention in San Antonio, were "Grapefruit, Rio Grande Flavor," and "Hot Tamale, Bull Ring Style." The ticket-menu identified the Conventionnaires as "survivors of Cleveland, Kansas City, New Orleans, San Francisco, St. Paul, Omaha, Philadelphia, Paris and San Antonio." The Conventionnaires voted to work hard at Louisville to bring the Legion's 1930 national convention to Boston.

Diplomas

TWENTY thousand members of the A. E. F., less than one percent of the more than two million Americans who served in France, received the coveted Croix de Guerre from the French Government, according to an announcement issued by an American committee representing the Association Amicale des Croix de Guerre, the French veterans' society composed of those who won the decoration. The committee, composed of William Thaw, Charles W. Kerwood and Leland L. Rounds, has opened headquarters at 920 Steinway Hall in New York City, and will assist other Americans who won the Croix de Guerre to obtain Croix de Guerre diplomas.

"Any man who won the Croix de Guerre may obtain the official diploma by forwarding to us a certified copy of his original citation," writes Mr. Rounds. "If no citation is available, he may send us all the information in his possession—such as date of citation, name of his unit, place of issue and the place and date citation was won. All this information will be forwarded to Paris, where a search will be made in the War Office files for verification."

Final Muster

ONE by one in recent years the members of the G. A. R. in Spanish Fork, Utah, had answered the final roll call until Calvin S. Cramer alone remained to march on Memorial Day with Spanish Fork Post of The American Legion. Then came a time when Mr. Cramer was no longer able to march and his visits to the Legion post's clubhouse ended. The Legionnaires met at his home and Post Commander John E. Booth, then mayor of Spanish Fork and now National Executive Committee-

man for the Department of Utah, presented to Mr. Cramer an American flag. That flag became the aged man's treasure. Even the school children of the town came to know how reverently he regarded it as he looked upon it day after day in the room which he was unable to leave. This spring Mr. Cramer realized that he, too, was nearing the final roll call and he made his will.

When Mr. Cramer died in March it was found that he had expressed in his will the wishes that Spanish Fork should conduct his funeral, that Mr. Booth and other Legionnaires should carry his body to the grave and that upon his coffin should be placed the flag which had been so dear to him in life.

The whole community attended the funeral of Mr. Cramer. The public schools closed so that the children might add their own tribute to that of the Legionnaires. All the members of the Legion post marched in uniform in the funeral procession, and from Mr. Cramer's home to the cemetery the flag-covered

coffin was borne on an improvised caisson drawn by four black horses. Taps was sounded and the post's firing squad rendered a final salute as the Legionnaire pallbearers lowered the body into the grave.

Daniel Boone Post

SAN ANTONIO last year offered a national convention of The American Legion plenty of reminders of Sam Houston, and this autumn in Louisville a Legion national convention is going to hear quite a bit about another national hero, Daniel Boone. Daniel Boone Post of Winchester, Kentucky, is going to be in Louisville to tell the rest of us all about its post patron, reports Post Adjutant A. A. Humphrey. Mr. Humphrey adds:

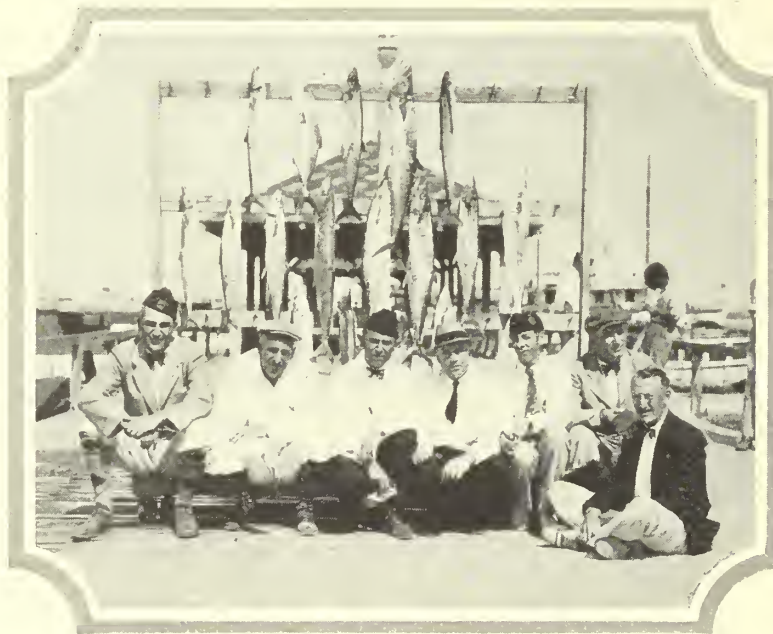
"So far as we know our post has the only memento of Daniel Boone. It is a cane made from a hewn timber dug up at the site of Fort Boonsboro, and it is the

nucleus of our post's museum. The original oak timber, sixty feet long, formed the southwest corner of the stockade. There was only enough solid wood in it to make three canes, by careful splitting. The other two canes seem to have disappeared."

Monument to Harmony

A BRONZE tablet was placed upon the modern new high school building that stands midway between the towns of Adel and Sparks in Georgia and that tablet was dedicated recently in memory of those who gave their lives in the World War. That tablet will stand for years as the embodiment of a new spirit of harmony that came to rival towns when Cook County Post of The American Legion was formed in 1926.

"At the new post's first annual banquet, in January of 1927," writes Post Commander James T. Dampier of Adel, "we resolved to attempt to do something which the older heads of our county communities had tried unsuccessfully to do for many years. We set for ourselves the job of getting built a high school building that was urgently needed to serve Adel and Sparks and the territory round about them. Department Commander Emory P. Bass was present at our organization meeting



Fort Lauderdale Legionnaires provided boats, tackle and advice, and National Commander McNutt (left) and National Adjutant Barton (right), both inlanders, caught everything but sharks and sailfish during the convention of the Florida Department. Down in front, Charles A. Mills of Miami, former Chef de Chemin de Fer of the Forty and Eight. To the left of Commander McNutt, Fred M. Wertz, Post Commander, Lee P. Hatfield, Sam E. Lawrence and Post Adjutant Ivan Austin



and he had inspired us with the ideal of promoting education, as an activity most in line with the Legion's national program.

"We, first of all, helped create a new school district, taking in the two towns. Then we got an estimate on the cost of constructing the high school building on a site between the two towns, got an option on that site, and campaigned for a bond issue to meet the cost of the new building and repairs to old grade buildings in the two towns. The people approved the bond issue by a vote of 283 to 47. Then, to prove our disinterestedness, we proposed the names of five citizens who were not Legionnaires to serve as the board of education for the new district. They were elected without opposition. The building was completed and it has met the expectations of the whole county."

Uncle Sam's Insurance

IT IS time again for The American Legion, as Uncle Sam's best insurance salesman, to start making calls on prospects who so far haven't got to the dotted line stage in considering the advantages of Government insurance, according to Watson B. Miller, chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee. On March 31, 1929, Mr. Miller reminds everybody, there were exactly 649,801 holders of Government policies, and the total face value of all policies was \$3,059,103,390. Ten years ago, when the World War ended, 4,500,000 held War Risk policies having a face value of forty billion dollars. In other words, more than six out of seven wartime policy-holders have stopped paying premiums to Uncle Sam.

"However," comments Mr. Miller, "this isn't such a bad situation. Any private insurance salesman counts himself lucky if he can sell a policy to one out of seven men he approaches. Another thing—private insurance companies find that the biggest totals of new insurance are sold to men around the age of 40. Service men, on the average, are still below that age.

"Premium rates on Government policies are lower than on insurance obtainable from private companies, and the Government policies have many other definite advantages. Private insurance companies mostly are willing to help service men take out Government insurance. One private company just after the war instructed its agents not to attempt to sell a

Don't blame California sunshine if you start seeing double at a meeting of Hollywood Post. The post has three sets of twin brothers. They are Albert and Walter Grierson, Ralph and Rollin Berry and Chester and Walter Berghund

service man one of its policies until the man has taken out a policy with the Government."

Any World War veteran who is in good health is still able to obtain a Government policy. Congress on May 29, 1928, removed the time limit for applications. Applications may be made on Form 739 of the Veterans Bureau. Medical examinations will be made free by any regional office of the

Bureau, or the applicant, at his own expense, may have them made by any licensed physician. Premium payments are now being made by policy-holders to regional offices of the Bureau, of which there are fifty-seven, instead of to the Bureau's central office in Washington. Any regional office or the central office of the Bureau will supply upon request literature giving full information about the seven types of policies offered, together with application forms and instructions on procedure.

"While reminding everybody about insurance rights, tell them also to remember that January 2, 1930, is the final date for filing applications for adjusted compensation," Mr. Miller requests.

Fun and Relics

WHEN Rainier Noble Post of Seattle, Washington, observed Souvenir Hounds Night, it didn't restrict entries of relics to articles tied up with memories of the World War. And it put a lot of curleyques of its own on the souvenir program recommended to all posts by National Headquarters.

"National Executive Committeeman Stephen F. Chadwick acted as master of ceremonies when we got our collection together at a meeting," writes Post Adjutant L. A. Williams. "Chadwick himself exhibited a collapsible sword which had been a part of a Russian officer's regalia. Somebody else kicked in with a pair of dice which were round at the corners and turned a seven on every roll. Whisky bottles with genuine pre-war labels got a big hand.

"Legionnaire T. G. Cook displayed a shield containing badges of all the national conventions of the G. A. R. The collection had been made by his father. Somebody else showed a belt bearing badges of all the Canadian regiments and a dozen or more English regiments. Two cigarettes from the pack of the Crown Prince, himself, were exhibited with documentary evi-

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dence of authenticity. There was a huge collection of bread tickets, leave slips, passes and photographs. Toastmaster Chadwick called upon every man to tell how he got his souvenirs, and the resultant lies would have made Marco Polo blush.

"As an innovation, we gave everybody at the banquet a souvenir. One man, who is unable to remember the words of 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' got a pair of cuffs on which the words of the song had been typed. The cuff links were service buttons."

Sportsmanship First

WINNING isn't everything in true sport and Fowler (Indiana) Post considers that the spirit in which basketball is played is of vastly more importance than the question of how many baskets any team or individual player scores. So Fowler Post presented a medal of solid gold to Max Herriott, center of the Freeland Park High School team, when young Mr. Herriott was selected by judges as the best sportsman who took part in the county high school basketball tournament played in Fowler.

"The medal came to be known as the mental attitude medal," reports Post Adjutant Ralph E. McNeely. "The post plans to give a gold medal at each future tournament to the boy who holds most firmly to true sportsmanship under the mental and moral strain of the exciting competition."

Deputy Sheriffs Only

ADD to unusual posts of The American Legion Star Post of Los Angeles, California," requests Legionnaire C. W. Ellison, Star Post's Historian. "The post takes its name from the fact that it is composed exclusively of deputy sheriffs on active duty. We have 650 employees in our branch of the local government who are deputy sheriffs and of these 130 are members of Star Post. The post has another claim to distinction—it holds its meetings the first and third Wednesdays of each month on the fourteenth floor of the Los

Angeles County Jail. We are always glad to have visiting Legionnaires as guests, and we'll guarantee to let them out after the meeting. Recently the post adopted a resolution requiring that each member visit patients in a Veterans Bureau hospital or forfeit \$25. The hospital patients here have come from all parts of the country and our plan is designed to provide a real incentive for every Legionnaire to carry out good intentions.

We are all hoping Los Angeles will win the Legion's 1930 convention."

The Roll Call

GENERAL Hugh L. Scott, who wrote "Honor, Duty and Country," was the first Commander of Princeton (New Jersey) Post of The American Legion. Mrs. Scott was first President of the post's unit of the Auxiliary.

Arthur Somers Roche is a member of Palm Beach (Florida) Post . . . Ida W. Giles is a member of the Auxiliary unit of George A. Casey Post at Cold Spring-on-Hudson, New York. Her daughter, Dorothy Giles, is also a member of this unit.

Cyrus LeRoy Baldrige belongs to Willard Straight Post of New York City . . . Uzal G. Ent is a member of Northumberland (Pennsylvania) Post. His companion in the flight he describes in his article, Captain William J. Flood, is a member of Stuart Walcott Post of Washington, D. C. . . . Richard Seelye Jones, a member of National Press Club Post of Washington, D. C., is chairman of the Americanism Committee of the District of Columbia Department . . . Thomas J. Malone is a member of Theodore Petersen Post of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Franklin D'Olier was elected National Commander of The American Legion at the first national convention,

held in Minneapolis. It is not generally known that in the first year, when Legion finances were a source of grave concern, Mr. D'Olier declined to draw his salary and from his own pocket paid all his personal expenses incident to the administration of the office.

RIGHT GUIDE



Alexandria (Virginia) Post cleaned up a cemetery in which rested bodies of Revolutionary War heroes as the first step in an ambitious program to preserve its city's historic places



The American Legion Children's Billet at Independence, Kansas, would provide a summer camp for undernourished children if plans being considered by the Kansas Department and the National Child Welfare Committee are carried out

HONOR, DUTY, COUNTRY

A Thought for the Fourth

By General Hugh L. Scott

LONG ago when I was still a small child—about 1857—the press was filled with dire foreboding over the imminent approach of a comet—the property of Mr. Encke by discovery. Many people were quite convinced that Mr. Encke had lost control of his comet and that it was about to collide with the earth on a certain day—to cause the elements to dissolve in fervent heat and destroy all life. I gave the matter little thought myself until it became dark, when the danger assumed huge proportions, and each night I would lie long awake waiting for the collision.

My views on the imminence of danger from comets have undergone a change—enough comets have come and gone since those days to reassure me somewhat and to make me feel that perhaps my chances are good to survive comets long enough for me to die from some other cause. If human life is to disappear from the earth it seems likely it will occur from some other cause. About every ten years the rabbit population of the far north suffers a vast diminution from a disease called tularemia which is caused by a germ, but sufficient immunes are left to carry on the cycle. We have seen the virtual disappearance of our beautiful chestnut trees from disease. These occurrences are comparatively local, whereas the germs of the epidemic of influenza of 1918 carried off hundreds of thousands of individuals all around the world, and it would only require this or a similar germ of greater intensity to account for every one of us. If the earth is to be depopulated suddenly—the damage will probably not be done by a comet but by super germs.

DEPOPULATION is not for us, although many of us deserve it. The danger is not to our lives but to our liberties—and we will have no one to blame it on but ourselves because we are becoming too effete to prevent a misguided element of our own people from weakening the fiber of our youth by the insidious slogans and propaganda of the pacifist. We occupy, as a people, the most enviable position in all the world—we have a wide, rich territory, the most favored government, and have garnered a vast accumulation of wealth. Yet there is an element of our own people desirous of destroying all this—change a government under which the people have prospered as never before since time began—and these are being assisted, unconsciously, I like to hope, by another



"I am by no means unmindful of our duty to protect ourselves and others from harm whenever possible, but never let it be done at the expense of principle"

element composed of otherwise intelligent and patriotic people unable to realize the effect of pacifistic efforts that can only serve to weaken our nation and leave it defenseless in the hour of its danger.

I no longer fear the red peril since our workmen have turned their backs on everything that smacks of communism and are too intelligent to allow themselves to be duped for very long—that danger looms darkly no longer.

AFTER the pacifistic tendency which I consider most dangerous, most apt to spread among intelligent but over-sentimental people with weak judgment, come the slogans—and the one that infuriates me most is the "safety first" we hear so much about from a great many excellent people who fail to recognize the evil effect this teaching may and often does have on the minds and characters of our young. It means in effect that we should place our own selfish, cowardly safety before everything else—before principle, before

fidelity—before duty, honor and patriotism.

I am by no means unmindful of our duty to protect ourselves and others from harm whenever possible, but never let it be done at the expense of principle—what would we have said, for instance, after the sinking of the *Titanic* when the cry went up from those true Americans about to die: "Women and children first," if instead each man had struggled for his own safety like an animal—where in all the world would there have been a place for such men to hide their heads after saving themselves? And yet we teach that very thing to our children by the insidious slogan "safety first." Some will say we don't mean it in that way—but meaning can only be determined by what is said. Were you gentlemen of the Legion considering your own safety first when you were engaged with the enemy at St. Mihiel, Château-Thierry and the Argonne? If so, those were strange places in which to look for safety.

No! Gentlemen of The American Legion, you were actuated by no such dastardly policy but by the slogan of West Point—"Honor, Duty, Country"—that teaches no thought of self, and your conduct over there will be a source of pride to your countrymen so long as time endures. Let us hear no more of such insidious and dangerous slogans as "safety first" and place safety where it belongs, behind patriotism, behind fidelity, duty and honor.

...on the track it's
SPEED!



Chester
FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos

...in a cigarette it's

TASTE!

TASTE *above everything*

From the time the tobaccos are bought until the fresh package of Chesterfields comes over the counter, one idea governs its making: *taste*.

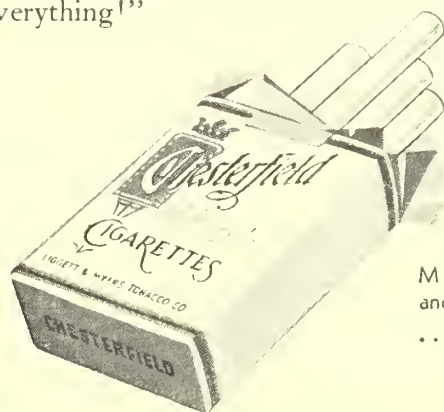
* * *
Chesterfield's formula calls for a variety of tobaccos, but each type, each special quality, is chosen for its particular appeal to *taste* . . . chosen on the shores of the Black Sea, in Thrace, in Asia Minor, in Kentucky, Virginia, Carolina, by men to whom tobacco is a life job.

* * *
These selected tobaccos are aged, in Nature's slow, perfect way — for *taste*. They are blended . . . and "cross-blended" . . . with scientific precision, to an exact formula which cannot be copied.

* * *
Nothing sensational; no fads. But Chesterfield offers, and delivers: mildness . . . without flatness; flavor . . . without harshness, a pleasing aroma rarely achieved. A good rule for making a cigarette, a good rule for choosing one . . . "Taste above everything!"

field

....not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED



MILD . . .
and yet
...THEY SATISFY

Bursts and Duds

"NEVER PUT OFF—"

"A Boy Scout doesn't procrastinate."
"No," agreed the small wearer of khaki. "That's why I always do my good deed first thing in the morning and get the darned thing over with."

BREAK!

For some time silence had reigned in the busy office of the busiest executive of the busiest firm in a busy city. At last, just as the clock hands reached four in the noisy outer room and the slaves started checking off the last sixty minutes, the busy business man cleared his throat.

"Well, now," he suggested, "how about that letter to Ecks, Wie & Zie?"

The stenographer rose reluctantly.

"Darling," she remonstrated, "don't let's talk shop."

NO CO-OPERATION

"And what are you crying about, little girl?" inquired one of those inevitable kindly old gentlemen who are always passing by in times of stress, especially in the anecdotes.

"Boo-hoo!" sobbed the unhappy one. "I'm not a little girl—that's my skirt—and my mean old husband won't take out any insurance—and—and I just bought a nice new revolver!"

DILEMMA

Store Manager: "What do you mean by arguing with that customer? Don't you know our rule? The customer is always right."

Floorwalker: "I know it. But he insisted that he was wrong."

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

For a lad who had recently got himself engaged to a beautiful and attractive young woman, his face was radiating a surprisingly small amount of rapture.

"I've got a million-dollar girl," he confided gloomily.

"Well, then," cried his friend heartily, "you're fixed for life."

"No, no, you misunderstand. That's the upkeep."

TERRIBLE! TERRIBLE!

Inspecting the ranks of his company, the captain found one private standing stiffly at attention.

"Hey, you," he said, "you're at ease."

"I am not, sir," the recruit retorted snappily. "I never tease anybody."

CALEDONIAN COMEDY No. 999999

Well, it seems there were a couple of Scotchmen, and the first said:

"Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

So the second said:

"Oh, I wouldn't be so particular about my lips."

So the first said:

"I wasna saying anything about my lips—I mean my liquor."

STATUS QUO

Time: First wedding anniversary. Characters: He and She.

She (*snappily*): "Just remember that you married me for better or worse."

He (*just as snappily*): "Of course, but you aren't improving at all."

INGENUITY

For years the bane of Mr. Jay's life had been the cleaning of the family rugs, a task with which his wife entrusted him twice a year. At last he confided to a friend that he had solved the problem. He had taken up aviation.

"Aviation?" queried the other, perplexed. "Aviation? What's that got to do with it?"

"Well," said Jay, "I fasten the rugs to the tail of my plane and loop the loop a few times."

ALL AGOG

"How's the public sentiment out here?" asked the politician who was passing through a rural community.

"Still goin' strong," answered the native. "There was sixteen cars parked in my lane last night."

AN OLD HAND

The drill sergeant was putting a gang of rookies through their initial paces and they were pretty awful. He groaned in desperation as his eye swept the line of men standing in every position except one

a soldier should stand in, and then he brightened. Down at the end was a man with whom not even Pershing could have found fault. He stood erect, he was beautifully groomed and as the non-com's eye met his, his hand flashed to his hat in a snappy salute.

"Gosh!" ejaculated the non-com. "For a rookie you certainly gave a swell salute. Where did you learn it?"

"That's nothing, sir," said the john respectfully. "I used to be an usher in a movie palace."

WHO SAW IT FIRST?

There had been a big ruckus behind the wings of a vaudeville house.

"What was the row between those two ham teams?" asked a stagehand.

"Why," one of his fellows explained, "they'd clipped the same joke out of a magazine and both claimed the right to it."

THE SILENT SUPPORT

"Our friend, Meeker, has made a talking picture of his wife."

"Yes, and it doesn't flatter him a bit."

DISCRETION IS, ETC.

Smithers had just returned from a post-war tour of the battlefields and could conceive of nothing more appropriate than to smuggle home a bottle of cognac for his best friend, who had been one of the outstanding heroes of Château-Thierry and half a dozen other engagements.

"And what did he do with it?" asked an interested acquaintance.

"Oh, he drank it at my office," answered Smithers, "because he didn't dare to take it home."

BARGAIN

The young man had been calling so frequently that at last the girl's father decided it was time to call a halt.

"Look here," he said, "I don't care to have you coming here every night in the week."

"Fine!" exclaimed the youth, glancing about nervously to make sure they were alone. "You convince her that Wednesdays and Sundays will be enough and I'll buy the cigars, sir."



THEY'RE OFF!

She: "What do you do?"

He: "I'm a traveling man."

She: "Well, let's go!"

So's YOUR OLE DOC

A sensational murder case was nearing its close, and in rebuttal the prosecution had called a famous mental alienist.

"Now, doctor," demanded counsel for the defense, "how do you account for the fact that Dr. Gurk, who preceded you, testified the defendant is as crazy as a crazy quilt?"

The noted specialist considered. Then the obvious answer came.

"Why," he said, "why, he's crazy, too!"



THEN AND NOW



*Transport Appropriations—The Pre-Armistice
American Legion—Mascot-itis Epidemic—Meet Some
Marinettes—A Pictured Plea for Peace—What of the War Bride?*

MANY a memory is recalled," Adjutant James W. Moma of Elton Lancaster Post of Macon, Illinois, tells us in a recent letter, "when I read the Monthly and especially Then and Now. Dobson's story in May of the rescue of the passengers from the transport *Henderson*, reminded me of a little good turn that was done by our ship, the *Orizaba*."

"We were two days out of New York headed for France on the morning of October 7, 1918. It was just after daybreak and through the haziness due to sullen skies, we sighted what we thought was possibly a periscope. All hands on the bridge had their eyes on the object and in time it proved to be a small mast with spread sail."

"Soon our eager eyes discerned a small lifeboat rapidly coming toward us. I have heard the expression 'tears of joy' and that was one time it was proven. The occupants of the boat were waving, crying, shouting and doing everything but walk on the intervening water."

"Captain Freeman was on the bridge by that time and he commanded that a rope ladder be thrown over the side and the ship be stopped. Some of the occupants of the boat were so weak and excited that they could hardly climb the ladder without assistance. They proved to be thirteen Italians from a tramp Italian cargo ship that the Germans had torpedoed. They didn't know what had become of three other boatloads that had escaped before their ship sank. The men were scantily clothed and had been at sea for four or five days."

"Soon after the rescue our captain got a message from the S. O. P. (senior officer present) reprimanding him for bringing a troop ship to a standstill in the submarine zone and risking the lives of a shipload of soldiers for thirteen men. I think, however, I would have done the same as the captain under similar circumstances and I really believe our captain felt better, too."

SOME several months ago we had a letter from ex-Buck H. W. Van Sant of Tully, New York, who fought the war with Battery B, 343d Field Artillery, 90th Division, in which he makes caustic comment on the findings of a savant and adds a true-to-life incident of war days. Want to read it? All right, here it is:

"Say, did you see that article in the newspapers the other day by some professor of psychology or something, commenting on the mental average of the U. S. soldiers in the World War? According to him sixty percent had the brains of a 14-year-old. And we were the heroes of '18!

"But ain't it to laugh? You know we didn't have that many looies and even throwing in the embryo ninety-day wonders and a few M. P.'s, you can see he's away off. Maybe he's one of those absent-minded birds and has got the wartime army mixed with the present Congress trying to act on a Naval appropriation."

"And, fellows, remember the 'appropriation' we made going over in that tub, the *City of Calcutta*? And will we ever forget the English rations? Remember they had an officer of the guard stationed in the men's quarters at night and that new 'loot' they gave us at Camp Mills was doing his stuff the night we lifted up the big tarpaulin back in the corner and found another 'hold' right below ours. Nothing in it, either, but crates of oranges and bunches of bananas, etc.—all part of the officers' reserve ration."

"Well, it didn't take us long to appropriate enough to flood the market. The whole battery got a full week's supply, including the buglers. And all the time that looie sitting by the stairway studying 'Nomenclature of the Horse' or 'The Decline and Fall of a 4-point-7' or something? You know I ain't figured it out yet as to whether that 'loot' was so damned studious or just a regular guy."

Probably this regular guy will report and tell his side of the story.



Homecoming! 1919! This snap might well have been taken in any one of hundreds of American towns. But it happens that ex-gob E. E. Dummich of Indianapolis shot these Hoosier boys of the 150th Field Artillery, Rainbow Division, and of Base Hospital No. 32 when they paraded on May 7, 1919, in his home town

ANIMALS—mascots and otherwise—and human mascots seem to be prominent in these columns every so often, but don't blame us; blame the Gang. Quite often we use pictures which we are convinced will interest the readers and will bring plenty of responses—as an example, the Signal Corps picture used in March. But scarcely a response. These said animals and the boy mascots' stories, however, bring different results.

You will remember the picture of a burro posing with some unknown doughboy which appeared in the February number of the Monthly. We suggested it was probably another mascot but the real purpose for using the picture was to find the picture's owner. Well, that burro has been identified as two different burros (that sounds almost like the old bromide about "it must have been two other fellows") by a Pennsylvanian and an Ohioan.

The gentleman from Pennsylvania will be recognized first—Legionnaire C. A. Bishop of Hastings, Pennsylvania, speaking:

"Permit me to make an effort to solve the problem of the picture of

the donkey in the February Monthly. I am going to give this animal's history as I know it.

"The animal is a Mexican burro and was raised partly on the Mexican Border with the Third Field Artillery until that outfit was split up at Fort Myer, Virginia, and the 12th Field Artillery organized from it. 'Jasbo,' as the burro was known to all, was given to the new outfit. The fellow in the picture I am unable to name, but he was a member of Battery A, 12th Field Artillery, Second Division.

"Jasbo was raised mostly on refuse from the mess halls and on soap he could find on the men's bunks, when the tents were rolled up every morning for airing. Jasbo would drink your wine of any kind and eat any candy you could offer him."

THE THEN and NOW

"When the time to embark came there was some confusion and criticism due to Jasbo being of no value in a military sense, so he was made to carry saddle bags and entered service as a carrier. He was not permitted to travel on the *Olympic* with the outfit, so two men were detailed to bring him on a horse boat after the regiment had sailed.

"Well, Jasbo landed in France safely and then came the question of getting him from the port to Valdahon where the outfit was. This was done by loading him on a passenger train with the two men and he rejoined the outfit. As I was wounded I am unable to give any more information but I am sure this story should bring some additional data from other 12th Field Artillery men who remember Jasbo and his service career."

All right, you ex-red legs—produce!

SERGEANT Frank H. Miller of Robert Bentley Post of Cincinnati, Ohio, is the Buckeye State representative who has his own story of the pictured burro. Miller's grade of sergeant is active as he is connected with the R. O. T. C. at the University of Cincinnati. While his story differs from Bishop's, he goes a step farther and identifies the man as well as the burro. Which man is correct? Read Miller's version:

"The snapshot sent by Legionnaire Harris and published in the February issue of the Monthly is a picture of Ex-Private First Class David B. Rich, Wagon Company No. 1, Q. M. C., with a Mexican burro which was acquired from an unknown Mexican by members of Wagon Company No. 1 on Pershing's Expedition into Mexico in 1916. The burro was taken to France with our mules and as every one knows, we could not bring him back.

"Our organization changed numbers so many times that it was hard to tell to what outfit we belonged. When we first landed we were Wagon Company No. 1, then Wagon Company No. 100, then back to No. 1 again. In the resulting mixup we were labeled First Division Reserve Supply Train and after that it seemed to me we had two or three more monickers.

"I believe the prints that Legionnaire Harris has are the property of ex-Sergeant Harvey J. May, whose last address to my knowledge is Colby, Kansas. I had some snapshots of the same burro but cannot find them now."

Now the question seems up to former members of the 12th Field Artillery and of Wagon Company No. take-your-choice. Can we identify the picture and find its owner?

HOW many Then and Nowers know that several years before our organization of veterans, The American Legion, was even thought of there was another "American Legion" of active warriors? We had heard, of course, of the many Americans who had joined up with Canadian units before our country entered the World War, but it remained for an ex-Canadian soldier, Harry Gibbs of Victoria, British Columbia, Canada, to tell us that these American recruits were organized into units known as the "American Legion" and to send us the photostats, reproduced on this page, of the distinctive badges designed for these Americans. Gibbs reports:

"During 1915, while the policy of the United States was 'watchful waiting,' many Americans came over the border and were welcomed into Canadian regiments. Colonel Roosevelt, late President of the United States, asked the Canadian Government to be allowed to raise a regiment of Americans and to be allowed to command it. For some reason, Colonel Roosevelt's plan did not materialize but it had this effect: whereas before Americans

were joining Canadian regiments as Canadians, the Canadian Government late in 1915 authorized the formation of a battalion of Americans which was designated as Number 97. It was called the 'American Legion.'

"This name was not a nickname, but was used on official recruiting posters, and the battalion badge, as shown on the left of the enclosed photostat, had 'American Legion' on it. Recruiting offices were opened in all the principal cities in Canada west of Toronto for this battalion and many Americans in other battalions were allowed to transfer into it. Mobilization took place in Toronto and inside of sixty days the battalion was several hundred over-strength. Ninety-five percent of the men were American-born and nearly all had seen service in some branch of the United States Army. Many of them were true soldiers of fortune and Mexico and South American countries contributed their share of Americans ready for the Great Adventure.

"The battalion was nicknamed 'Lincoln's Own'—I suppose because most Canadian outfits were somebody's own, that is, 'Queen's Own,' 'Duke of Connaught's Own,' and so forth. Quite a lot of interest was taken in this battalion in the United States.

A sixty-piece band was furnished instruments by a wealthy Chicago lady. The Colts Arms Company offered every man in the outfit an automatic but the Canadian Government would not allow them to accept them. Campaign hats came from another source. Trumpets, also from some United States source, were used instead of bugles. Another unique feature was that the Stars and Stripes were carried at the head of this regiment, crossed with the Canadian flag. It was the only Canadian outfit that selected all its own officers from its own ranks. Lieu-

tenant Colonel Jolly, formerly a Coast Artillery officer, was given command. The badge, as the photostat shows, was a shield with stars and stripes on it, on a maple leaf background.

THE outfit," continues Gibbs's account, "left for France in 1916 with a huge teddy bear for a mascot, but like all other battalions which arrived overseas at that time, it was broken up. They were honored, however, by being used as reinforcements for Canada's most famous regiment, the 'Princess Pats,' and I am sorry to say that many of them were killed while serving with that unit. From then on, it is hard to follow them; some transferred to the American Army when it arrived in France; some were in the Royal Flying Corps. Many distinguished themselves. Major Rasmussen, formerly of Fairbanks, Alaska, was awarded a Distinguished Conduct Medal; he was killed while directing massed artillery fire in 1917. Captain Tracey Richardson was known as the 'human sieve'—over sixty wounds. These are only two examples of the kind of men in the first 'American Legion.'

"Now a word with reference to the other badge, shown on the right of the photostat: The original intention was to support the 97th Battalion with other battalions of Americans and so four new battalions were recruited in western Canada—the 211th, 212th, 213th and 237th. Only two of the battalions, however, the 97th and 212th, had 'American Legion' on their badges. About that time feeling ran pretty high about the United States not coming into the mix-up and it was decided to change the badge and 'American Legion' was replaced by the Latin phrase 'Acta Non Verba'—'action not words.' So the other three American battalions had that phrase on their badges. They all went overseas but were used in so many ways that I cannot give you much information about them.



Four years before our Legion was possible, "American Legion" designated the American battalions in the Canadian Army. America's delay in entering the war caused the change to "Acta Non Verba," the Latin for "Action, Not Words," which appears on the badge to the right



A picture sermon on the inglorious side of war—undernourished children lined up in Dungenheim, Germany, early in 1919 waiting for scraps of food left in the messkits of men of Company B, 318th Engineers. Similar line-ups were common throughout the Occupied Area and also in parts of France. E. E. Hamilton of San Angelo, Texas, furnished the print which was the work of Ralph G. Cargille

"It should be emphasized that many American boys made the big sacrifice in the uniform of Canada and that the United States had men in the front line trenches almost three years before the country officially declared war."

PICTURES such as that at the top of this page should prove more effective as arguments against war than all the resounding lectures and editorials in the world. The scene will be familiar to practically all former members of the A. E. F. Since Ex-Corporal E. E. Hamilton of Company B, 318th Engineers, now of San Angelo, Texas, sent us the picture, he is entitled to tell us about it:

"As an interested reader of the Monthly and of your section, I want to submit a photograph which I hope you can reproduce.

"The scene of the German children with their pails is one which will be immediately recognized by all men who served in the Occupation Area, and probably by the other members of the A. E. F. who were stationed in France after the Armistice. The children are lined up to get the 'leavings' from our messkits as we passed on our way to the garbage cans. Notice the rope which holds them back.

"This same thing was enacted three times daily while my outfit, Company B, 318th Engineers, was stationed in Dungenheim, Germany. The picture was taken about the first of February, 1919, by Ralph G. Cargille of my company.

"The chief food of the majority of Germans at that time consisted of potatoes and black bread, with whatever else they could get hold of. So a few scraps of white bread or a piece of meat or some bread pudding was a delicacy to them. Many a kind-hearted soldier held back a choice morsel to give to these innocent emaciated little folk.

"America owes her soldiers of the American Army of Occupation a great debt because of the kindness and consideration they showed the German children, in contrast to the reported actions of some of the other Allied forces. These children will soon be grown citizens and leaders. They will pass on to future generations the kindness of American soldiers."

Hamilton adds that when his outfit left Germany, he re-enlisted for one year and was a corporal in Company D, First Engineers, American Forces in Germany.

While we know that some of the A. E. F. got fed up on the chronic "biskwee," "souvenir," "penny," and "cigarette" pleas of the French and German youngsters, it was another matter when those same youngsters lined up to share in the soldiers' mess. It wasn't the doughboys' fault if any of the kids in the neighborhood went hungry.



"Private Bill," above, was general mascot to Camp Sevier, South Carolina, while the "Old Hickory," "Wildcat" and 20th Divisions trained there. Tom Evans tells of him on this page

ONE of the best known animals at Camp Sevier, South Carolina," reports Tom Evans of South Bend, Indiana, ex-1st sergeant, Supply Company, 20th Division, "was 'Private Bill,' whose picture I enclose.

"He was in the camp during the time that the 30th (Old Hickory), 81st (Wildcat), and 20th Divisions trained there. He belonged jointly to Sergeants James A. Garner, James A. McLaughlin and Oscar D. Bidby of the old Depot Brigade which was the basis of many units of many divisions.

"Private Bill was noted for howling when young singers came to the camp Y huts to entertain the boys—he hated sopranos! He loved to ride all the Motor Transport trucks and in the private car of the late General French.

"Bill was stolen after the 30th Division left Camp Sevier. I wonder if any of the Gang can tell me who got

THE THEN and NOW

this famous, friendly dog? I would like to know that he has a good home, if still alive. He could also qualify for the Association of Surviving Mascots of the World War."

AS I was one of those who helped to ferry the boys over and back," writes ex-Gob C. B. Moseley, Jr., now of Foxboro, Massachusetts, "I thought I'd submit a few snaps for the Navy.

"Part of my service was on board the gone-but-not-forgotten *San Diego*, the only large American man-o'-war sunk during the World War.

"Later I was on the transport *Pocahontas* and while on her acquired the picture of the American soldiers and their French brides, which is enclosed. I believe the picture was taken in the spring of 1919, but I don't remember to what outfit, if any, the soldiers belonged. Still when you stop to consider that the old 'Poky' carried between two and three thousand troops every trip and that I made eighteen round trips on her, it is not surprising that I cannot remember this particular group."

Moseley's picture of the honeymooners appears on this page and we would like to hear from as many of them as possible. How many of the romances stood the strain of a return to civil life—and how many of the couples were members of the Second A. E. F. in 1927? Front and center, you old married folk who might be celebrating the tenth anniversary of your unions about now!

Moseley's picture and letter bring to mind also the fact that there should be some darned good stories on tap regarding the French-American and German-American unions in the A. E. F. and the Army of Occupation, respectively. While some of these romances landed on the rocks, we are convinced that others proved of lasting quality.

SHOULD the active membership of the Then and Now Gang continue to increase at the rate it has for the past couple of years, we will have to petition the skipper for an enlarged orderly-room (say about the size of three or four barracks), or at least make a plea for an expanded bulletin board on which to broadcast the raft of stories and pictures awaiting their turn.

There are many unusual discussions begun and then left to die unnatural deaths. For example, the introduction in the January and March issues of the *Monthly* of two of the boy mascots whose number in the A. E. F. apparently was legion. In January we reproduced the picture of a lad who served in that capacity with the 15th Cavalry. Legionnaire Faulkner of New York City, in submitting the picture, could give no information as to the boy's name but stated that the regiment's chaplain had adopted him and had brought him back to the States in July, 1919. Faulkner wanted to know where the boy is now.

Responses? Plenty of them. In March we reprinted a letter from Legionnaire Tom E. Francis of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, who opined that the lad pictured in January was none other than a "Charlie" who was on the transport *El Sol* with him in April, 1919. Francis threatened to send in a snapshot of Charlie, but failed to produce. In that same March issue, we showed a picture of ex-Sergeant H. A. Wenige with Georges le Dantec, mascot of Evacuation Hospital No. 10 in France, and Wenige wanted to learn more of Georges who had been left in France. Nothing came of Wenige's request.

But to return to the 15th Cavalry's boy mascot: Closely following Francis's letter, came one from A. L. Bauer, ex-regimental supply sergeant of the 15th Cavalry, now of Mount

Vernon, New York, in which he states that the lad's name was Louis Martiens, his age at the time of the picture was five and one-half years. Louis's father had been killed during the first year of the war, 1914, and his mother, a victim of the flu, passed away the following year. At the time of his adoption by the regiment he lived with an aunt in Bordeaux near Parc Bordelais and was to be brought back to the States by the regiment's chaplain. Bauer, however, came home under a special furlough privilege granted to him on the "Regular" status and so lost track of his regiment and Louis.

LEGIONNAIRES Frank A. Mullens of Burbank, California, and Edward Holland of New Rochelle, New York, ex-members of the 15th Cavalry, each sent to the Company Clerk a card on which was printed, in English on one side and in French on the other, substantially the same information given by Bauer, as reported above. It had the added statement that the boy "will be brought back to the United States after the war by Chaplain Sutherland, 15th U. S. Cav.," and that funds

necessary for the boy's support, 40 francs per month, were deposited with the American Express Company in Bordeaux.

Upon the suggestion of Faulkner, who had sent the print reproduced in January, we forwarded to the Commanding Officer of the 15th Cavalry at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, copies of the January *Monthly* and asked him if any of the oldtimers of his regiment could throw light on the mascot. Captain W. R. Irvin, Adjutant of the 13th Cavalry at Fort Riley, Kansas, replied to our letter, and stated:

"All former members of the 15th Cav-

alry now with this regiment have been questioned and the consensus of opinion is that the boy was last with the regiment in France and that if the boy came to this country he came with Chaplain Sutherland, the regimental chaplain, by different transport from that of the regiment. Some of the men believe the boy was adopted by the chaplain."

Then came the greatest surprise—a letter from A. W. Sutherland, himself, now Chaplain, U. S. A., Hawaiian Division, Schofield Barracks, Hawaii. Unfortunately, the chaplain didn't tell us all we wanted to know, but he says:

"In the January number of the *Legion Monthly*, information is sought re the mascot of the 15th U. S. Cavalry, adopted in France. I was the chaplain who adopted him and am glad to supply the data. His name is Louis Martiens and his present address is: Care of A. Virgez, Hotel de la Gare, 33 Rue Chauzy, Libourne, Gironde, France."

Enclosed with the chaplain's letter was a leaflet in which appears a picture of Louis under which is stated that on October 31, 1919, he was seven years old, and, opposite, a picture of Thomas Marshall Sutherland (whom the chaplain introduces as "My Hoosier son"), who was three years older than Louis.

WHILE Chaplain Sutherland fails to answer the query as to whether or not Louis Martiens was really brought back to this country for a time following the war, we learn this from another former cavalryman of the 15th, Paul Reed of Waterbury, Connecticut:

"In the March issue of the *Monthly* my attention was caught by mention of my old outfit, the 15th Cavalry, in connection with its boy mascot.

"Upon reading Mr. Francis's letter about the boy on the *El Sol*, I am inclined to think he is writing of another boy, as I



How many of these A. E. F. romances are still in bloom? Ex-Gob C. B. Moseley, Jr., sent us this picture of a group of A. E. F. soldiers and their French brides aboard the U. S. S. Pocahontas in the spring of 1919

❖|| THEN and NOW ||❖

distinctly remember the boy who came back with us on the transport *Panama*."

So there we find Louis on the *Panama* headed for this country.

Further reply to Legionnaire Francis's letter in the March Monthly brought the picture which we show at the top of this page and the following letter from Walter W. Williams of Tampa, Florida, former yeoman 1cl and ship's writer on the *El Sol*:

"Reading Then and Now in the March number I came across the letter from Tom E. Francis of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, that took me back to 'then.' The letter was about 'Charlie,' the boy mascot who came back on the *El Sol*."

"I was on the *El Sol* and took a snapshot of this particular mascot and the group of officers surrounding him, which I enclose, and no doubt Mr. Francis can recognize himself. It may be the picture he promised to look up."

Necessarily, we all should like to hear more about this mascot, Charlie—to what outfit he belonged, who his guardian was or is, and what has become of him.

VETERINARY Hospitals in the A. E. F. There's a sort of new wrinkle for the foot soldiers who probably didn't know that such things existed. But due to the introduction of mascots in these columns, we hear from a former member of one of those units, Legionnaire A. L. McFarland, Salt Creek, Wyoming. Perhaps through the picture on this page, which McFarland sent, and through the following letter which accompanied it, we might learn more of these little-heard-of hospitals:

"I wonder how many former members of Veterinary Hospitals Nos. 2, 7 and 9 are readers of the Then and Now department and also if any of the bunch from any of these three outfits know what became of the little French or Belgian boy who was their mascot?"



Ten decades in this group from Base Hospital No. 47. From the left: Jeff Floyd, age 50; Paul Ehrenfort, 40; Tom Sheehan, 30; Roy Adams, 20; and Pierre (mascot), 10. The picture came from Sheehan, in San Francisco

about this boy mascot. Was he left in France? Did he return with one of the hospital groups to America? Does anyone still correspond with him?

Since the inference is left that Louis Martiens, mascot of the 15th Cavalry, came to this country with Chaplain Sutherland

and later returned to his native France, it is likely that more of these boys were brought to the States. Are some of them still here and have they made good?

PICTURES of boy mascots in Then and Now," types Tom Sheehan of San Francisco, California, "have interested me because in our outfit, Base Hospital No. 47, we had a boy whom we adopted and tried to bring home with us."

"Pierre was the boy's given name and I never knew his surname. Our hospital was at Beaune, Cote d'Or. One day we noticed a boy at the kitchen door. As we were not proficient in French, it was quite a while before we knew what he wanted. Sergeant Daniels heard the boy's story—that his father had been killed and he and four other children were hungry."

"Eventually we all subscribed a couple of francs, had a uniform made for him and some officer promised his mother to adopt him in America. We were ordered to Clisson in March, 1919, to prepare to embark for home, the boy remaining with us and preparing to sail from St. Nazaire. There was a frightful scene when the French authorities refused to allow him to embark. I have not heard what became of him."

"The picture I am enclosing was taken to represent ten decades in our outfit: Reading from the left, we have Jeff Floyd, the cook, 50 years old; Paul Ehrenfort, 40; myself, 30; Roy Adams, 20, and the mascot, Pierre, 10 years."

Sheehan's five-decade picture is shown on this page.

FROM C. A. Bauer of Shanklin-Attaway Post of Rome, Georgia, comes this interesting letter and inquiry:

"While spending close to a year in France with the 37th Division, I noticed quite frequently in the first column of the editorial page of the New York Herald, an item entitled 'From Centigrade to Fahrenheit.' Why was this used for weeks at a time? It said:

"To the Editor of the Herald:

"I am anxious to find out the way to figure the temperature from Centigrade to Fahrenheit and vice versa. In other words, I want to know, whenever I see the temperature designated on a Centigrade thermometer, how to find out what it would be on Fahrenheit's thermometer." (Signed) 'Old Philadelphia Lady,' and dated, 'Paris, December 24, 1899.'

"Can you find out why such a request and why such an excellent position was given it? Frankly speaking, it appeared



A. L. McFarland of Salt Creek, Wyoming, submits the above as evidence that Veterinary Hospitals Numbers 2, 7 and 9 also had a boy mascot. Can former members furnish the names of the officers and of the boy?

THE THEN and NOW



On either side of no-man's-land, the doughboys were always sure of one job—K. P. The Heinie greaseballs pictured above were probably in the St. Mihiel salient (that is, before September 12, 1918) as the print is from one of a number of plates found by Harry L. Mathews in a German dugout near Mont Sec during the St. Mihiel drive. Mathews served with Company A, 37th Engineers, and now lives in Mitchell, Indiana

is still very much active with its all-ex-lady-leatherneck membership.

To the ladies! They are beginning to line up with the active Then and Now Gang, just as they have always been active and hard-working members of the Legion. In cities and towns, where their number is few, they work right along with the men, but there are, besides the two Marine all-women posts mentioned, any number of posts composed solely of ex-Army nurses—and probably some composed exclusively of ex-gobesses.

We are mighty glad to see the girls take an interest in our Gang, and the invitation for more of them to tell of the unusual and amusing experiences of their service is continuing. Now that the ice has been broken by a few pioneers, we want to list some more on our active roster.

There are still some unusual outfits which have not shown up in Then and Now and we'd like to hear from them.

VACATIONS are in order this time of the year, but there are some several thousand Legionnaires who are holding off their annual rest period until the end of September. In some cases, this is to serve a double purpose—that of attending the Legion National Convention in Louisville, Kentucky, on September 30th, October 1st, 2d and 3d, and that of attending their outfit reunion.

The outfits which will "reune" during the convention follow:

38TH (CYCLONE) DIV.—All former members are requested to write to F. J. Helm, 6310 Wentworth ave., Englewood Station, Chicago, Ill., for outlines of reunion program.

21ST ENGRS., LIGHT RV.—More than a hundred men have already lined up for the Louisville meeting. Particulars may be obtained from "Yardmaster" William Bruckman, The Bruckman Brewing Co., Ludlow ave. and Rapid Transit, Cincinnati, Ohio.

309TH SAN. TRAIN, 84TH DIV.—Former members of Field Hosp. and Amb. Companies composing this train, interested in reunion in Louisville, address John J. O'Brien, 2017 Lowell ave., Springfield, Ill.

113TH SAN. TRAIN, 38TH DIV.—Fourth annual reunion Sept. 28th, just prior to Legion convention. Former members, particularly of Indiana and Kentucky, are requested to send names and addresses to James D. Lewers, 137 No. Peterson ave., Louisville, Ky.

CAMP HOSP. No. 91, LA BAULE, FRANCE.—All officers, nurses and enlisted men of personnel or patients who passed through hospital are requested to report to Paul H. Waldow, 1216 Barret ave., Louisville, Ky., regarding proposed reunion.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 22—All former members, including nurses, desiring to attend reunion during Legion convention, address George D. Liebel, P. O. Box 508, Lexington, Ky.

NAVAL RAILWAY BATTERIES, A. E. F.—All former members interested in holding reunion during Legion national convention in Louisville, address H. H. Gawthrop, 29 N. Montgomery st., Trenton, N. J.

EIGHTH ARMY CORPS VETS. ASSOC. (Philippines and China)—Reunions of former members of the 60 regiments and annual banquet at Louisville during Legion convention. A roster of members of this association is practically a roster of all general officers during the World War—including General Pershing. Address George S. Geis, nat'l pres., 424 Book bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Other notices of interest to veterans follow:

THIRD DIV.—The Society of the Third (Regular) Division will hold its tenth annual reunion and convention in Philadelphia, Pa., July 11-14. For further information write to Charles J. McCarthy, Jr., convention bureau, P. O. Box 1621, Philadelphia.

FIFTH DIV. SOCIETY—Sixth annual reunion at Chicago, Ill., Sept. 1-3. Address Frank F. Barth, editor, *The Red Diamond*, Suite 602, 20 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

42D DIV.—Eleventh annual reunion Baltimore, Md., July 13-15. Francis E. Shea, editor, *The Rainbow Reville*, 512 E. 23d st., Baltimore, wants Rainbow Chapters to send news items for the publication.

80TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Tenth annual reunion at Washington, D. C., Aug. 18-21. Address George J. Kher, secy., 413 Plaza bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

89TH DIV.—Reunion and banquet of 89th Div. men during department convention of the Legion at Mitchell, S. D., Aug. 6th. Address Ed Backlund, Route 2, Mitchell.

FOURTH ILLINOIS—139TH INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Third annual reunion at Carbondale, Ill., Sept. 28-29. Address Maj. J. H. Coady, Paris, Ill.

353D (ALL KANSAS) INF.—Annual reunion of regimental society at Wichita, Kansas, Sept. 1-3. Gen. Reeves will attend. Address C. H. Paulson, secy., Memorial bldg., Topeka, Kan.

363D INF. ASSOC. (91ST DIV.)—Eleventh annual reunion in San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 28. Address Joseph M. Cahen, 19 Kearny st., San Francisco.

51ST PIONEER INF.—Sixth annual reunion at Kingston, N. Y., Aug. 18th. Address Eugene Cornwell, secy., 19 Pine st., Kingston.

34TH ENGRS.—Reunion at Dayton, Ohio, Aug. 31-Sept. 1. Address George Remple, 1225 Alberta st., Dayton. (Continued on page 69)



Sergeant Martha Wilbinski and Corporal Genevieve Hausen, U. S. Marine Corps, in Rock Creek Park, Washington, D. C., 1918

PAY TO THE ORDER OF

By Thomas J. Malone



CARELESSNESS in using checking accounts is a besetting sin of bank depositors. It is a frequent cause of inconvenience, if not actual money loss, either to themselves or to the banks, or to both. It invites crime by making crime easy for crooks. Such laxness affects everybody by raising the cost of doing business."

This testimony from a mid-West banker probably voices the views of bankers from coast to coast.

A vice-president in a national bank handling around one hundred thousand checking accounts, he was citing for me some of the more common abuses of checking service. They were not new abuses—mainly the old ones against which banks have warned these many decades, which depositors continue to practise and which so often delight the criminal specializing in bank paper.

"That night-club experience," he said, summing up a story of a depositor's near-tragic adventure in a New York oasis of joy, "with all its harrowing factors—the raised check, the resulting overdraft, his wife's initial distress, the necessity of explaining the circumstances to her, his worry over the prospect of loss—taught him a valuable lesson. He had failed to observe one of the first rules of how to make out a check. Thousands of checks are made out so in this country every day."

The story in full presently; but the mention of "overdraft" suggests that drawing, however innocently, against an account which has "not sufficient funds" to cover the check is one of the surest ways to get in bad with one's bank, if done persistently.

Suppose the bank writes or telephones:

"Your account is overdrawn to the extent of \$3.49. Please deposit to cover this overdraft at once—"

With a conscientious holder of a checking account anywhere in the United States, such a notice usually conduces to surprise, consternation, depression and apology. On the other hand, it may incite in him indignation, protest and challenge. "How can that be? I'm sure there's a mistake in your bookkeeping—"

But there seldom is. Banks know their arithmetic, whatever else their faults.

"Here's another good one," the v. p. said. He related an incident growing out of drawing a check payable to "Cash." It involved a question of theft and was threatening, at the time, to estrange two friends in a business office.

Then he told a third—bearing on the folly of leaving signatures around where forgers may pick them up. He added, "This sort of thing is going on in virtually every bank in this land of the free—and easy."

The night club story ran about like this:

"It began, here, with our receipt, about a fortnight ago, of a check for \$635, drawn on us, from a New York bank. The maker of the check, a resident here, has maintained a moderate account with us for some years. His balance fell far short of the amount of this check. There was no doubt of the genuineness of the signature. The fact that the amount, both in letters and figures, was in another handwriting caused no question. The payee was a New York concern, which we learned later was a night club. The check had been deposited in the New York bank, and came to us in the usual course.

"We telephoned the maker's place of business, to be told that he was in New York and would not return for several days. Next his home was called and his wife informed of the situation. She realized that an overdraft of \$400 was no slight matter. Family credit and honor required that that check be protected.

"She and her husband had a joint savings account in another

bank, representing the thrift of years. She drew on it and covered the check.

"The husband stormed into the bank on his return. When shown the check, his astonishment was profound. He told us its history, so far as he knew it.

"With some friends, he had taken in a night club. While there he ran short of money. He asked a waiter to bring him \$35 from the desk and have the cashier make out a check for the amount, which he would sign.

"The waiter brought him the \$35 and a check. It was a form prepared by the club for such emergencies: a blank line for the name of the bank and its own stamped in as payee. It was drawn for \$35. The writing was small and clear. Our depositor signed it.

"He had failed to notice that the 'Thirty-five' was written far enough to the right on its line to permit, without scrimping, the insertion of 'Six hundred' to the left, after the check went back to the cashier. So, too, the insertion of the figure '6' before the '35.' These insertions had been made in the same writing as the original script.

"So far as the bank was concerned, the incident was closed. He admitted the signature, and we could not be held responsible for his carelessness. However, I happened to speak to the bank's attorney about it. He sent the check to an attorney in New York, who put it up to the night-club proprietor.

"The proprietor could have said that checks were written out for customers, and accepted by the house, so frequently as to be mere routine, that he didn't recall any of the circumstances of this particular check. He might have suggested that our depositor had probably been half-snooted at the time and so didn't remember the amount he had called for. All this, assuming, as is natural, that the waiter was in collusion with the desk man.

"But the proprietor did none of these things. He made good the \$600. Probably the man who had filled in the check, whether himself or another, had been under police suspicion for similar crooked work, so that he thought it best for the house to knuckle under."

The story didn't seem to be complete. "I wonder what happened between the depositor and his wife," I observed. "He must have had some time explaining his presence at the night club and his spending proclivity."

The v. p. smiled. "That can only be guessed at. The teaching of all this, from a bank standpoint, is that a man, or a woman, with a checking account should be extremely careful as to the manner of making out checks. The amount, in both places, should begin as far to the left as space permits, to preclude insertions. Also, it's poor practice to let an entire stranger fill out a check for one to sign."

In the second story, two other everyday practices of depositors were tagged as full of dynamite. One was the issuing of a check payable to "Cash;" the other the neglect to keep a full and accurate stub record of all checks issued.

"Davis is a member of his firm," the banker said, "and Pitt is its cashier. The firm's account is with us, as is Davis's individual account."

"One morning—this was last month, too—Davis made out his personal check for \$15, payable to 'Cash,' and handed it to Pitt, who passed him the money. Davis told Pitt not to deposit the check but to hold it for two or three days or until he spoke of it again.

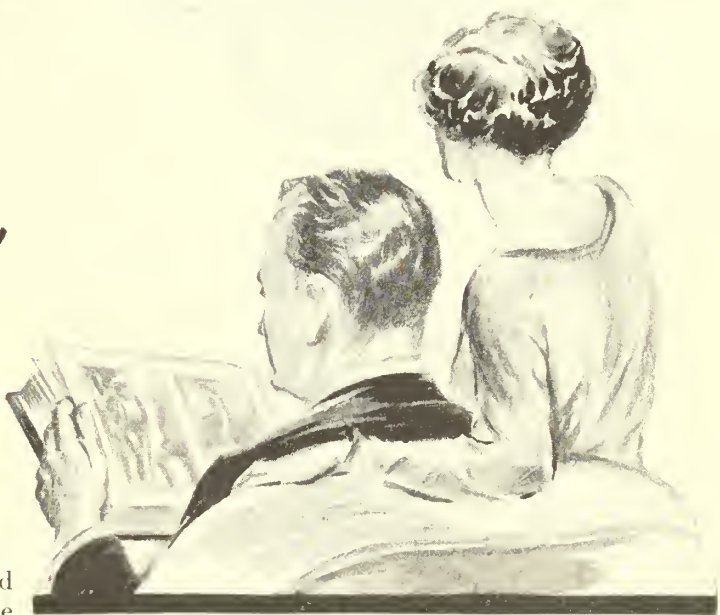
"You see Davis was simply, in a sense, borrowing \$15 from the firm, protecting the cashier's account by (Continued on page 70)

An Investment in Memories ...that Every Legionnaire Will Cherish

HOW many times in the years that have elapsed since the World War has your mind's eye tried to picture those stirring events of 1917-18?

Your training camp days—the old outfit you served in—the transport and convoy that got you safely across—the sub-chasers and mine laying expeditions—the shell-torn French villages—miles of mud and desolation—the battering assaults at Cantigny, Chateau-Thierry, Soissons, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne—at the time, you were convinced that these scenes were etched indelibly in memory.

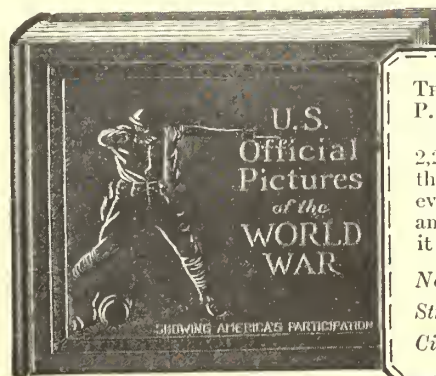
Years dim the most distinct impressions. Your most cherished experiences are fast losing their sparkle. Their clearness is passing. What you need is a *pictorial* record to recall vividly your experiences to mind. U. S. OFFICIAL PICTURES OF THE WORLD WAR is an investment in memories that is hard to equal—the largest collection of official war photographs ever published in one volume. It contains 2,200 pictures reproduced



by rotogravure process, clearer and more comprehensive than original photos. Some of these pictures were obtained at great risk by daring Government photographers. They show combat divisions of the army in action. A special section is devoted to the war-time activities of the Navy and Marine Corps. The Air Service, Tank Corps, Medical Corps, S. O. S., Sanitary Corps, Welfare Organizations—every branch that contributed to the winning of the War is graphically pictured and described.

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THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY
P. O. Box 1357, Indianapolis, Indiana

You will please send me, all charges prepaid, portfolio containing 2,200 United States Official Pictures of the World War. I will pay the mailman \$12.15 when the portfolio arrives. This is not, however, to be considered a purchase. If at any time within 10 days I am dissatisfied with the portfolio, I have the privilege of returning it and you agree to refund my money.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Letters of a Forty-Niner

(Continued from page 9)

and your mother to write me on receipt of this and direct to San Francisco. You must fill your letter with all the news of New York. Remember me to Chatfield and Mary. Tell him never to come to sea. Say to him that I have tried it and found it wanting.

You must tell Amela not to be in a hurry to get married, till I send her some California gold.

Chile, Valpariso, July 10th, 1849.
Dear Julia Ann:

We arrived here on the fifth of July being fifty days from Rio Janeiro. I was much disappointed in Rio. It is one of the dirtiest places I ever was in. The population is two-thirds negroes and one-third whites. The negroes are almost naked and disgustingly dirty.

I lodged the first night on shore, but we were all glad to get on board every night we remained in port which was from the 12th to the 16th of May.

I visited the Emperor's private chapel, also one of the oldest libraries on the continent of America, and there saw a Bible written in Latin by the hands of the Jesuites over three hundred years ago. I also visited the Botanical Garden about eight miles from the city, which was worth seeing. If the natives of the U. S. had such a climate, it would be a Paradise, but it is in such lazy hands, and blacks in the U. S. are as far above those here as whites are above blacks in the U. S. All mechanical business is 100 years behind the U. S.

We had very fair weather after leaving Rio till the 26th of May, when it blew a gale from the 26th to the 30th. We shipped a heavy sea the night of the 29th, which did us considerable damage, carried away about two feet of our bulwarks, swept the deck of hog pens and companionway, stove in cabin windows, and left about one foot of water between decks. All our baggage got wet, and what was perishable by water or breakage was destroyed. It took us till daylight to bale the water out, and to make things worse, the steamboat on deck got loose, and we expected every moment to lose our masts. We threw overboard all our deck load, also several tons of freight out of the hold to get out some vitriol, for we smelt fire, which we supposed originated from it. For two weeks after, we suffered from wet clothes, very cold weather, and no fire. This happened in Latitude 43, South Atlantic.

We came around Cape Horn in Latitude 57.16 inside the Falkland Islands, and here we are in 33 Pacific Ocean. Such a change of climate in fifty days! But if the sufferings we hear of those who went by Panama are true, I am glad I went around Cape Horn.

The news we have from San Francisco is very favourable about gold, but they say that it costs so much to live that those who have no tents have to lie out

and cover themselves with the heavens. Our Captain had \$500 to take a boat on deck so you must know what a boat is worth in California. How we are going to get our things ashore there, God only knows. For my part I am prepared with a shelter. I have accepted from Mr. William Lambert and his brother a privilege in their tent, and mean to stay with them, and go to the mines together for mutual protection.

I have learned how to eat pork, and live hard. Sometimes I enjoy myself in teasing some of our young gentlemen about their living, seeing them looking for a piece of paper to clean their plates and spoons. After the storm, Towels and pans were high in the market; I have put my mark on about fifty that will never see home again unless their friends send them back.

Tell Julia I will give her some description of the Andes when I come home for I can see them from the deck quite plain, covered with snow, also of the birds that follow the vessel from Rio. I will expect to hear often from you all. A long voyage on the ocean makes one think of home. I never sit five minutes alone but home is uppermost. Do not let the most trifling things pass without letting me know. . . .

P. S. I am quite disgusted with this place.

San Francisco, California.
23rd of September, 1849.

Dear Wife:

I arrived here on the 10th instant in good health after a long and tedious passage of 171 days, but how long I may remain so, God only knows. I may say I am more comfortably situated than two-thirds of those in this Babel. I am tented with William and Edward Lambert of N. Y. City and we are pledged to stay by each other in sickness or health until we leave this country for home.

We left Valpariso on the eleventh July and arrived here without any accident to the ship on the tenth September. But of our passengers I cannot say as much. There were nine who left the ship which was supposed to be about sixty miles from Monterey, but proved to be over 100 miles below, more than sixty miles from any land, and on one of the worst parts of the coast. They left with the intention of going in to Monterey and coasting it up to San Francisco. We were becalmed at the time, and they were so anxious to hear about the gold mines. They expected to be there two or three weeks before us, but dearly did they suffer for their foolhardiness.

They left the ship with Quadrant, compass, boat, sails, blankets, fire arms, ten gallons of water and about 30 lbs. of Biscuit and a few pieces of pork. They started about four P. M. 5th September, smooth sea. Next morning the wind freshened up and by evening there

was a stiff breeze increasing for two days and a high sea running. In four days they made land, but the boat was upset in the breakers and they lost all they had. The boat was cast up on the beach and a little bread floated ashore. That was all they saved. They ascended a mountain to see if any habitation was near and agreed, if they were alive, to meet at the boat next day at noon.

Rev. Mr. Morehouse, Dr. Small, a man by the name of Dunn, and another named Hart, whom we took on board at Rio Janeiro, the others not returning by noon, these launched the boat and started for Monterey. They left a card on a rock saying they would wait 24 hours at Monterey. After being out two days, they were picked up by a German vessel bound for San Francisco and kindly treated. They left the vessel 15 miles from Monterey. After remaining there four days at work unloading a vessel with their boat, they earned enough to pay their passage up in the steamer and bringing the boat with them.

The other five, Capt. Van Wart of Sing Sing, an old acquaintance of mine, Col. Chase, John Umpstead and Amos Brown arrived at the place appointed, found the boat gone and the card that was left. Only think of their distress! For fourteen days they had nothing to eat but mussels, and they traveled over a rugged and rocky shore and mountains under a burning sun. They reached Monterey, but poor Brown gave out on the way, and has not been heard from. I suppose he fell a prey to wild beasts. The others were well treated at Monterey and borrowed money to travel up here where they arrived on the 27th September, very emaciated. I forgot to mention the ninth man, Jack Evans of the 8th Ward, who appeared in better spirits than the rest.

Take it all in all, we had as fair a passage in the way of living as any vessel that left N. Y. but it cost me every cent I had, and I had to borrow money to land.

I landed from the ship on Tuesday afternoon, 12th, at a cost of \$4. for our trunks and bedding, and on Wednesday found a spot to pitch our tent. The lowest for a meal is \$1. Lodging on the floor 50c, and find your own bed. On Thursday, I got my tools, bread and sour crout ashore in good order, and had to empty my chest on the beach and carry my tools up to the tent. I had too much of everything but provisions, for all the tools that are wanted are a saw, an axe and a chisel or two.

All is confusion preparing for the rainy season. Property of all kinds is lying around the streets—horse powers, locomotive engines, gold washers, not worth the cost of storing.

All the machines that are made in the U. S. for washing gold are no use. They are lying all around the streets, and the

packing boxes they came in are used up for building.

Everyone seems ashamed to carry firearms. This is the only place I have ever seen where no robbery is committed. We leave our tent for half a day at a time, never lock a trunk, and no one presumes to enter. It seems to me that every man has more property than he knows what to do with. For such a large number of people daily arriving, there is very little crime. For stealing, the first offence is flogging; 2d offence cut his ears off; 3rd offence hanging. If a man is brought in drunk, they charge him an ounce of gold. We have a good police headed by Malachi Fallon.

There are more than two hundred gambling houses going night and day, three and four tables in each house, with music playing to entice people in. All the Mexicans and Indian miners, after staying two or three months at the mines, come down to San Francisco or Sacramento City—God forgive me for calling 500 or 600 tents a city!—and lose all their money. Then they return to their privations at the mines.

You felt sorry I did not take more with me, but I have too much. All that a working man wants is warm woolen clothing, an India rubber blanket, and a pair of heavy colored blankets. I never expect to sleep on a bedstead until I return home—I have not seen any as yet. I am as well provided for as the convenience of a tent will admit.

I bought six good white shirts with handsome linen bosoms, worn only once, for two and a half dollars. The man was selling his clothing to go to the mines. Those who go to the mines pack up two changes, take a little provision, and leave the rest on the ground where they encamp.

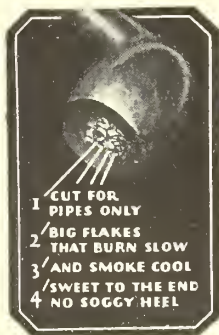
They have to walk from Sacramento City to Stockton and carry all on their backs, or purchase mules at from \$60 to \$100 each, and all they can carry is 200 lbs. For our part, we intend to take provisions for three months and our tent. It will cost a good deal, but health is better than money, even here where money is plentiful, and he that has none is nobody.

There were several companies on board of our ship, but the moment they landed, they all divided their property and separated. Man is a selfish animal. In each company, there were a number who had no trades, and a great many of them are useless here. You could not but pity the poor clerks, lawyers, doctors and gentlemen digging out roads and foundations for houses at \$5.00 per day. Some are discharged in a half day, and others give out in one or two hours. So much for California.

Men who came here with money and bought land after the [Mexican] war are now worth millions, and they do all the business. They buy for less than N. Y. prices and sell here and up the river at 500 percent profit, taking gold dust in payment at \$15.00 per ounce, which is worth \$18 or \$19, in the U. S. Hardly one in ten who arrive here with from \$1,000 to \$10,000 worth of useless goods, has the (Continued on page 54)



A cooler smoke in a drier pipe!



Pipe smokers tell us...

Granger's fine old Burley would never smoke with such cool relish were it not for the shaggy "rough cut." Right!

Nor would the good taste be there except for Wellman's 1870 Method—a priceless old time tobacco secret, now ours exclusively. Sensibly packed in foil, hence ten cents.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Granger

ROUGH CUT



IN MORE PIPES EVERY DAY!

Letters of a Forty-Niner

(Continued from page 53)

money to pay for landing them. Hundreds land, like myself, without money to pay for landing their goods or to pay a week's board, and they may have to remain here five or six weeks before the goods can be got at in the vessel, and they wanting to leave for the mines.

Beef is 12 to 18 cts. per lb; potatoes \$1.25 cents per lb; butter from \$1. to \$1.25 per lb; ground coffee 50 cts; sugar from 18 to 25 cents; pork 37 cts; bread 25 cts. for our 6 ct. loaf in N. Y.; washing from \$6. to \$4. per dozen.

There are over 300 vessels here which cannot get sailors to take them home. They are all employed discharging and landing goods, taking passengers to and from vessels at \$1. per head, or making short trips to Oregon for lumber at \$150. per month. The moment a ship arrives, the crews leave, or if they stay to discharge, they charge six dollars per day. From all appearances here, not over one-third of the hundreds who daily arrive will ever see their homes again. Houses that will keep dry in the rainy season let for \$300. to \$4000. per month.

The houses are all a light frame with canvas sides and roof. Lumber is very high, common spruce or pine \$350. per thousand. Worked floor planks such as we buy in N. York for 28 cts. per plank are selling here for 50 cts. per foot, so you must have some idea what a house costs. Those little houses that were built in New York for \$100., here they make two of the stuff in one, and each sells readily for \$700. to \$800.

If I had brought out \$1000. worth of lumber, I could have cleared \$25000. and been on my way home. I expect by spring the market will be full from the states. We have houses putting up from China, Hobartstown and Van Dieman's land.

I was down at the exchange and saw James Claughley. He looked so ill I hardly knew him. He has been up to the mines and got the fever and ague very bad. I walked down to the tent he lodged in. The ague was on him, and I could not find out whether he had made anything or not.

Say to Margaret that there is the greatest chance for girls to get married here, as there is not one female for every 500 males. If I can only have my health, I will return with some of the dust, I hope enough to rest the balance of my days. The cholera has caused me much anxiety as no mail arrived by the last steamer from Panama. I will not be so grasping as some I daily hear about who have made 250 to 300 thousand, and still stay till death overtakes them, and they ruin their constitution forever. . . .

San Francisco, September 29th, 1849.
Dear Daughters and Son:

I received your mother's letter and expected to find at least one line from you, but was much disappointed. I wrote

you from Valpariso, but the letters had to go around Cape Horn, and it may be months before you receive them.

It is almost impossible for me to describe our situation here, or the climate. From ten in the morning, it is very hot until about two P. M. when the winds blows off the land. Cold till eight or nine at night, then the dew sets in very heavy and cold till daylight. No rain.

There is a great deal of sickness—fever and ague and dysentery. The water is bad, and that we pay 12 cents per pail for, and carry it nearly a quarter of a mile over high hills. I am going this week two miles off to wash up my clothes in a fresh water pond, the nearest water for washing.

We start in about four weeks for the mines, and if my health will allow, I mean to stay there till I can realize a sum sufficient for us all to live on for the remainder of our days.

To you children, let my fate be what it will, I enjoin on you to obey your mother. That you have ever done so is a great consolation to me, although I am thousands of miles from home.

Last night I dreamed I saw your Aunt Susan dressed in white, and in a remarkable good humour. I hope that awful scourge, the cholera, has passed you by. Tell Thomas I cannot forget him as I daily have his knife in my hand and set more store on it than the gold dust in my pocket. Write me often, postage to me is nothing in comparison to the joy of hearing from you. . . .

A lapse of nearly two years occurs between this and the next letter. Considering the uncertainties of mail communication between California and New York in 1849-1851 this is not extraordinary. In a postscript along the margin of a later letter Needham complains: "The only word I have had from home was a letter from yourself commenced in June and finished a month after, and that I received in April."

One wonders what the outcome was of that eagerly prepared-for expedition to the mines. One thing is certain: Thomas Needham did not come out with a fortune. Probably, like so many others, he reaped a small gain and returned with it to San Francisco to invest in the fast developing fortunes of that city. At least this seems evident from the letter which follows.

San Francisco, May 14, 1851.
Dear Julia Ann:

I send you these lines to let you know that I am still alive and fast recovering from my late injuries. I am once more entirely broke, but not in spirits. My motto is try again. This is the second time my tools have been burnt, also my clothing, excepting the change that I always take with me up the river.

Before the fire, I was in the restaurant business in Kearney Street with a

Mr. Cooper from New Orleans. I put in \$500. and fitted the place up. Our rent was \$100. per month, and we arranged that I was to go trading down to Humboldt Bay while he was to attend to the restaurant.

On Sunday, the 4th of May, my partner and I divided all the ready money we had. My half was \$132. I had to take board for I had both my feet badly burnt, also my spine was hurt in trying to save some of our little all, but had the mortification of seeing it burnt and could not help myself. For an account of the fire I refer you to the newspapers. I lost on board the steamer Udora \$1500 dollars worth of goods for which we paid half cash, the balance to be paid in sixty days which we paid April 28th.

They are paying \$10. a day to carpenters, and every lot will be temporarily built on before three weeks. There are from 800 to 1000 carpenters at work, and already many places are finished.

My idea is that there is more merchandise in the harbor afloat than can supply the wants of California for six months to come. Before the fire, furniture was at New York prices. The supply from China is large, and our American gentlemen will not have anything American. It must be Chinese or French—even to the ladies.

San Francisco is made up of the most mixed assortment; Americans, Kanakas, Chinese, Japanese, English, French, Chileans, and a quantity of German Jews. And any quantity of convicts from Australia and Van Dieman's Land. In many cases Judge Lynch has to preside. Monterey and Los Angeles are a perfect paradise. The climate very nearly equal the year round. Wild oats are already in the market. The skill of the American farmer has already produced some of the finest vegetables I ever saw. Another year will do wonders as a great many farmers being disappointed in the mines, have turned their attention to agriculture.

I have not the remotest idea but that if we had been fortunate, I would have been home by next Christmas. This was my calculation. I have now but one alternative, to go back to the mines.

I had a strange dream about Amelia the other night. You and she were dressed in white, as also was Aunt Susan, and I had a hard fight to keep the Indians from you. The next day I received an arrow from an Indian in the back while I was cooking, but dearly did he pay for it. My camp mates started in pursuit and pierced him with five balls.

I am in hopes of being able to work next week, and as soon as I can go to the northern mines, I shall start and try my luck again. I was in hopes of paying you a New Year's visit, dear Julia, and who knows what my luck may be? I love a miner's life, if I only had the strength to endure it. There is some-

thing wild and independent in it—the scenery of a moonlight night, a hundred to two hundred tents on the bank of a rapid running river, sitting round our fires, and cooking our suppers, talking of our homes, visiting from tent to tent, and sometimes going a mile to see someone who has arrived from any of our separate states. And we soon become acquainted.

My friends, the Messrs. Lambert, who deserted me when I was sick, have had the tables turned on them. Too lazy to work, through the influence of Malachi Fallon, William was appointed captain of the 1st District Police. No sooner was he warm in office than he commenced to undermine Fallon, who immediately dismissed him. So now, neither party will have him.

I frequently see John C. Shepherd, son of old Buckhorn Shepherd. He is one of the three card monte players—the greatest swindling game played. I have not spoken to him for I would not like anyone to see me speak to him—his vocation is so honourable.

So now, Julia Ann, I must bid you goodnight, and may that Supreme Being who knows our inward thoughts look over us and guard us from all evil. . . .

But adventure still dogged his steps. A note to daughter Julia tells: "I lost my tool chest and nearly lost myself in leaving the coast to come to San Francisco last April [1852]. I undertook to go aboard the steamer at the same place where poor Teft lost his life. The boat upset, my tools went down, and I was thrown upon the beach and there had to remain twenty-two days waiting for another steamer to put in on their way to San Francisco."

San Francisco, January 27th, 1853.
Dear Daughter Julia:

Your letter postmarked October 10th in New York, and remailed from San Luis Obispo November 30th, I received in San Francisco January 18th, and it was by mere chance that I did.

Except that hunger, and the prospect of starvation drove me down to the coast, I would not have seen a paper. As luck would have it, the first San Francisco paper I took up at Marysville was the Alta with the list of letters remaining in the Post Office. This is the first letter that I have received since you wrote me that Amelia was going to be married. You accuse me of dissipation, but you may make your mind easy on that head as I am a teetotaler, and have been very nearly teetotal in eating as well as drinking.

You mention that if I am not doing well here, why don't I come home? With a broken down constitution, what could I do in New York? I know I could not do a day's work at cabinet making. Here, if I succeed in doing a little jobbing, I can always pay my board. It seems strange that everything I undertake, I lose money in, but I do not despair. I am clear of debt at least.

The city is full of men from the mines and hundreds that daily arrive from the (Continued on page 56)

"I'm playing a MAXPAR"

ON more and more first
tees, you hear wise golf-
ers say with pride:

"I'm playing a Maxpar."

In the foursome, perhaps
two or three others are play-
ing \$1 Black Dunlops. When
they know that the Maxpar
is Dunlop-made they under-
stand . . .

They understand how the
Maxpar, at 75c can give every-
thing a seasoned golfer can
ask . . . extra distance from the
tee, plumb-like trueness in
putting, and an amazingly
tough cover that resists the
hackings of the veriest duffer.

Tee up with a Dunlop Max-
par. Know the pride and con-
fidence you'll feel when you
say, "I'm playing a Maxpar."

75 ¢

MAXPAR

DUNLOP-MADE



Letters of a Forty-Niner

(Continued from page 55)

Atlantic States and Europe and China. The season has been very severe. Provisions are high, beyond the reach of any of the late comers to the mines, and numbers who have gone far up in the mountains will never be heard of again.

I have not seen a soul that I knew in New York this past two years. San Francisco is not what she was in 1849. Then we had but few ladies here, but now we can boast of as handsome dry goods stores as New York, and the stores are well attended by the ladies. Every steamer brings from fifty to one hundred females, mostly gentlemen's wives, who intend to make this their home. The talk is that there will be a great deal of building this year if bricks can be made fast enough. Thousands have gone into farming this year so in two or three years more we will have all within ourselves, and will not have to pay fifty dollars for a barrel of flour I hope.

Now, my dear Julia, send me your direction and also Amelia's since she has changed her name. I hope you will soon be able to repeat these few lines:

And do we really meet again

Mid fond and happy tears?

Then have the hopes not all been vain

Which I have nursed for years. . .

Across the reverse of this letter, where it was folded for the posting address, this postscript:

Dear Julia,

Make Thomas write to me as I wish to see if he has learnt anything. Now remember your own words. Do not let a day pass without answering this letter. You do not know what a disappointment it is to go to the post office and sometimes send miles, and the universal answer NO—is very discouraging indeed. Few have had as little to cheer them on in this distant land as I. But I must not Grumble, fate has decreed it so.

It seems evident that by this time Needham had abandoned his early plans for mining. He speaks in one letter, written in 1853, of his intention of "going into business in San Francisco in the furniture line. Ever since the winter of 1849 I have been subject to cramps and have not been clear of ague three months at a time."

San Francisco, Saturday.
June 30th, 1854.

Dear Julia Ann:

I once more address you a few lines to let you know I am still living, hoping at the same time that you and all the family are enjoying uninterrupted health and happiness.

As for myself, I am anything but well. On the 23d of May I fell from the third story of a building by the scaffolding giving away. I dislocated my shoulder and broke my jaw on the left side in two places. On the whole, I am

very fortunate in that I was not knocked to atoms. Claughly says I was not born to be killed but will dry up and blow away. For five years my life has been a series of disasters which make me twenty years older than I am, but to return home poor, I never will, to be a burthen to anyone.

Now a short chapter on California as the emigration is pouring in fast, and labour is so scarce and low, none but strong, able bodied men can get employment. Many are only receiving but 2 and 2½ dollars per day. Mechanics from 3 to 5. Hundreds are daily walking the streets who have not had a meal for two or three days. Chinamen can be hired for a dollar a day, and they are coming in by the thousand. This week there arrived over fifteen hundred of the most degraded, moon-eyed beauties of the male and female gender that ever landed on our shores. It is estimated that there are over 40 thousand in this state. They are slaves to their mandarins, who own the ships they come in.

If it were not for the extraordinary productiveness of California, the farmers would all be ruined. Thousands of bushels of potatoes last season were left to rot, since it did not pay to dig them. New potatoes are worth only 2 cents per pound, while five years ago I paid one dollar a pound for Hobart Town potatoes. Business of all kinds is very dull. Numbers of people who come out here, return by the next boat. They feel so disappointed in their expectations. . .

The injury to which he refers was no slight thing, as the following letter makes clear.

August 1st, 1854.

Dear Julia,

I have been at work for the last six days building a small house about five miles from the city. It is a job I would not have taken if I was in health, but I have my own time to do it in. I am not able to go out and do a day's work with other men in the city and am afraid I never will again. My frame is so shattered I cannot lift any weight or stand any hard work. When I fell I dislocated my left shoulder and broke my jaw on the left side in two places beside other internal injuries. I was immediately attended by Doctors Bering and Stout, who set my shoulder and jaw. But having bled inwardly I took a fit of coughing and if I had not torn off the bandage I would have suffocated with blood. They reset it for me but in a fit of coughing it broke again.

I was then advised by Thomas and James Claughly to go to the State Hospital, and James promised me that he would see me well attended, which was done as long as he was present. But the doctors would not set it until I stopped bleeding which was not until the third

day I was in the hospital. And then they undertook to do it without administering chloroform. They put me to severe pain and made such a bungling job as to leave me worse than I was before.

So the next morning as soon as it was light I got one of the patients to help on my clothes and made tracks to one of my old boarding houses where I have been better attended than I could expect in California. Doctor Bering has been very attentive but tells me I will never be able to use that part of my jaw again. My greatest misery is I cannot lie down to sleep. I have to sit up in bed. But on the whole I am very fortunate I was not knocked to atoms as the height was thirty-three feet.

I do not yet know what effect my jaw may have on my face until the inflammation leaves it. As for looks I care not if only I recover strength to be able to work which I am in hopes to do before my funds run out as this is one of the worst places in the world to be without means. Although I think I could manage for six months. But as yet I am under no obligation to anyone—always excepting Mr. and Mrs. Boucher, who have treated me as a brother.

One thing I am both surprised and annoyed at is never receiving a line from Amela or Thomas. If their minds have been tampered with let me know. It might regulate my future conduct. From Julia I have had some tokens of affection which, if it is my destiny never to see her, I will not forget. My mind wanders to the past; the future is before me. And may that all seeing Eye guard you from all dangers. Remember me to all well wishers. . .

Twelve years elapse between this letter and the next, the last of the collection. Meanwhile Julia Ann's brother Schuyler had amassed a considerable fortune for the time. He gathered together the numerous lone women for whom he was responsible—his aged mother, his sister Susan (the Aunt Susan of these letters, a lady famous in the family for her bad temper, so that her "remarkable good temper" of Thomas Needham's dream was worthy of comment), Julia Ann and her three children, and two daughters of another brother. The home was a large farm in Westchester County. The household was a complete and absolute matriarchy. Schuyler paid periodic visits from his own bachelor establishment in New York, but the reins of government were given to Julia Ann. What letters may have passed between husband and wife in those years are lost.

San Francisco, March 16, 1866.

Dear Daughter Julia:

After a period of six long years, I received a letter from you dated in September last. It came very unexpectedly but was very acceptable as I did not

know whether you or any of the family were living or not. You must think that the Rocky Mountains or the two oceans divide us, or that an absence of 17 years has obliterated you from my memory. But I do assure you that no day passes but my thoughts are on some of you.

August the eighteenth being your birthday, I will keep it in a becoming manner. If I am all alone on the Pacific side, my thoughts are always on the Atlantic side. Where I am at work, I am about one mile from the ocean, and I am all alone in the woods. I cook my own meals and sleep out, and come in town once a week.

When I left home my calculation was to be back in two or three years at the farthest but fate has decided it otherwise. I have seen a deal of hardship and gone through a severe ordeal, but I thank God I have come out with a clear record. As I have in the ordinary course of a man's life but a few years to live, for I am in my sixty-seventh year, still I hope to see you all. If it were not for hope, I do not know what would become of me for most of my friends are gathered to their long home. You say you wrote some time ago and sent your photograph, but I never received them, and I lost your Mother's and all my papers in the flood in Stockton in 1862. The only memento I retain is part of two spools of cotton which poor Amelia put in my sewing box, and which I keep in memory of her. You must let me know how the grandchildren are, I would dearly like to see them. . . .

Poor little Thomas Cloughley died near six years since. His brother James two years and a half ago, his wife three months after him. She leaves five young children. I miss her much for she was a mother to me when I have been sick.

You speak of the Mead family. As far as I can see they are doing a good business. The brothers are in business separate. Young Charles is in partnership with his father and is a very active young man. You mention that William Needham was expected home. I have some doubt as he has a very hard name here. He is now applying for the benefit of the insolvent act as you will see by the enclosed slip. The last I heard of him before I saw this notice was his being in the auction business, John Needham as auctioneer and W. L. Needham as his bondsman for \$5000 dollars. That was about six months ago. I was taken quite aback that John was in the city and me not to know it so I had the curiosity to go to one of his sales and instead of John it was a regular cheap John that was selling a lot of old trash. Let me know how John's family are and how many children they have.

You must send me a record of the family, also Grandma's age and all the rest. For myself I have not done anything since last October but as the rainy season is near over I am in hopes of getting something to do. My eyesight is getting bad. I cannot see to read at night at all. My health has failed me fast the last year. I would have wrote sooner but not (Continued on page 58)

COOLIDGE TO BUY USED WHITE HOUSE LIMOUSINE FROM U.S.

Northampton, Mass., March 11.—(AP)—Calvin Coolidge has decided to purchase the government limousine he used during his last year in the presidency. This was learned today when the former President met newspaper men in his law office here. Neither he nor his wife will

Don't let false pride

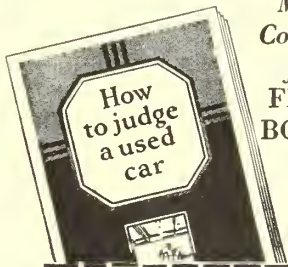
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STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

Letters of a Forty-Niner

(Continued from page 57)

being able to use my right arm for a long period. Remember me to all. . .

Direct to me as follows
Thomas N. Needham
San Francisco, Cal.

I put the N. in to stop others from getting my letters.

There the letters end. In 1869 or '70, after the opening of the railway, Thomas Needham returned home. A granddaughter, one of those "to whom his thoughts turned when he was all alone in the woods," remembers coming home from school one day in spring to find a bent, white-bearded old man seated on the porch under the wisteria. They told her

it was her grandfather "back from California."

All through that summer he sat lonely on the verandah, shivering occasionally even in the sunshine, while the life of that household of busy, capable women flowed unregarding around him.

When September arrived and the first frosts, the family came down one morning to find a battered canvas holdall strapped for departure in the hall. Thomas Needham had heard the call again.

What passed between him and Julia Ann, no one now living knows.

There were no more letters.

Nor does anyone know what was the life to which the old man returned. His working days were past. His sister-in-law Susan hinted darkly at another family, "a red one." But the granddaughter has always suspected Schuyler, and that between that dignified gentleman and Thomas Needham, failure and ne'er-do-well, there was a bond which no one in that household of women ever understood.

But this is only surmise.

There remain these letters in the possession of "daughter Julia's" daughter, and the memory of an old man looking out over the Westchester meadows with the high Sierras in his eyes.

You Must Have Romance

(Continued from page 7)

free this evening. A theater and some dancing afterward? How perfectly lovely!

Halleyne hung up the receiver with a grimace. Well, after all, asking a girl out to a show wasn't exactly criminal. It didn't mean anything. Suppose he did have designs upon her money? Pretty far-fetched and enormously conceited to think that she'd fall on his neck and become engaged to him instantly.

It's so with all of us. We contemplate doing something that isn't too nice, and then try to persuade ourselves that we aren't really going to do it. We familiarize ourselves with the idea of meanness, until meanness soon comes to seem natural.

Bully girl, Connie Heatherwood. You wouldn't find a more amiable or more charming companion anywhere. Kind of girl who laughs right out loud, doesn't giggle or smirk, but is—well, human. The kind that puts herself out a bit to be pleasing and attractive.

Ted Halleyne told himself, after he'd seen her home, that he hadn't spent a more delightful evening in a year. And she liked him. He could be dead sure of that. Perhaps she didn't like him enough to want to marry him, but—who could tell?

Even as he told himself that he was a rotten cad, he found himself grinning at recollection of some of her amusing comments on people and things. A darned bright girl. Yes, sir, he was going ahead with it. He might not find overwhelming happiness with her, but a man could be mighty contented with a wife like her, and—there was the money.

It wasn't as though he intended living on his wife's fortune. Not a bit of it. He'd use her money to their mutual advantage. He'd increase her fortune trebly. This was no vanity on his part; he *knew* that he could do it.

And then, the very next day, he fell in love. Maybe the thought of marriage

did something to those mysterious emotions which govern love, or are governed by love. I'm sure I don't know. I only know that Ted Halleyne suddenly knew that the only girl in the world for him was Ruth Conover.

He encountered her in the lobby of the Ritz. A jobber from Schenectady had telephoned asking Ted to meet him there. Ted ate a good luncheon, did a shrewd piece of business, and was smiling broadly as he went to get his hat from the check-room.

"Swallowed the canary?" a musical voice asked.

He turned to meet the mocking glance of Ruth Conover. He'd known her, casually, for a year or so. He met her as he met Connie Heatherwood, at quite long intervals, at casual gatherings.

She was pretty. Yes, extremely pretty. One of those girls whose beauty is not dependent on the freshness of youth, but whose features promise enduring loveliness.

Why on earth hadn't he ever noticed before how charming she was? He blushed, without any reason that he could imagine.

"Do I look as smug as all that?" he inquired.

She eyed him with a bit of coquetry. He was an extremely good-looking young man; dressed well, too. Even in the Ritz—Ruth was something of a snob—one needn't be ashamed to be seen with him.

"Well, I wouldn't be mean enough to say smug, but—satisfied," she said.

"Why not? Haven't I met you?" he retorted.

"Making the day complete, eh?" she jeered.

"That depends on you," he told her.

"If you're free to do something—"

"For example?" she interrupted.

"Go motoring, take in a matinee—"

"But I thought you were the hard-working boy who never took time out during business hours," she said.

"That's me," he replied. "But this is an exceptional day. I've done a good bit of business and—I've met you."

Interest flickered in her eyes. "I thought women didn't exist for you."

"They don't. But you do," he answered.

She smiled gayly. "After that remark, how could I refuse you?"

They went, in Ted's roadster, down on Long Island. They went in swimming, they dined at a roadhouse, where they also danced, and when Ted brought her home, at eleven that night, he was hopelessly in love.

And she didn't have a penny. He knew that. Her father was in electrical supplies, also, and Ted happened to know that he was having a hard time keeping afloat. A pleasant enough chap, old Conover, but unfitted for business. Ted had often wondered how, in these days of terrific competition, Conover had managed to avoid bankruptcy.

That night Ted Halleyne again took stock of himself. What ought he to do? There could be only one answer. He should try to win Ruth Conover. Every dictate of decency demanded that, but—there was Connie Heatherwood's money.

A man, he told himself, who could make his own living, who could make enough more than his own living so that he could support a wife, was a low cad if he considered marrying for anything but love.

So he told himself that night, and so he was still telling himself three months later.

Much had happened in these three months. He had paid assiduous court to Connie Heatherwood, and equally devoted had been his attentions to Ruth Conover. How he'd managed to do it without being discovered by either is understood only if you know New York. So huge that people who know each other well may never encounter one another save by definite appointment; so

crowded that one's dearest friend or enemy may be ten yards away, unknown to you.

Although Ruth and Connie had mutual acquaintances, it never happened that these acquaintances thought to mention Ted to either of the girls. For a man may take a girl out to dinner, or to the theater, or on motor rides, every day in the year in New York and not even her best friends need know of it unless she—or he—happens to mention it.

Twice a week for three months he had seen Connie. And twice a week for three months he had seen Ruth. He liked Connie, but he loved Ruth. But Ruth was poor and Connie was rich.

How he stood with either or both of the girls he couldn't be sure. He wasn't conceited. That both *liked* him, he could be reasonably certain. Otherwise they wouldn't give him so much time. But liking and love are different matters, as only too well he knew, he who loved one girl and only liked another.

The Wilson Company was still in the hands of the executors of the estate. But pretty soon, in another month or two, Ted happened to know that it would be put upon the market, or would be merged with some other concern that happened to have fifty thousand dollars or so to put into the merger. He had talked with the executors, had tried in every way to manage the merger without putting up the required amount of cash. But, though they liked Ted, though they believed that merging with his concern would be advantageous to the estate, they nevertheless were insistent about the cash.

Now, acquisition of the Wilson Company had become an obsession with Ted Halleyne. It meant immediate success and in the future great wealth. He could read that with certitude. And success now, and future wealth, meant more to Ted Halleyne than anything else in the world.

At least, they seemed to, until he thought of Ruth's eyes, Ruth's lips, Ruth's lovely self. Then, momentarily, his present income seemed large enough.

But only momentarily. Then his thoughts would revert to business, to the rapid increase in his fortunes that would inevitably follow upon his marriage to Connie.

He had managed to persuade—without much difficulty—each of the girls to give him photographs of themselves. And so, three months after he had taken Connie Heatherwood out for the evening, he stood before his dresser, staring at the two pictures. He had, earlier in the day, telephoned both girls. He had said to each of them that he would, if permission were granted, be around sometime after dinner. And assent was readily given in each case.

Which one to call upon, then? Which one to ask in marriage? The merry eyes of Ruth looked out from his photograph; the candid eyes of Connie gazed at him. He picked up Ruth's picture, pressed his lips to it, and then set it down. He left the house and started for Connie's home.

His own (Continued on page 60)

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You Must Have Romance

(Continued from page 59)

embarrassment communicated itself to Connie. She was shy, uncertain, a bit frightened and bewildered. He instantly knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that Connie loved him. He reached for her hand, intending to draw her to him. Then—almost, it seemed, without his own volition—words that he had not planned to utter came from his lips.

"Connie, I'm a low cad. I came here tonight to ask you to marry me. But I don't love you. I like you—tremendously. But—I wanted your money. Now—I—I couldn't do a thing like that."

Her cheeks, that had blazed crimson as he reached for her fingers, were pitifully white.

"Why—why did you—have to tell me?" she asked.

"Because I was afraid that—that perhaps you—liked me. And—I want you to know how low I am, so that—your liking—will be killed."

"You're in love with someone else?" she asked.

"With Ruth Conover," he replied.

"I don't know her, but I'm sure she's lovely," said Connie bravely. "Good-bye."

That was all. If her voice had trembled at first, it was steady now. A thoroughbred, Ted Halleyne told himself as he stumbled out of her house. And probably with a thoroughbred's scorn for a cur. But, thank God, the cur had redeemed himself. At least, though he had hurt a charming girl, he had not done the irreparable wrong of offering her a loveless marriage. He was low, but not so low as he had feared he was. And he had done something decent in telling her how contemptible he was. At least her injured pride would be solaced by her scorn of him.

And then he was at the modest apartment of Ruth Conover, and humiliation was forgotten in the knowledge that joy was so near to him. He sat down before her.

"Ruth, I've got something to say to you." He uttered the trite line as though it were original with him.

"Do—you think you'd better?" she asked.

"I want to tell you something about myself, Ruth. For three months I've been in love with you. But all the time I've planned to marry another girl for her money. I went to her house tonight to propose to her. But—I didn't. I told her what a pup I'd been. Then I came to you. Ruth, can you forgive me for contemplating so mean a thing?"

"Of course I can, Ted, but—I'm sorry."

"Sorry?"

She laid her hand on his. "Ted, you're a dear. I shouldn't have encouraged you. But I—I'm not in love with you, Ted dear. I'm in love with someone else, and going to marry him in the fall—"

"You never told me," he broke in.

"You never told me of the other girl," she countered.

He rose, looked down at her, and tried to smile. "I won't quarrel, Ruth. You're the sweetest, dearest—"

Then he left her. The cool night breeze blew on his forehead. If he'd known that Ruth was going to reject him, why, perhaps—but no, he never could have gone through with the dishonest proposal to Connie. Unhappy, miserable though he was, he yet felt somehow better than he had for months. He'd lost the girl he loved, but he hadn't lost his soul.

The same newspaper that contained the account of Ruth Conover's wedding told of the colossal failure of the Heatherwood estate. Ted had sent an expensive present to Ruth. Now, reading of the Heatherwood failure, it seemed that he ought to do something for Connie. Of course, you couldn't offer a girl money, but—He telephoned her.

"Sorry to read the bad news in the morning paper," he said. "Wanted to tell you how sorry I am. You probably don't ever want to see me again, but—if there's anything I can do—"

He heard a gasp of surprise from the other end of the wire. Then Connie's cool voice replied, "Unless you could make a place in your office for a stenographer?"

It was his turn to gasp, but he didn't. It would be hell, having in daily contact with him a woman toward whom he had meditated so mean a wrong. But he had offered, and would not withdraw.

"Indeed I can," he told her. "Do you—er—know anything about stenography?"

"Didn't I tell you that my father, in his will, insisted that I take a course at business college, so I'd know how to handle my affairs. The affairs no longer exist, but the training hasn't been forgotten."

It was funny, absurd, having Connie Heatherwood in his employ. But she was a corker, if ever one lived, and the embarrassment that should have existed between them was soon dissipated by her naturalness. She asked no favors. She reported at eight-thirty and left at five, like the other employees. She was civil to Ted and that was all, made no effort to recall to his mind the old intimacy that had existed.

Then, one day, Ted's private secretary being ill, and no one else being available, Ted called Connie into his office to take some letters. She did the work with speed and accuracy, and started to go. He detained her.

"Er—Connie—you—you've forgiven me—"

"Would I take a place in your office if I hadn't?" she retorted.

"You knew that—Ruth had married someone else?"

"I felt very badly for you," she told him.

Now Ted had felt very badly for himself. But somehow, hearing that another person sympathized with him, his own

regrets seemed to vanish. I don't know why—I only know that love is a very mysterious thing.

He laughed out loud.

"I felt like the deuce myself," he admitted, "but all of a sudden, just now I think, it seemed to me that—well, it didn't matter. I—Connie—I—"

"What?" she asked, as he paused awkwardly.

"I—I don't know—what I was going to say," he faltered.

Well, he'd be hanged, he said to himself as the door closed behind her. Had the thought of a loveless marriage put the idea of love into his head, so that he'd fallen for the first girl he'd seen? Had his love for Ruth been merely a bit of suggestion, an unreal thing? He remembered, now, the delightful hours with Connie. Even when he'd thought himself madly in love with Ruth, he'd enjoyed those times with Connie.

Brave Connie, winsome Connie, charming Connie. Beautiful? No. But with honesty in her eyes, with humor in the corners of her mouth, and with sweet bravery in every line of her! Just having her here, in the office, had made him forget Ruth—had made him do more than that, had made him realize that it was Connie whom he loved, Connie whom he wanted, Connie whom he must have!

He rang the bell on his desk. An office boy entered.

"Ask Miss Heatherwood to come in again, please," he said.

A moment later Connie stood in the doorway. She must have known, from something in his expression, what was about to happen. For shyly she turned, as though to run; then his hands caught her; he drew her to him; he shut the door of the office with a bang.

"Connie, Connie—please—I want you—I love you—"

He gave her no chance to answer, so tightly did he strain her to him. But words were unnecessary; if her clasp of his shoulders hadn't told him, then the lips upon his would have given the information that he wanted.

I SUPPOSE," said Durgan of the Sixty-eighth National, "that now you'll fix matters up with the Wilson Company."

It was a week after the bride and groom had returned from their honeymoon, and Ted had dropped in upon the banker for a friendly call.

"What makes you think that? Have they eased up on their cash requirements?" asked Ted.

"Certainly not. But a man with a bank balance of two hundred thousand ought to be able to spare fifty to make such a connection," said Durgan.

"What do you mean?" demanded Ted. "I haven't two hundred thousand in this or any other bank."

"Well, you took my advice, didn't you?" laughed Durgan.

"What on earth are you talking about?" asked Ted.

Durgan looked at him. He was a wise old man, was Durgan.

"I think," he said, "you'd better ask your wife."

Ted took a taxi home. Doubts, suspicions, puzzlement were all tangled up in his mind.

"Connie," he said to his wife, "did you deposit money to my account in the Sixty-eighth National?"

She nodded, coloring.

"I thought you were poor. The Heatherwood estate—"

"I had taken my money out of it months ago," she said. "That's where father's business training came in handy, and—Ted, do you mind?"

"Mind? But I thought you were poor, and—"

Well, there isn't any more to be said, is there? Except to state that everyone must have romance and that love will find a way, and to add Connie's next remark.

"I was afraid, if you knew I had money, that you'd never come near me, so when you telephoned I pretended, and—"

That was that.

6 Strikes and Out

(Continued from page 15)

It is now getting considerably colder. 9:30 P. M. The ground is no longer visible. It faded gradually until about fifteen minutes ago. The rain has stopped and the clouds are breaking overhead. Now we can see patches of sky but no stars are visible. There is a layer of clouds just above and ahead of us, and as though they are supporting the cloud panel, two balloons are at either end in silhouette. No way of identifying them. We have put out our navigation light, an electric bulb that hangs suspended on its cord twenty feet below the basket. We know there is only a mountain wilderness below. There is no noise of any kind reaching up to us. So often we have heard the rush of mountain streams or the wind sighing in the tree-tops. It is too early for crickets. Silence absolute. Our voices sound like a radio broadcaster's.

10 P. M. We are settling down for the night. It is cold and has been getting colder ever since darkness descended. I have on two sweaters and a Kapok jacket as well as my parachute. The harness helps a little bit. Bill is similarly attired except he has a civilian overcoat he borrowed. We have rigged a flashlight from the concentrating ring so it illuminates all the instruments and the bottom of the basket. We are cracking a thermos bottle of coffee and eating lunch. The java is warming. We encounter slight oscillation in altitude but we check perceptible descent with a few handfuls of sand.

10:30 P. M. We are now passing over a thickly populated area. Visibility to the ground is (Continued on page 62)

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6 Strikes and Out

(Continued from page 61)

good. Clusters of lights mark several towns, the largest Huntington, Pennsylvania, I think. There are many blast furnaces. They spout red flames high into the night. It is a pretty spectacle.

11:30 P. M. For an hour now we have been riding a most peculiar air current. We seem to be traveling in a circle. It is raining hard again. I'm afraid we may be in a cross-current carrying us back towards the west and south.

4:30 A. M. It has been snowing and hailing intermittently ever since my last entry. The hail against the taut sides of the bag above sounds like a bombardment of pebbles. We have both been fighting that weary feeling. We got to bed late Friday night and were up early and on our feet all day until we took off. It is monotonous, this flying blind in the rain, but we have both agreed to stay awake, at least until dawn. We have a sextant but we have had no opportunity to use it as no stars are out, and if they were we couldn't see them through the rain and clouds. Our only indications of where we are are some air-mail beacons that have been flashing below for some time, probably the Bellefonte-New Brunswick relay of the transcontinental. Whew! That was close! Just as I finished that last entry we picked up the noise of an airplane motor. You ought to have seen us get awake. We both took our biggest flashlights and swung them over the sides. We were taking no chances on his not seeing our dinky navigation light. It seemed as though he was coming straight at us. We both thought his red and green wing lights were on an even plane with us. Not five hundred yards away he banked and flashed his landing lights on and off, either to let us know he saw us or in greeting. We're both thoroughly awake now. For a minute we both imagined headlines in the papers. We have no desire to be the heroes of the first collision between a free balloon and airplane. Now we are buffaloed! We just saw a large plant below, a power-house with high tension line running away. Bill and I are agreed that we saw that same plant two hours ago, at 2:30, during a lull in the rain. Can we be flying a circle?

5:30 A. M. It began to lighten up in the east half an hour ago—that would be four o'clock standard time. We are going up a little higher to see how things look upstairs. It is now almost daylight.

6 A. M. We went up to five thousand feet without getting through the ceiling of the clouds. We stayed in the clouds half an hour until it was thoroughly light, then we allowed the bag to settle under the clouds. Below us is a river, I believe the Juniata. It is still drizzling. The country is beginning its work day. We can hear roosters crowing and an occasional dog barking, sounds of milk cans and cows mooing.

7 A. M. For the last hour we have been oscillating in and out of the clouds

but never going above them. The glimpses we have had of the country below show a wilderness with some of the most beautiful trout streams I ever saw. I have my fishing tackle here in the basket and it is the dream of every balloonist who cares about fishing to land alongside some virgin trout stream and yank them out. From up here the streams certainly look inviting. Captain Flood is more interested in hunting. While I've been watching the likely trout pools he has been spotting deer. There are scores of them. He just pointed out a herd of five led by the biggest antlered buck I ever saw.

8:15 A. M. We are in the clouds and traveling southeast at 1,800 feet. We have not had any visibility for the last fifteen or twenty minutes but in the glimpses of ground objects we have caught it would appear that our course suddenly changed 180 degrees into the southeast. We are going to let the balloon settle to see if we can get a positive identification of our position.

9:15 A. M. We dropped a little faster than we intended when we saw a group of five houses below us, to see if we could raise somebody. We yelled but there was no answer. The houses may be deserted, or the people who live in them may not yet be up on Sunday, or they may be good Christians at church. We hit the ground gently in an open field and a big shepherd dog came chasing out to bite the balloon. Strike two! We threw out one whole bag of ballast and shot up a hundred feet. Then we began rising more gradually.

10:25 A. M. We are back at five thousand feet altitude. There are some of the most illusive cloud formations above us I have ever seen. Between what look like great snow drifts are blue spaces that unhappily suggest a reflection of the Atlantic Ocean. Now it is beginning to snow, a soft heavy storm of flakes. From below we can hear church bells ringing. The truth is we have both been succumbing to sleep. I have been dozing, and then Bill, and then both of us at the same time. Now we have got our second wind. We have nineteen bags of ballast left. We are going down and get a positive identification of our position no matter what. We have valved gas and are on our way.

11:30 A. M. We have been hedgehopping for almost an hour now. We have talked with many people on the ground. We have been within ten miles of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, within the last fifteen minutes. That is on our course. We dropped a message to the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette and think it was picked up. We have been below the fifteen hundred-foot cloud ceiling all the time. It is now raining on the ground.

12:30 P. M. We have been upstairs again. At six thousand feet we emerged into the sunshine on top of the cloud bank. But it was not clear. Thin cloud

banks kept coming between the sun and balloon causing us to oscillate. There appears to be an inversion of temperature at the ceiling here and we are going up rapidly, too rapidly. If we stay in the clouds the temperature will be more uniform and we may keep our equilibrium without using so much ballast. We are going down.

1:30 P. M. We are now low once more and estimate our ground speed at ten miles an hour. We smacked the ground again a few minutes ago. Strike three but we are not out. Now we are having great sport. The wind flows over the hill tops and down the valleys here like the waves of the sea, or better, a roller-coaster. We are riding up and down over hill and dale as though our balloon was a surf-boat.

2:30 P. M. The sun has broken through the clouds and we are going up again as the heat of its rays expands our hydrogen.

3:30 P. M. Now we are going down once more. An hour ago we were shooting up at the rate of three or four hundred feet a minute without spending a grain of ballast. Our altimeter registered eleven thousand feet and we were still going up with the bag apparently tight, so we valved. Then the sun dodged behind a cloud and the gas cooled rapidly. We had fourteen bags of ballast when we started down. We fell into a bank of cumulus nimbus, or rain clouds, which further contracted our gas. Then we were forced to the ground. We reached a spot just above the earth, without touching, and checked our ride down with two bags of ballast. We are now hedge-hopping again.

4 P. M. We have just cut our drag-rope to conserve ballast. It is a hawser of coconut fiber 250 feet long, and for every pound of it that rests on the ground the same weight is removed from the balloon. Up and down valleys and over hills we are sailing with the rope trailing on the ground like a giant snake. It wiggles after us through the grass and trees, lashing its tip like a happy puppy's tail. Occasionally it snags on a rock or a tree branch but the force of the balloon yanks it free. We have just talked to people on the ground and learn we are in Sullivan County, New York State. That is a surprise. In the last three or four hours we have made as much distance as we traveled in the previous sixteen hours. As our altitude varied greatly in that time it is apparent that wind velocities have increased at all altitudes.

4:30 P. M. We are told that we are only a hundred miles west of the Hudson River. We have five bags of sand left and much miscellaneous equipment that can be used for ballast. Our ground speed is now about twenty-five miles an hour. We should be across the Hudson by dark, although we doubt the wisdom of flying through another night with so little ballast. Zowie! Strike four! We had been scooting along over one hill crest, and down a valley, and up the next, when it didn't work out that way. We drifted over one hill to find a secondary defense, a sheer rock cliff. In-

stead of boosting us over, the wind smashed the basket against the face. It caved in the basket on the side that took the blow. I was standing on that side and it knocked me off my feet and back against Bill. He went down hard, more hurt than I was. The bag and basket bounced back like a rubber ball and then zoomed up like a skyrocket before we had recovered our feet. It cleared the cliff nicely and continued merrily on its way. Bill is a little bit shaken up and lame.

5:00 P. M. We are still making knots, although I am beginning to doubt the wisdom of using a drag-rope in such rolling, forested country as this. We just missed lassooing a farmer. We yelled to him to look out for the line but he didn't understand or was stubborn. The rope-end just missed flicking around his ankles by inches. On top of that the darn rope barely escaped whipping off a chimney. The family who lived in the house were quite excited about it. Strike five! The end of the rope just snagged in a tree top. We were right over a trout stream at the time and we went down like an express elevator. The basket submerged two feet and we are good and wet from the water that came through and the splash. There were two fishermen on that stream. We hit between the pair of them. One looked up startled. The other never took his eyes off his hook. We heaved a whole sack of ballast as we started up. The drag-rope gave, then snagged once more. Down we started again. That time we hit in the treetops and bounced up again. The drag-line snapped free and we floated on. According to my scoring system when we struck the tree-tops it counted only as a foul ball.

5:15 P. M. Our drag-line is giving us plenty of excitement now. We were flying up a cultivated valley a few minutes ago—Rondout valley, someone on the ground told us. There were a number of fine looking houses and barns on both sides. The people came running out as the hawser trailed through their yards and over their roofs and yelled at us. We whipsawed a telephone line but without any damage, thank goodness. Suddenly the valley turned around a bend. Ahead was such a perfect rural village as might be seen on a stage curtain, a cluster of fine homes and cottages and stores dominated by a white church with steeple. As though the wind was a New York taxi driver it swept us around that bend headed straight for the center of the settlement. Then the rope snagged again, whether in a tree or around a telephone pole I don't know. Our forward speed changed to vertical descent. From 150 feet we started for the ground. Barely twenty feet over a field the rope yanked free and the jolt, as the basket started back up, almost threw us from the basket. On we flew, the drag-line snapping a telephone line and several radio antennae while villagers clustered excitedly below. Of a sudden the hawser seemed possessed to lash itself around the church steeple. Together we worked frantically to pull in the rope be- (Continued on page 64)



You don't have to be an expert to use Corona

By a Modern Girl

I HAD an interesting experience recently. I was down town shopping. "What beautiful colored typewriters!" I exclaimed. I had stopped beside an attractive counter display.

"They are beauties, aren't they?" replied the man behind the counter. "Wouldn't you like to try one?"

"Oh, no, thank you. I'm not expert enough, I never used a typewriter in my life."

The clerk laughed. "You don't have to be an expert to use Corona. Children in the first grade in school use them."

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This story is typical. Thousands of people are discovering that Corona is easy to operate—that it is a wonderful convenience for office or home—that it makes letter-writing fun.

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ARTHUR R. PATTERSON, Civil Service Expert
Patterson School,
637 Wisner Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

6 Strikes and Out

(Continued from page 63)

fore it could accomplish its fell purpose. We had perhaps pulled fifty or a hundred feet in when we realized there was not time to haul it all in hand over hand. We held our breath. We missed the church by yards. We breathed thankfully as the town of Johnsonville flitted behind with no more physical damage. Now a mountain looms square in our pathway, a mountain whose sides are marked by tall stands of timber. We have gained enough altitude to clear it and we have thrown out the drag-line again. It enmeshed our feet in the bottom of the basket.

The race is over, for us. Strike six was the finish. When we cleared the mountain ahead of us we saw in our path a broad valley with a small stream wandering through its center. On one side of the stream was a large green field with several houses standing along its edge. To the left, straight in our course, lay a dry bed of the stream, with a forest growing to its edge. We decided to land there. We cracked the valve and started down. Both Bill and I had a grip on the rip-panel, the section of fabric that is torn out to deflate the bag instantly. We had had trouble when we first opened our hand valve and were taking no chances. We struck comparatively easy but the basket overturned, throwing us both out. The balloon billowed against the first row of trees, then

flopped like an empty sail to the ground. We were lying there with our hands gripping the rip-panel cord when suddenly there appeared before us a man. So sudden was his appearance that he seemed like a genie rising from the ground.

"If you fellows haven't eaten I'm on my way to a chicken dinner down to the house. You're welcome," he said.

What little food had been left in our basket we had thrown overboard for ballast. The prospect of a home-cooked dinner was a pleasing one. We accepted with alacrity, pausing only to straighten the deflated balloon and salvage our barograph from the basket. It was 5:35 when we landed, lacking a full day's flight by 45 minutes. We estimated our distance as 320 miles, from Pitt Stadium to Wawarsing, Ulster County, New York.

Walking to our host's home I looked at the stream flowing down the valley. I thought of my fish-pole and my life-long ambition.

"Any fish in there?" I asked.

"I took a four-pound brown trout out yesterday," he answered.

Dinner over, a dinner that left nothing to be desired, I reported our landing by telephone and looked out at the trout stream. Out of the other corner of my eye I saw a bed which had been assigned to me. Into the discard went all piscatorial ambitions. Half an hour later I was making up for lost sleep.

Veterans Preferred

(Continued from page 29)

Prior to 1883, a statute of 1865 had given a somewhat vague preference to disabled veterans seeking government positions. By the Civil Service Act this statute gained definite effectiveness. It was interpreted by placing every disabled veteran, if he passed a civil service examination, at the top of the eligible list.

This system prevailed until 1918, after the World War, when the present basis for veterans' preference was enacted by Congress. (Act of July 11, 1919, supplanting act of March 3, 1910. 41 Revised Statutes 37.) This Act reads:

"That hereafter in making appointments to clerical and other positions in the executive branch of the Government in the District of Columbia or elsewhere, preference shall be given to honorably discharged soldiers, sailors or marines, and widows of such, and to the wives of injured soldiers, sailors and marines who themselves are not qualified to hold such positions."

That is the sum total of veterans' preference law. From that point on the question has been handled by opinions of the Attorney General as to what the law means, and executive orders of the President fixing rules by which the Civil

Service Commission shall put the preference into effect.

The law says "preference shall be given." What preference? How much preference? How shall it be given?

The first interpretation of this, based on a ruling by the Attorney General, was in line with the previous method of giving preference to disabled veterans. All veterans who passed civil service examinations went to the top of the eligible list. Thus the eligible registers were made up from: First, disabled veterans in the order of their examination ratings; second, other veterans in the order of their ratings; third, non-veterans in the order of their ratings. By this method a veteran who barely passed his examination took his place on the register above a non-veteran who passed one hundred percent. Add to this the fact that veterans were passed at 65, where non-veterans had to make grades of 70, and it is clear that veterans were in a position to secure most of the government positions.

Two circumstances prevented them taking the bulk of positions in the years immediately after the war. For one thing, wages were high and jobs fairly plentiful everywhere. For another thing,

the Government was reducing its war-time force of employees, and persons already in the civil service were often transferred from jobs that had been discontinued to such new ones as developed. For the years ending June 30th of 1920 and 1921, despite the very large preference privilege, only fourteen percent of new places each year were filled by veterans.

Then came the unemployment of 1921. On all sides people were looking for jobs. Veterans began looking for government places and scanning the laws and rules of veterans' preference. In 1922 the percentage of veterans taking Federal jobs rose from fourteen to thirty. In 1923 it went up to thirty-four. It became plain that the veterans had found out about this preference thing and proposed to use it. Opponents of veterans' preference concluded that in a few years the veterans would monopolize the government service.

Objections to veterans' preference had not been lacking at earlier dates. The Civil Service Reform League, an unofficial body, is the watch-dog of purity in the civil service. Its members and officers have for years been actively opposing every effort of politicians to restore in any degree the spoils system. Plain and free competitive methods are the program of the League. In this principle it has much support, both in and out of government service. Its ideal is one of absolute adherence to competitive demonstration of ability as the basis for government employment. It opposes any sort of preference. As to veterans, its policy has been summed up as a belief that what the Government owes to veterans should be paid as pensions, or in some other way, but not by preference in government employment.

In 1921 a special committee of the League reported at length its objections to veterans' preference. It assembled statistics to show that already the veterans were getting by far the best of it. As an example it set forth that in Tennessee the eligibles for railway mail clerks included (year ending June 30, 1921) 116 veterans and 143 non-veterans. Forty appointments had been made, and every one had gone to a veteran. Preference was working out on a one-hundred percent basis. The report said of this:

"The prevailing opinion among administrators of the civil service in such localities is that such preference is proving to be a detriment to the service and extremely unfair to non-veterans."

By the beginning of 1923 there was a pretty well organized opposition to the way veterans' preference was working. The viewpoint of those who wanted it modified is summed up by an example quoted by Chairman William C. Deming of the Civil Service Commission, who by the way is not an opponent of all preference. In a recent summary laid before the President's Advisory Committee he says:

"An illustration of the injury caused the service by such practice was the fact that a veteran who attained a rating of 65 percent in the examination for medi-

cal specialist in the Veterans Bureau or the Public Health Service outranked civilian eligibles with ratings possibly as high as 95 percent. It is, of course, in the highest interest of the veterans themselves that in appointing a medical specialist the most highly trained expert should be obtained."

These statements are cited to show the sentiment which led to the executive order of March 3, 1923, which completely altered the status of veterans' preference. In that order President Harding gave a new interpretation to the Act of July 11, 1919. The placing of veterans' names at the top of eligible lists was done away with.

In place of that preference, the executive order provided that able-bodied veterans should have a five-point addition to their examination ratings, and that disabled veterans should have a ten-point addition. The veteran eligibles, with those additions, would then take their regular places on the eligible registers according to their ratings.

With this order the top-of-the-list advantage to veterans came to an end. They gained the definite five and ten point advantages, and their other advantages were made more definite. Among these the most vital was the preference in retaining government employment. The new ruling set forth that when reductions were made in the Federal service, no veteran should be dismissed, or reduced in salary, "if his record is good."

Under the operations of the executive order of March 3, 1923, the percentage of veterans securing government positions at once declined. It will be recalled that it rose from fourteen to thirty and thirty-four percent for the years ending June 30, 1921, 1922 and 1923. For 1924 it fell to twenty-six percent, and since then has been:

1925	23 percent
1926	22 percent
1927	26 percent
1928	24 percent

Since 1923 The American Legion has centered its veterans' preference campaign on two objectives, the first being to restore the top-of-the-list position to veterans which was lost by the 1923 order, and the second being to simplify the efficiency and classification ratings of Federal employees so that some sort of uniform interpretation would be given to the clauses protecting veterans from dismissal or demotion.

It took six years, lacking one day, to bring about any change, the Coolidge order of March 2, 1929, being the first substantial change since the Harding order of March 3, 1923. Briefly here are the three things which the Coolidge order provided:

That disabled veterans retain their ten-point addition to examination ratings, and furthermore that their names be placed at the top of the eligible lists, ahead of all non-veterans.

That the widows of veterans, and the wives of ineligible disabled veterans, be given the same advantages as those accorded disabled veterans.

That no vet- (Continued on page 66)

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Name _____

Address _____

Veterans Preferred

(Continued from page 65)

eran shall be dismissed or demoted "if his record is good," or "if his efficiency rating is equal to that of any employee in competition with him who is retained in the service."

Thus the partial victory of 1929 has got back for the disabled veterans what was lost in 1923, while retaining what was gained in the 1923 order. Widows, and the wives of the disabled, are similarly aided. And one step has been taken toward strengthening the veterans' tenure in office.

What remains to be fought for?

According to the resolutions of the last three National Conventions of the Legion, as explained by Committeeman McGahan, the next problem is to regain for all able-bodied veterans the top-of-the-list preference which the Coolidge order restored only to the disabled.

Following this, or rather as a separate step, for it involves action by Congress instead of by the President, comes the still deep-rooted question of simplifying the efficiency and classification ratings of all Federal employees. Until that is done no set of words about retention in service will have positive meaning.

To understand the full ramifications of efficiency ratings in the Federal service is not given to average common-sense folks. Why a simple government clerk must have his ability and efficiency and rating and classification and pay and promotion passed upon by three various boards or commissions is beyond simple explanation.

The Legion is asking Congress to combine under one authority the powers now separately vested in the Civil Service Commission, the United States Bureau of Efficiency, the Personnel Classification Board and the Federal Workmen's Compensation Commission. It is impractical to endeavor, within the pages of a single issue of the Monthly, to explain the varied powers and authorities of these four boards. Commander Harlan Wood of the District of Columbia Legion has written a book about it, and he suggests that another volume might bring it up to date. Wood is the leader for the fight for consolidation and simplification, so that the government employee may know simply and clearly where he is at.

The executive order of President Coolidge on March 2d followed a year of study of veterans' preference by a special advisory committee appointed by the President. Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York, was chairman of that committee. Its other members were Director Frank T. Hines of the United States Veterans Bureau, Chairman William C. Deming of the Civil Service Commission, Assistant Attorney General William J. Donovan, and John Thomas Taylor, Vice-Chairman of the National Legislative Committee of The American Legion. All of them, except Mr. Deming, were Legionnaires.

These men held many meetings, heard many witnesses, and examined a wealth of data from every department of the Government showing the status of veterans in employment. They reported to President Coolidge late in November of 1928, and his order of March 2d accepted several provisions of their report.

Chairman Deming, of the Civil Service Commission, who was the one non-veteran on the Advisory Committee, joined with the other members in the recommendations. Mr. Deming, who has been a speaker at National Conventions of The American Legion, and a student of the veterans' preference question from the viewpoint of the government's interest, is not in favor of additional preferences to able-bodied veterans. His sympathy is basically with a sound, efficient government service, but he has coupled with this primary duty a broad sense of the rights of service men and their desirability as sincere, patriotic and ambitious men and women—characteristics generally valuable in employment. He does not, however, advocate going beyond the five-point examination preference now granted to able-bodied service men.

Mr. Taylor, both before and since the Advisory Committee had its meetings, has carried on a steady service for veterans in the Federal service who have brought to the Legion complaints of their treatment or status. It cannot be said that all veterans have secured what they wanted through this Legion assistance, because Mr. Taylor's office has not been able to prevent all veterans being dismissed or demoted. The Legion's legislative representative has been useful in many instances, and has kept all government departments thoroughly on notice that the Legion is watching every step affecting service men now on Uncle Sam's payroll.

"The American Legion," says Mr. Taylor, "cannot get a job for a man, nor keep a man in a job. He must get the job by examination and appointment, and keep it by effective service. The Legion can and does endeavor to see that all service men receive the preferences to which they are entitled, both in securing and keeping employment. Some of the disputes in individual cases have been almost endless, and very complicated. It is very difficult to set up any means of proving that an employee is competent when his immediate superior says that he is not. There will always be a great many disputed cases as to the status of government employees, but if the Legion program can be ultimately made effective it will simplify matters greatly, and give to veterans the degree of preference to which we believe they are entitled.

"In this connection it is worth bearing in mind that the Legion has never asked any preference except for competent men and women—those who are

capable of passing a fair examination and showing reasonable evidence of fitness for the positions they seek. In the work of the President's Advisory Committee I did not find it hard to discover a common ground on which we could all meet, a basis that the Legion stands just as firmly for good service to our Government as stands the chairman of the Civil Service Commission. It is our belief that the service men and women have a background of service to the nation in war which is the best guarantee of their patriotic and sincere purpose of rendering their best service in peace.

"Nobody in authority in Washington that I know of is seriously opposing what preference we now have, and I

think we will gain our other points in time. The veterans do not, in any sense of the word, want all of the government jobs. Many of the positions are suitable only for women, many are desirable only for people younger than the World War veterans now are.

"What the veterans do want is to know that where there is a position which a veteran, or his widow, or the wife of a disabled man, can fill, and that if such a person wants the position, he or she shall have a genuine preference in securing the appointment. Once appointed, and competent, we want to be certain that the preference appointees are not arbitrarily removed or unfairly treated. We are getting steadily nearer to that condition."

A Personal View

(Continued from page 27)

spirit and action as members of the national family. But these Fascist pilgrims have fallen under the spell of a master who makes all his Fascist recruits swear, "Mussolini is always right." Long before Mussolini was born, King George III said, "Anyone who disagrees with me is a traitor" as he set out to punish the American Revolutionists. And King Louis XIV of France said, "The State? It is myself." And passing that idea on to his royal successors brought on the French Revolution which made Frenchmen free to rule themselves and tax themselves.

It took bloody fighting, fearful sacrifices, grim determination, immortal courage, to win these rights, to which the present generation of Americans have become so habited that they do not always appreciate the value of their heritage, and how it can be safeguarded only by eternal vigilance. Because Mussolini is an Italian, some Italians, who call themselves Americans, pay tribute to his glamorous personality and his system which is building up a tyranny which, however appealing at present, must develop the ancient abuses.

These "boob" idolatrous pilgrims are not even one-tenth of one-percent American. They have no inkling of what was in the mind of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson or Abraham Lincoln; or what this country is about. Let them not return to the land in which they have thrived, and which sends them abroad bearing its passports, under its protection, travelling first class instead of steerage. Let them remain in Italy. Let them ask jobs from Mussolini under the home wage scales. He will say the glory of working for him is sufficient reward.

There are enough native Italians waiting their turn in the immigrant quota who would be glad to take their place. If we would receive all who would like to leave Mussolini-land for this republic millions would be crowding the ships.

The worshipping thousand are a very tiny minority of all those of Italian blood in America. They are the exception which proves the rule of the vast

majority who, after the first appeal of his spectacular rise, grasped the principle for which Mussolini stands. Sentiment for the race of their origin, and its great part in civilization only strengthened their loyalty to the American system. All honor to them, worthy members of the American family, in this anniversary month of the Declaration of Independence. Mussolinism is Italy's business; but fealty to his system by American citizens is wholly un-American.

THERE IS NO estimate from the Department of Commerce as to how many Americans will get drunk in Canada this

Drunk In Canada

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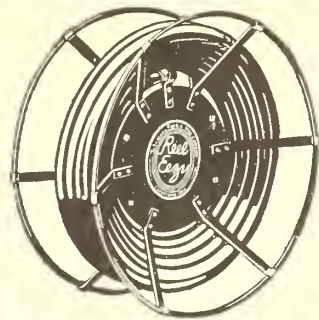
ants? Is it the awe of their millions? The skill of their lawyers? There is little danger that any rich man, with all his power to hire counsel, will be convicted of a charge of which he is innocent. Of all men he should obey the law. He has not the temptation of necessity.

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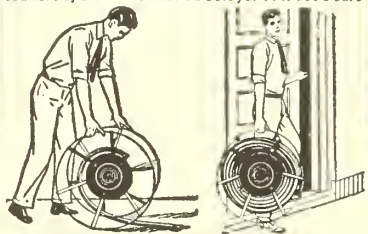
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When We Were Very Young

(Continued from page 25)

of soldiers and sailors had seen me being prompted by a parliamentarian that would have been the end of me.

We rocked along until the last day. The convention had been argumentative but good-natured as far as I was concerned. Having personally recommended an amendment to the Constitution making a National Commander ineligible to re-election, I had convinced the delegates that the only thing I wanted from them was to wind up the convention and get back to business. In recognizing speakers from the floor I always tried to vary the geography and also to pick men I did not know, so as to avoid even the slightest tinge of favoritism. They believed I was honest and wanted nothing from them.

On the last day the convention got terribly wound up in a debate over something or other. The hall was in an uproar. Dozens of delegates were trying to speak at the same time. I realized we were getting nowhere and as my gavel was making about as much noise as the tick of a watch I laid it down, walked to the front of the stage, held up my hand and did not say a word until the hall was absolutely quiet. I knew that in their hearts they respected authority and I simply said, "You know

we are not getting anywhere and I have the authority, and will exercise it; if order is not immediately restored and maintained, I shall adjourn this convention and decline to call it together until you can convince me that you are ready to play the game according to the rules of the game." Everybody smiled, realizing that I was right, and from then on we settled down to real business.

I asked the parliamentarian what he thought of my ruling.

"Technically wrong," he said, "but psychologically correct."

What more does anyone want? The psychologically correct thing always succeeds. That is why the Legion has succeeded.

A few hours later I turned the gavel over to Frederick W. Galbraith, Jr., in whom the Legion had chosen a man to its liking—a gifted and picturesque personal leader. From that moment on I had no fear for the future of the organization to which I had become so sincerely attached. Fritz gave his life for our Legion. John McQuigg, our host at Cleveland, is gone. Others have given time, money, health and strength—and thus enriched, the Legion goes on to achieve the aspirations we formed for it before taking off our uniforms.

Raindrops

(Continued from page 11)

amazement. The man must be crazy. Everyone knew that Joe Spillman boasted of only one virtue—he had never cheated in his life. Yet here he was, with a horse of his own in this race, acting like he wanted Bowser to win.

There was a mumbled roar from the grandstand. The horses were off. Bowser, a fast-breaking horse, was out in front. Casey, Jr., was next. Ironman, with Thomas Jefferson up, hugged the rail in third place. The others were bunched somewhat in the rear. They maintained this position around the first turn and until they turned into the back stretch. Here the boy on Fairy Queen began whipping his mount and drew up on the outside of Ironman.

Uncle Will turned and snarled at Joe. "What you all trying to do to my boy?" For they had Thomas Jefferson in a pocket, Casey, Jr., in front gradually slowing down, and Fairy Queen staying tight against Ironman's side to keep him from going around.

"You old fool, we're trying to give you this race," retorted Joe.

"What fur? We don't need no charity," said Uncle Will proudly.

"You're as crazy as Cap," Joe said disgustedly. "Listen. I got this tip straight from a friend in the telegraph office. Elsie's sick in Paris and wired old Cap for a thousand dollars. Now do you understand?"

"Doggone," replied Uncle Will. "I bet old Cap ain't got a thousand dollars."

"Of course he ain't," snapped Joe. "I offered to lend it to him and the contrary old crocodile nearly threw me out. And of course Elsie wouldn't accept it from me now. So I fixed it up with the boys to try and force this race on Cap. But we couldn't fix Ironman, 'cause old man Steelman hates Cap like poison, so we're trying to keep him in a hole. And if you ever breathe a word of this to Cap I'll break every bone in your black hide."

Now things began to be clear to Uncle Will. It was drama, although he didn't recognize it as such. Cap broke and too proud to borrow, desperately trying to win this race with a broken-down horse. Joe Spillman, suddenly discovering that existence was not all a joke, discarding his lifetime code of honor so that the woman he loved might be saved. For a villain there was old man Steelman, who even in the presence of death refused to forget his feud with the Rayens. And poor old Uncle Will, who all his life had been so devoted to Cap, seemed to be lined up with the villain.

Quickly he stepped back from his lucky post and looked anxiously for the horses. They were nearing the end of the backstretch. Ironman was still in the pocket. Perhaps they could keep him there. Uncle Will tried to console himself. But as they reached the turn

Fairy Queen swung out. Ever so little but it was enough. Thomas Jefferson brought down his whip and Ironman came through the hole.

"Doggone!" exclaimed Uncle Will proudly. "That boy of mine sure can ride!"

Bowser was now turning into the home stretch. Like a good game horse he was doing his best, but he was covering less ground at every jump. In a few more strides Ironman would be at his side.

If it would only rain a few drops and discourage that fool horse! Uncle Will extended his hand palm upward and looked pleadingly toward the sky. It may have been a drop of rain that hit this outstretched palm or it may have been a speck of foam from Bowser's heaving sides, but in the racing game one has to make split second decisions. With one motion Uncle Will drew the rusty old umbrella from beneath his arm and leaning over the fence popped it open.

Ironman, at that second rounding the turn, reared, almost unseating his rider. Thomas Jefferson did his best, but his mount had lost his stride and Bowser staggered across the line in front.

Out of the confusion that followed emerged Ironman's owner in a rush to the judges' stand. A patrol judge was sent to fetch Uncle Will in. Joe Spillman, sensing trouble, followed along to be of help if possible.

"What's your name?" demanded Judge Sampson sternly the moment Uncle Will entered the stand.

"Will, suh."

"Will what?"

"Will Rayen, suh."

Judge Sampson silenced a titter that started among his younger associates.

"Do you work for Cap Rayen?"

"Yessuh," replied Uncle Will.

A look of smug satisfaction appeared on old man Steelman's face.

"Will Rayen," continued Judge Sampson, his blue eyes flashing fire, "did you deliberately open that umbrella to assist the horse Bowser in winning this race?"

"No, suh, no, suh," answered Uncle Will. "I opened it 'cause it's rainin'."

"It wasn't raining then," interrupted old man Steelman.

"I'll conduct this investigation, Mr. Steelman," rebuked Judge Sampson.

"Did you bet on this race, Will Rayen?"

"Yessuh," answered Uncle Will nervously.

"Let me see your ticket, please."

Uncle Will handed his two-dollar ticket to the judge. Judge Sampson, checking its number against those shown on the program, handed the ticket to Steelman and said:

"This man bet on your horse, Mr. Steelman."

"Yessuh," broke in Uncle Will, anxious to explain his apparent disloyalty to Cap. "My boy's done riding Mr. Steelman's horse."

"What have you to say to that, Mr. Steelman?" asked Judge Sampson.

"It's true," admitted Steelman, "but you can't trust these niggers. Anyhow it wasn't raining when he put up that umbrella."

Judge Sampson stepped back for a conference with his colleagues. The sky was now very black and the rain was coming down in sheets. It took the judges but a moment to make their decision.

"We have decided," said Judge Sampson, "that in view of the evidence presented and the fact that it is undoubtedly raining now, your protest is turned down, Mr. Steelman. Drop the official board, boys."

Steelman followed Uncle Will from the stand.

"Funny," he said to Joe Spillman as they watched the old Negro plod off through the rain. "They say blood is thicker than water, but that old nigger took a chance on throwing his own son just so that Cap could win this race."

Joe, who had been wondering how soon the next boat sailed for Paris and if he could persuade Elsie that he had settled down, snapped out of his reverie and pulled his dripping hat tighter on his head.

"The man that wrote that," he grinned impishly, "didn't know anything about Rayen water. Nothing is thicker than that."

Then and Now

(Continued from page 49)

11TH F. A.—Reunion at York, Pa., Sept. 1st. Address J. T. Carroll, pres., Vets. Assoc., 11th F. A., 211 Federal bldg., Brooklyn, N. Y.

108TH F. A., 28TH DIV.—Former members interested in proposed reunion write to Major Edwards Hubbs, 2110 N. Broad st., Philadelphia, Pa.

322D F. A.—Annual reunion at Hamilton, Ohio, Sept. 14th. Address 322d F. A. Reunion Assoc. Hq., P. O. Box 280, Hamilton.

14TH ENGRS.—Copies of regimental history may be obtained from Robert G. Henderson, Room 358, South Station, Boston, Mass. Supply limited.

36TH ENGRS.—National reunion in Chicago, Ill., Aug. 31st-Sept. 1st. Headquarters in Hotel Sherman. Address Glenn H. Swale, Burlington Ticket Office, 50 So. 6th st., Minneapolis, Minn.

104TH ENGRS.—Reunion at National Guard Camp, Seagirt, N. J., July 14. Address Clifford J. Schemely, secy.-treas., 926 Spruce st., Camden, N. J.

113TH ENGRS. Assoc.—Tenth annual reunion in Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 31st-Sept. 1st. Address A. D. Dickey, 5155 Central ave., Indianapolis.

309TH ENGRS., 84TH DIV.—Reunion at Brown Hotel, Louisville, Ky., Aug. 23-24. Address Clarence F. Denning, Provident Bank bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

314TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—Second annual reunion at St. Louis in October. For particulars address H. C. Woods, cor. secy., 2665 Morgan st., St. Louis.

15TH CAV.—Former members, particularly those living in vicinity of New York City, interested in reunion, address ex-Regt. Supply Sgt. A. L. Bauer, 16-20 No. Fifth ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

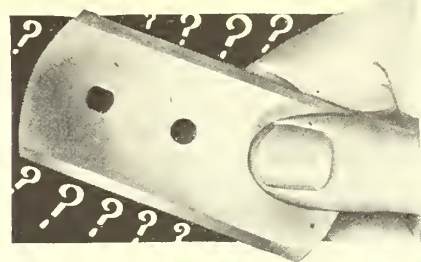
FIRST, SECOND, THIRD AND FOURTH REGTS., AIR SERV. MECH.—Fourth annual reunion Aug. 22-24, in Indianapolis, Ind. Address Thomas J. Leary, 7141 Jeffery ave., Chicago, Ill.

AMBULANCE DRIVERS—Former members of S. U. 575 and 577, A. E. F., interested in proposed reunion address J. A. Finster, Cleveland Press, Cleveland, Ohio.

SUPPLY CO. 318, Q. M. C.—Annual reunion in New York City, Oct. 5th. Address William A. (Speed) Leekie, 1809 Beverly rd., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Co. B, 104TH M. G. (Continued on page 70)

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Then and Now

(Continued from page 69)

BN.—Clambake and reunion in Syracuse, N. Y., in September. Address John W. Brown, Jr., 2727 S. Salina st., Syracuse.

BTY. E. 325TH F. A.—Seventh annual reunion. For place and date, address Homer C. Landis, 1640 E. 78th st., Cleveland, Ohio.

Co. B, 102D AMMUN. TRN.—Proposed reunion during Legion Department Convention at Utica, N. Y., Sept. 5-7. Address Harold L. Clarke, 304 Paul bldg., Utica.

AMB. Co. 321, 81ST DIV.—Reunion at Guilford Battle Ground, Greensboro, N. C., July 4th. Address F. E. Brockmann, 506 S. Cedar st., Greensboro.

MOTOR TRUCK Co. 443, Q. M. C.—Former

members interested in veterans' society, address James J. Loram, 3604 Van Kirk st., Philadelphia, Pa.

350TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion in Newark, N. J., July 16th. Address Bill Stotzel, Jr., 743 So. 12th st., Newark.

CAMP MERRITT AND PORT OF EMBARKATION BAND NO. 1—Former members interested in reunion in St. Louis, Mo., this coming fall, forward names and addresses to Fred W. Wiethuechter, comdr., Musicians' Post, The American Legion, 2526 North Market st., St. Louis, Mo.

THE COMPANY CLERK

Pay to the Order of

(Continued from page 50)

the check—a common enough practice in many offices.

"Several days later, Davis tendered Pitt \$15 in currency and asked for his check. Pitt couldn't find it. After search, he told Davis that he must have lost it. He said he might have taken it by mistake with a bunch of other checks when he went to the bank to make the firm's deposit the day he received the Davis check, and dropped it somewhere, going or coming. He was certain he hadn't presented the check at the bank.

"At this Davis telephoned us, ordering payment stopped on the check. And he hung on to his \$15. This, of course, compelled the cashier to put up his own money to cover.

"Davis gave the bank these data: the check was not numbered, was dated September 18—it was then the 21st—was made for \$15 and was payable to 'Cash.'

"Here in the bank we made the usual teller and bookkeeper reference and, not finding that a check of that description had come in, mailed Davis the customary acknowledgment and assurance that payment would be stopped.

"On the first of this month—statement day—Davis discovered the \$15 check among his returned vouchers! It carried no record of who presented it, as it had been cashed without indorsement. A check drawn to 'Cash' is payable to bearer, to whoever may hold it, and, contrary to general belief, doesn't require indorsement. It is custom, merely, for a presenter, other than its maker, to indorse it.

"Pitt stuck to his theory that he had lost the check. Apparently, the finder had cashed it. Another possibility was that someone else in the office, employee or customer, had picked the check off desk or floor—stolen it, in other words.

"Davis jumped on us for ignoring his stop order. We proved to him that we weren't to blame.

"His check was dated September 17th, not September 18th as he had told us. He hadn't made a stub record when writing the check, and was a day late when he tried to recall the date. The teller's stamp showed that the check had come to us the day it was drawn—whereas our scrutiny had been of records

dated the day after. If Davis had given it a number, we'd have identified it regardless of the difference in date; but we couldn't have done more than that. A stop order is no good after the check has been cashed!

"Davis is dubious about Pitt's story—isn't entirely convinced that Pitt didn't get the money. Davis reasons, too, that Pitt shouldn't have lost the check even if his story is straight. Davis isn't out any money; Pitt is holding the bag. There's a coolness between them that may lead to a break.

"As for us, we may have cashed that check for Pitt, for someone who found it or for someone who stole it. We may even have cashed it in some such peculiar way as this: Suppose Pitt unknowingly dropped it on the teller's ledge when he turned in his firm checks that afternoon. Suppose, then, he left the window while the teller, having swept in the check, was fingering the bills. The man next in line may have quietly taken the \$15, with the teller none the wiser! Tellers make mistakes, however rarely.

"Quite likely the check was lost, as Pitt says. It might as well have been for \$100 or \$1,000—though Pitt would perhaps have taken more pains to guard one of such size. Still this drawing of checks to 'Cash,' unless done with due caution, is a risky practice. If Davis had made that check payable to the firm, or to Pitt, it would have required indorsement. Such requirement would have insured it against improper cashing."

I interposed a question. "Why a risky practice, and what is the exception, seeing that you qualify, 'unless done with caution?'"

"Risky often," replied the vice-president, "because a 'pay to the order of Cash' check is just so much money to anybody who may come by it dishonestly. Let a thief present it to the drawee bank; he will be asked no questions, provided the account is good for the amount and provided that the check has not been queried in advance. The teller won't care who he is. If the thief chooses to observe the custom of indorsement by holder, he may sign 'John Jones' and get away with it.

"The exception? Well, a man is safe

in drawing a check to cash when he means to present it to his bank in person—when no third party is to receive it. But he shouldn't carry such checks around for days, to rejoice some pick-pocket or holdup-man.

"Making checks payable to cash or indorsing checks in blank are all of a piece, unless done with discretion; they are invitations to the crook both to steal and to raise amounts. Yet depositors who mail in for deposit checks of others drawn to them persist in indorsing them in blank—merely signing their names on the back, which makes the checks payable to any bearers.

"In case of mail robbery—in letter box, post-office, truck or railway car—such checks may be cashed before owners report, or even discover, their loss. Restrictive indorsements, with 'For deposit' or 'For collection' accompanying the signature, protect checks against general cashability.

"Stop-payment orders from depositors are part of the daily routine of banks. It is our experience, and that of other banks, that about ninety percent of 'stop pays' are for lost or stolen checks and only ten percent for controversies over business deals, renigging on bargains and the like.

"Because lost and stolen checks enter so largely into the ratio, a depositor should keep careful stub records of all checks issued so as to be able to give correct information in ordering a stop payment."

A vast increase in the number of checking accounts has taken place in the last ten or fifteen years, largely the result of overzealous advertising by banks of the convenience of checking service. Many banks have come to realize that the thing was overdone, and

would like to reduce the number materially. All too many are not paying their way. Adoption of a monthly service charge, against accounts below a given minimum, has effected some reduction. However, expansion of checking practice has brought in its train a corresponding increase in carelessness—this despite efforts of schools, press, banks and business in general to educate against it.

A summary of the banker's listing of the more common and flagrant misuse of check users reads:

First—Improper writing of checks, which plays into the hands of check raisers;

Second—Failure to keep up stubs, which, by confusing the balance, may lead to overdrawing and which may render a stop-payment order ineffective through want of data;

Third—Issuing checks not numbered, which may lead to omissions in stub accounting;

Fourth—Carrying check blanks detached from stubs, which may contribute to neglect of the stub record;

Fifth—Making checks payable to cash, unless done with discretion;

Sixth—Indorsing in blank, unless for personal cashing;

Seventh—Leaving signatures where forgers may obtain them.

"Are stop payment orders very common?"

"Perhaps comparatively few persons," the banker said, "ever have occasion to stop payment on a check. Yet no one is immune from loss, theft or swindle which might make such an order necessary. And then speedy action is called for, with full data to enable the bank to identify the check—its number, date, amount and payee."

The Broken 3

(Continued from page 19)

lifted it out. Bright, looking over his shoulder, saw the empty bottom of the suitcase; his eyes moved to the blouse and held there.

"Who's murdered?" Grice repeated.

The captain ignored the question. The blouse, as he shook it out, showed the faded gray marks of many a hike in rain and sun. Once it had been a trim garment, with flaring hips and narrow waist, where the ridges of the fabric were worn flat by the leather of a Sam Browne belt. These things Bright saw at the first glance; these and the stand-up collar.

There were three bronze collar ornaments . . . two pairs of crossed rifles, to indicate infantry, set somewhat back from the flap, and in front, on the left side, a square "U. S." Opposite it, where the second "U. S." should have been, the cloth was ripped, exposing the stiff lining from which the pin had been torn off.

Bright reached for the garment.

"What's this?" he cried indignantly. He swung on Grice. "It was you in the yard?" Anger replaced his pity for the

officer. His memory sped back to his night's vigil in the St. Denis house, the fight outside the window. He reached into his pocket. "I got them letters that's torn off! Why, you dirty little liar . . ."

O'Sullivan broke in with a stern "Sergeant!"

Bright wiped sweat from his face. He was breathing hard. "Excuse me, sir. That's what he is, though. Lied to Whitfield and Rennels and all of 'em. Why, it was me put that shiner on his forehead! Yes, sir! And he run home and cooked up a story about how brave he was, scarin' some sneak thief out the kitchen . . ." He swung accusingly on Grice. "You're mixed up right in this deal, ain't you?"

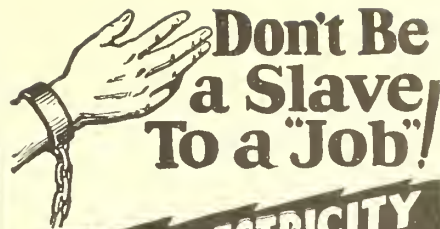
"I can explain . . ."

"You'll have a chance!"

"I admit I was there." The adjutant put his hands into his pockets, at once took them out. "It was a signal . . ." he broke off, his face crimson.

"A signal?" Bright cried.

"I want a lawyer, sir! I'm not going to talk!" The (Continued on page 72)



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The Broken 3

(Continued from page 71)

adjutant got to his feet and began walking up and down. He addressed Captain O'Sullivan. "I want a lawyer, sir, and I want to know who's been murdered!" The telephone cut him short.

Captain O'Sullivan handed the instrument to Bright. "For you. Long distance."

A thin, precise "Allo! Allo!" sounded as the sergeant took the receiver. Corporal Duclose's accent was even more pronounced along the wire than face to face. Bright exclaimed once. An astonished expression fixed on his face. He said little after that. At the end he promised: "I'll be there by noon."

Hanging up the receiver, he lighted a cigarette. He puffed twice; then jerking his head toward the room where Josephine St. Denis waited, he yielded to the curiosity on O'Sullivan's face.

"We can tell the young lady that her father's back."

XII

IT WAS a crisp forenoon, with clean winds rocking the dark forests atop the Little Alps, when Major Rennels's car, with Bright at the wheel, rumbled past the Domfront-Circé crossroads and up through sunshine as golden as Normandie's own cider toward the St. Denis farm. Lieutenant Grice sat alone in the rear seat, between Josephine's luggage and his own. The troublesome dispatch case stood on the floor at Bright's heel. And beside him, talking incessantly to screen her anxiety, Josephine described the horse fairs at Bernay and Alençon and Montagne.

Grice had subsided into an ill-humored silence when Bright ordered him to return to Circé. He had demanded again that the sergeant tell him who was murdered. Learning nothing from him, he demanded sharply of Josephine what she had told the police in Le Mans and why had she told anything, and what in thunder was there to tell, anyway? When she resented his manner, which was brusque to conceal his nerves, he wrapped his raincoat about him and sat back scowling at the bright countryside.

Brigadier Bonnet's low-geared bicycle stood at the gate of the farm, and the gendarme himself, smoking one of Duclose's cigarettes, enjoyed the warmth on the worn front steps. At the sight of the car he hastened forward, and after saluting Josephine, insisted on escorting her himself to the horseman's office. Bright followed, after directing Grice to remain in the car. Of Duclose, who met him in the parlor, he asked the question uppermost in his mind:

"Everything quiet at headquarters?"

The little Dutchman sighed.

"Quiet with suspense. It is difficult to conceal murder, Sergeant, difficult . . . and you will pardon my saying I doubt it was wise. Sixteen, seventeen hours it has been now. The medicos came. They

wanted to remove the body. The lieutenant of police also is restless. That sergeant major, the gloomy young man, saw him return to his post after breakfast and demands to know why he stands guard."

"Even a sergeant major oughtn't demand anything of an officer. You've heard St. Denis's story?"

"In part. It was not well with the poor man's intellect. He suffers from shock."

"Any Frenchman who lost a hundred thousand francs would lose his mind along with 'em. That's nature."

The horse buyer was sitting at his desk with Josephine on her knees beside him. She had been crying in the short interval and her right arm was thrown protectively around his shoulder. As the two D. C. I. operators entered the room, St. Denis was staring at the wall, apparently trying to think. Bright's examination, which was short and professional, took in the man from his pale bald head to his small black soft leather shoes. He had been a rider in his time, before he took on weight. His age was somewhat over fifty now, and he was about fifty pounds too heavy for his height. He was dressed in a plain broadcloth suit of provincial cut, the customary garb of a prosperous Norman citizen. His shirt hung open at the throat, collarless, disclosing an undershirt of light blue striped flannel.

But at present his eyes were more important than his clothes. They shone unhealthily in his plain white face, too wide, staring straight ahead as if they had been frozen open. His hands were fat, but in spite of that they fluttered. His lips were tight shut.

"My father is not well," Josephine explained with a break in her voice.

The man stirred, and looked at Bright with the same wide, uncomprehending eyes. Josephine spoke into his ear, and he nodded, even attempted to bow. But he did not change expression.

"Oh, yes," he said, in English that could not conceal a broad accent. "The American police? Yes, I 'ave talked to one of them already, is that not so?"

"To me," Duclose put in, speaking as precisely as St. Denis. "I succeeded in obtaining small information."

Sergeant Bright pulled a chair up to the desk. He sat down with the dispatch case in plain view in his lap, assuming the confident manner of a physician at a bedside. "If you'll tell me all about it, sir, I'll see what I can do. I hear you lost some money. A bunch of francs?"

Justine St. Denis stared more fixedly at him. He answered politely.

"The francs? Yes. They belong to the government, not to me. They are gone."

"That is obvious," Bright remarked, and glanced daringly at Duclose. "Tell me this," he said to St. Denis. "You met a man in Bordeaux, a fellow with

peculiar eyes. Who was he and how'd you happen to pick him up?"

"Pick up?" St. Denis repeated. "The eyes? Ah, yes, that is very intelligent of you. I remember the eyes 'ad two colors. My memory fails me what colors . . . you will please pardon? My 'ead gives me trouble. Yes, I met 'im as agreed. Several times. We 'ave . . . I search words . . . we 'ave understandings. 'E is a 'orseman, as I. 'E procures the Spanish 'orses . . . there are some in my profession must 'ave business with 'im, several in fact. 'E was well spoken."

"I get you," Bright interposed. "You heard this fellow's name from some other horse trader. And you met him in Bordeaux. Then what?" He offered cigarettes offhandedly. The man shook his head, but from his pocket brought out a thin cigar. He looked at it a minute silently, then absent-mindedly laid it down.

"It is not clear," he complained.

"Do your best," Bright encouraged. "You left Bordeaux with this hombre . . ."

"I remember Toulouse. And Foix. My guide, 'e is so prudent 'e does not tell me the name of the place we proceed to. I do not ask. I think that 'is affair. So at length we descend from a tramway and march into the mountains to a small village. They spoke a patois."

"Basque," Duclose pronounced. "A villainous tongue. In the mountains it is the only language. They all go to heaven, the Basques. The devil has nothing to do with them. He broke his jaw attempting their speech . . ."

"You'll break yours on your own some time," Bright silenced him. "After this village, then what, mister?"

St. Denis moistened his tight lips. "I remember poorly. We enter a 'ouse, and this person with the eyes you mention reminds me of the money. I open my belt to prove that I am an honest patriot . . ."

"And he snatched it?" Bright guessed.

"Non." The horseman scratched his bald head. "Non, that is not correct. I am in confusion. 'E did not take it. It was not there. The belt 'ad no money. Only newspapers pushed in, so . . . it was the *Girondin* newspaper of Bordeaux. No money."

Bright heard this disclosure with a start. At once he realized that he had guessed wrong when first he formed an opinion of St. Denis's difficulties.

"Full of newspapers?" he repeated. Fumbling in his pocket, he felt the dry envelope he had discovered on the roof outside the hotel window in Bordeaux. He remembered again Inspector Gibon's insistence that there had been rain the night before.

"How'd you carry your money?" he asked. He withdrew his hand, empty. This was not the time to disclose evidence.

"It was in the container in which I received it from the bank."

"What bank?"

"The 'Orsemen's Bank. The Domfront 'Orsemen's Bank."

"The seal was broken?" Bright asked.

"But non. It is my 'abit to carry money as I receive it. When I receive

this from the bank, right 'ere it was, in this room," he looked almost affectionately about the familiar walls of his office, "I demand my money belt from the strong box there. When 'e brought it . . ."

"Who?"

"My good secretary Marcel. When 'e brought the belt, I say, 'Will you please place this envelope as it is in the belt?' and I watch till all the buttons are fastened. Ah, oui, I remember that mos' completely."

Bright said: "Huh!"

"Please pardon?"

"Go on. You were in the village and the bottom out of your bank. Then what?"

"This person makes 'orrible objections. Toot, it is too wicked to remember. 'E does not believe me that I 'ave lost the money. 'E thinks I intend to cheat 'im. I am unkindly thrust in a cave. Under the floor. I 'ave spoiled pommes de terre only for food. This villain . . ."

"What's his name, Mister?"

St. Denis shrugged, and managed to place a dismal emphasis in the gesture.

"John. Oui, 'e is called John. An American." Duclose coughed politely. He glanced at Bright, who refused to look at him. "American," St. Denis repeated. "'E complains the 'orses are ready, the money not. 'E discusses for me la rançon . . ."

"Ransom," Duclose translated.

"But yes. 'E will arrest me till I pay. And meantime no 'orses for poor France."

He stopped abruptly, as if the tale were done, and stared with his wide, mournful eyes at the wall. Bright took time to light a new cigarette.

"How long were you in the cellar?"

"Years," St. Denis replied, "then there is mos' immense excitement. One can determine excitement by the sound of 'eels above, is it not true? All the time 'eels were tramping so . . . slowly on the floor. Then, I cannot tell if day or night, they begin so . . . rapidly. There are voices, then doors close and everyting is silence. I try the door to my prison. It is firm. I pound my fists and kick. No reply. I am left alone, m'sieur, alone. 'Ave they departed and left me to starve?" He added plaintively: "So long all that 'orrible time, there is no cider to wet my throat. I am mad. I tear at the floor over me. It is un-giving. The walls then. I touch finally a stone that moves, then another. At length I can thrust my arm out. It is night. I see the stars."

He stared at the wall until Duclose moved restlessly. Josephine was patting her father's hand.

"You saw the stars," the sergeant prompted, "then what?"

"I depart down the mountains. I follow the sentier, the small roadways. I do not remember closely. It is no time for remembering. By day I 'ide, for I do not know this people, at night I walk. So I come in enormously long time to Foix. There I search. 'Ow long? T'ree days, four, five. For a friend of the African service. (Continued on page 74)

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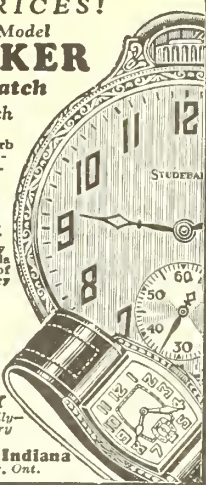
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The Broken 3

(Continued from page 73)

At length I discover 'im. Zut, 'e is growing old!" St. Denis shook his head. "A young man when I see 'im last. I explain my misery, 'e obtains the doctor. Two days I lie in bed in the 'ouse of this friend. Then 'e gives me the mos' generous money and directions . . . 'ere, written so, and I return to Domfront."

Bright had two questions.

"Was there any other American?"

"But no. One is enough."

"Any dark man? Fat?"

"Non, non! No fat man. Just this one I see. John."

"Thanks," Bright said genially. "I think I best be going. Glad you're home, mister. You beat the horoscopes, all right, turning up." Another question occurred to him. "Go to Brest often?" he inquired.

"Ah, oui."

"Rude go along?"

"Certainement. 'E is the good secretary. 'E accompanies mos' frequently."

"Stop at the Continental?"

"But non. I patronize the 'otel de Cheval Rouge. It is kept by Mirabeau of Bernay. 'E was a 'orseman, too, once. All 'orsemen lodge with 'im." An expression of returning intelligence came into his face. "But why, m'sieur?"

"Just wondered what the best hotel is," Bright retorted. "I go to Brest pretty often myself. Glad you're home," he repeated. He watched Duclose bowing decorously to Josephine. The girl followed them out of doors.

"You return?" she inquired of the sergeant.

"No . . ." he stared impolitely at her. There were dots like stars in the dark of her eyes. He was glad her father was back. "No . . . unless . . ."

"I have promised informations. I shall comply, now, m'sieur. But first, you will permit me to call Lieutenant Grice to listen? And my railroad bag . . . may I remind you it lodges still in the car? If you will ask him to bring it with him?"

"I will secure it," Duclose volunteered. He beamed in the girl's direction, then his short, fat legs started obediently toward the car. Bright looked after him thoughtfully. He was discovering that the pleasant little corporal could become interested in other subjects than art. As soon as he was gone, the girl spoke.

"It is my fault, the combat by which you are injured, m'sieur."

"Your fault?" Bright attempted to laugh.

"I shall make it clear." She did not grant Grice a look as he came reluctantly toward her. "The lieutenant has been a good friend of mine," she explained to Bright. "I say he *has* been." She turned briefly to Grice, whose face was crimson. "I have told nothing, m'sieur, which you confided in me last night."

"Was it your signal?" Bright asked bluntly.

"But yes. You know then?" Relief

flashed over her face. "You have guessed my aunt does not care for Americans?"

"Somebody hinted at it."

"She influences my father, likewise, m'sieur, it is no secret. You need only listen to them. They would have me marry a Christian, if you understand. However, Christians are infrequent these days since we learn how to make war. When this lieutenant arrived in our neighborhood I found him polite and thoughtful."

Bright glanced good-naturedly at Rennell's adjutant. Grice was nettled. He twice opened his mouth to object, but the girl gave him no opportunity. She continued steadily.

"I was forbidden to speak with him. My father asks how much money has he? How do I know? I am not thinking of marriage." She hesitated, then continued hurriedly: "You must know it is only because he is poor that I am not before this married to M'sieur Rude. He is suitable to my family, except for his empty pockets. Very well, I may not see the lieutenant as I wish. I may not request him to come to my house in the proper manner, with the family at the hearth. So it is agreed we will meet in the evenings. He shall come to the window and if the shutter is open and a light burning in the office it informs him I wait. He is a proper lieutenant, m'sieur, that much I can say for him."

"Well, that's something," Bright agreed good-humoredly. He smiled at the dazed lieutenant. "First time I ever hit an officer, sir. But nobody can blame you for fixin' up a nice story." He looked about for Duclose; the corporal knew just what to say in times like this. He saw him by the car; he was lifting out a small square black bag, hardly bigger than the dispatch case Bright still carried.

"The bag is unlatched," Josephine said. She was still embarrassed. Ignoring Grice, she walked toward the car. "Somethings I use from it while we ride."

The edge of the bag caught on the door of the car as she spoke and the sides pulled apart. A handful of white garments fell from it. The corporal, whose round cheeks for once were flushed, was busy replacing them in the bag when the others approached. Sergeant Bright stooped and lifted a small lavender powder box that had rolled near his feet. He was dusting it off on his sleeve when he noticed the brass object that lay beside it. He picked it up.

The surprise of finding it caused him to jerk backward perceptibly. He stared confusedly at the brass padlock from Courier Bathurst's case. Its small shackle looked unbroken, but the brass was mottled and the keyhole was packed with ashes. Apparently it had gone through fire.

"What's this?" Bright demanded. He swung accusingly on Josephine. "What's

this, miss? It came out of your bag!"

"A padlock." There was a plaintive appeal in her voice. Bright ignored it.

"Where'd you get it?"

"I cannot answer that, m'sieur."

"Can't? Why not?"

Duclose protested: "The sergeant forgets this is a lady."

"I've forgotten nothing," Bright said irritably. "There's too many folks around here can't answer questions. You know that, Corporal."

"I found it . . . in the ashes there . . ." she pointed toward the house.

"What room?"

"The dining room. I was making the fire."

"Who put it there?"

"I cannot tell you that."

"Why not?"

The girl's expression changed. Her demure appeal gave way to obstinacy. "I found it in the fireplace, that is enough," she repeated. "For many hours I have debated, should I give it to you. It is one of the informations of which I tell you."

"Who put it in the fireplace?"

"I cannot know, m'sieur."

"Don't you suspect?"

"It is not Christian to suspect, m'sieur."

Bright grunted, not knowing what to say. He was conscious that even Duclose was looking with thoughtful approval at Josephine. Swinging the dispatch case down from his shoulder, he tried the lock on it. It did not catch. The tumblers inside were broken. "I'll talk to you tomorrow," he said to Josephine. "All right, Lieutenant."

Corporal Duclose carried the girl's hand baggage into the house, and reappearing at once, took his place gravely in the rear seat beside Lieutenant Grice. Bright at the wheel turned slowly toward Circé. He was more uncertain than ever. He had thought evidence was coming his way with the return of Justine St. Denis. The girl, too, had explained one episode. At least she had plausibly removed suspicion from Lieutenant Grice in the affair outside of the office window.

But was she protecting someone now in the matter of the padlock? It was during that midnight clash, the occasion of which was now so seemingly innocent, during those few seconds of surprise and confusion while Bright fought Grice and Grice escaped, that the dispatch case disappeared. Was she protecting herself? It was possible. But Bright doubted it. Rude? Unwittingly her father had enmeshed the secretary further.

Bright's confidence in his own ability as a detective ebbed as he thought over the new evidence against Marcel Rude. What a fool he had been to release him! He'd have to recover him quick. And where to find him? Corporal Perkins had seen him start toward Brest. It would

be difficult to find even a one-armed man in that hive of landmen and seamen, of soldiers and sailors, of agitators just now preaching red revolution on one hand, and other agitators preaching monarchy . . . any monarchy. He would go search as soon as possible. But first he must return to Rennels's headquarters, quietly dispose of the body of the murdered Whitfield, secretly notify the British provost marshal at Paris, and search out some clue to Rennels.

And besides, decide what to do with Grice. The car rolled slowly down the hill into town, so slowly that Brigadier Bonnet, coasting behind it on his bicycle, once caught up and shouted a greeting cheerfully. His troubles were past; St. Denis had returned. In the public square Bright turned toward Rennels's headquarters. Yes, there was the matter of Rude to settle. Once get him and things would iron themselves out. In the meantime it would be wise to keep as quiet as possible about the murder of Sir Harry Whitfield.

As he turned into the street by the river his foot came down involuntarily on the brake. A crowd had gathered at the entry to American headquarters, and a pair of military policemen futilely were urging them to move.

Duclose, from the rear seat, said: "It has been discovered!"

"Obvious!" Bright answered.

The military policemen let the trio pass, after a word from Bright, and as they approached the step they saw that the main door to the house was open. Two men stood there in the sun, the young lieutenant of military police and . . .

Bright hesitated. It came home to him swiftly that he would need to make a quick decision. There was no doubt as to the identity of the second man. One sight of his teeth was enough. Major Rennels had returned.

The officer recognized Grice first. He came down the steps angrily, his big face colorless, with perspiration on his forehead.

"What's this mean?" he demanded of the adjutant. "I leave you in arrest . . ." He saw Bright. "What are you snooping around here again for? I told you . . ."

Bright made his decision; he spoke before the other had finished.

"I'm here to arrest you, sir."

"Me?" Rennels shouted. "Me? What for? Who're you to put *me* in arrest?"

"I got authority, sir. You and the lieutenant both. . . ."

"What for? You can't arrest me! Why, I command this district! Where's the charges?"

"I'm holding you till I get orders to release you, sir. Orders from Paris. You and the lieutenant both."

"Grice?" The commander of Circé district glared at his adjutant. "Who told you to come back?" he demanded of him. "Come to the office . . ."

"We'll stay right here, sir," Bright corrected. "Lieutenant," he addressed the military police officer who had approached uncertainly, "get that crowd to move on, please."

"I come (Continued on page 76)

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The Broken 3

(Continued from page 75)

home," Rennels was speaking heatedly. "I come home and find . . ."

"We'll go back farther than that, sir. You went away last night. In a hurry. I want to know why."

"What you want to know doesn't interest me."

Bright pulled his identification card from his pocket. "You showed me that before," the major objected.

"Might look at it again, sir." After Rennels had read it, biting his lips, the operator replaced it silently.

"If you knew what was going to happen why didn't you prevent it?"

Bright spoke calmly. "I didn't know it was going to happen, sir. Didn't reckon anybody'd murder a man like Whitfield. . . ."

Grice shouted: "Whitfield?"

" . . . leastways with you and Lieutenant Grice alone in that part of the house with him. Oh, I even know what time it was, sir. Six o'clock, or five after. I was here just a minute or two later."

Grice shouted again: "Murdered? Me in the house . . ."

Major Rennels turned disdainfully at his adjutant's second outburst. As he swung about, Bright for the first time saw the divisional insignia on his shoulder. It was a large red numeral 3.

XIII

THE discovery brought an ugly memory to Pete Bright. A figure three. The same numeral that the sergeant had seen on the sole of Courier Bathhurst's shoe and Sir Harry Whitfield's slipper, even earlier on the fireplace in that dark, vacated room in Bordeaux's Spanish-town . . . except that this was unbroken, a proud figure supposedly, symbolic of valor rather than crime.

"What were you doing here?" Major Rennels asked significantly after a moment. There was a bite to his tone. "I'm sure I had business in my own quarters. As for you . . ."

"Me, too, sir. Important business. But I was outside. I happened to hear the racket. When you came to the window to throw out your cigarette . . . yes, sir, I saw you! . . . you said: 'You'll do no more meddling.'"

Rennels laughed mirthlessly; his front teeth showed. He snapped his fingers once. "I don't give a continental what you heard!"

Bright disagreed. "I think you will, sir." He managed to speak coolly. It took effort. Since the discovery of the padlock everything he'd tried to say had taken effort. His hand, exploring among the pieces of evidence in his pocket, chanced first upon Grice's collar ornament, fumbled past it, felt the broken padlock, and finally drew out the corkscrew that he had found on the bedroom floor where he was convinced Whitfield had died. He held it concealed in his palm as he asked his next question.

"What were you arguing about?"

Rennels swore under his breath; he shook his head again irritably. "Come in, if you must interfere," he said gruffly. He glanced suspiciously at Duclose. The corporal had turned away, at a sign from Bright, and was examining critically the front of the house.

Sir Harry Whitfield lay as the two D. C. I. operators had left him on the floor of the big room; a beefy military policeman stood guard a half dozen paces off. The major made a wide detour, nor did he glance down at the body; only Grice, of the three men, halted; he stared bewilderedly for better than half a minute, as if convincing himself that his eyes saw right; then he went on after the other two, almost running, with short steps. The echoes picked up the scrape of their shoes and returned the sound to them magnified.

Rennels proceeded heavily into the narrow passage, through the door on which the bolt had been wrenched loose, and along the corridor into his room. He poured a drink at once, and with his back to the others tipped the glass to his lips. That accomplished, he took on spirit.

"Devil of a note," he growled. His voice still was harsh, but the expression on his face was less churlish. "Old friend of mine, you know. Friend for years. Murdered . . . in my house!" He wiped his mouth with his palm, twice looked backward at the door as if expecting Sir Harry to come through it; finally coughed. "Devil of a note," he repeated.

Bright listened unemotionally. He had heard such protestations before. The major sat down on the edge of the bed, suddenly. Grice, without waiting to be invited, dropped into a chair by the table and eyed the bottle thirstily. Sergeant Bright remained standing. His eyes were on the divisional three.

"If you'll tell me what the trouble was about," he suggested.

Rennels's passion came back at once. "If you mean what you overheard me say, it had nothing to do with . . . this thing that's happened. Nothing whatever. The lieutenant will bear me out in that."

Grice shook his head: "No . . . nothing," he agreed flatly.

"Who was in your room when you was hollering?"

"This officer and I. No one else. Sir Harry? No, sir! Not for a minute. You heard me speaking to Lieutenant Grice and nobody else."

Bright hesitated. If the major were telling the truth, then his conjectures all were wrong. He had built his case on the hypothesis that Rennels was addressing Whitfield. Was the major telling the truth? If he were, this investigation would have to begin all over. At any rate, Grice must have been in the room. Rennels would not dare say so, now, with the adjutant present, and hostile to

him, if that much weren't true. He tried again:

"Where was Whitfield?"

"In his room writing letters."

"That's right," Grice put in. He yielded to his natural eagerness. "He told me that, too. He came down to the kitchen . . . he was carrying his lamp and a cognac bottle."

"You were in the kitchen?" Bright inquired.

"Happened to be. Sir Harry came back this way, toward your room, sir." Grice addressed Major Rennels.

Rennels digested this slowly.

"Then Lieutenant Grice *wasn't* in your room?" Bright suggested.

The major frowned. "He had been," he said gruffly. "Just as he left . . . it may have been a moment later, I naturally wasn't holding a stop watch . . . Sir Harry came to the door to borrow a corkscrew . . ."

Bright squeezed his palm shut.

"Yes?" he prompted.

"I'd lost mine the night before. So he started to the kitchen."

"That's all you know?"

"I walked to the door with him, stood there a minute." The major made a point of adding: "You can look 'way into the kitchen from my door. I saw him speak to Mr. Grice there."

"Where?"

"In the kitchen."

"Then what?"

"He and Grice came back to the lieutenant's room. I was just going out and saw them turn in the door. That's the last I saw of him."

"Did he get his corkscrew?"

"How do I know? I suppose the cook lent him one."

Bright held out the spiral in his hand. "This yours?"

Rennels grunted, and after looking quickly at the adjutant, answered with a question of his own: "Where'd you get that?"

"Whitfield was carrying it when he was killed, sir," the sergeant divulged. "Yours?"

"It is not," Rennels retorted. "Mr. Grice may recognize it."

Bright, turning, saw that the lieutenant was staring bewilderedly; his mouth hung open.

"It's mine," he admitted. "I lent it to him."

"Major Rennels is right, then? You did see him after he left the major's door?"

Grice withdrew a handkerchief from his pocket, and carefully wiped the palms of his hands. "I told you he came to the kitchen, and asked the cook. Cook said he always knocked the necks off bottles. Sir Harry chuckled sort of and asked me for mine. I told him I had one in my room. He said, 'Never mind, go ahead and eat your lunch.' It wasn't ready yet; cook had to open another tin of corned beef. So I went back along

with him and got him the corkscrew and he thanked me and . . ."

Rennels broke in. "So you were alone with him after I saw him last? By your own admission! And you didn't care much for him anyhow?"

The commander of Circé district allowed rage to overcome his caution. It was directed at Grice purely. There was no doubt now about his feelings for the lieutenant. The adjutant's answer proved that the dislike was equal.

"Yes," Grice responded warmly. "I was alone with him. I didn't like him. No bones about that! Everybody in the outfit knows I didn't like him. To be sure, I went into my room with him. I gave him this corkscrew, and then I came out and walked right back to the kitchen. Cook had the sandwiches ready, two of 'em. I ate 'em down there . . . you saw me, Sergeant. Whitfield left me up by my door. The last that I saw of him he was headed toward your room. . . ."

Bright interposed. "Toward his own room?"

"His room was at the end. He had to pass the major's first. He said he was going to give the major a drink. That's the last I saw of him. Going your way, sir." He sank into the nearest chair.

Rennels swore again.

"He didn't stop at my room!" He stopped, thinking. "He may have. I don't know. I was gone."

"What time did you leave?"

"Some time around six. How do I know exactly? I went over to enlisted men's quarters hunting my driver."

"Then where?"

"Into the office, if it's any of your business . . ."

"Hear the clock strike six?"

"I did not!"

"You, lieutenant?"

Grice flushed.

"No, can't say I did. Don't know where I was right at six o'clock . . ."

Bright breathed deeply. There was still a volume untold. But he knew enough to realize that anything might have happened in such an ill-humored household. Anything. Grice could have followed Whitfield there in the corridor. Or Rennels could have met him at the door. The two officers were scowling. Bright observed them with satisfaction. Give them enough chance one at the other and they would spill the whole bag, he figured. This interview was hard; a good deal harder than even he had expected, but there were still a number of leads he could take. For one thing there was that statement of the talkative clerk, the young curly-headed fellow in the office last night. He had mentioned a fat party who helped move furniture into the great hall. A fat party.

"You moved some furniture into that big room yesterday?" Bright asked casually. The question provoked deeper ill humor in the district commander.

"What of it? You seem to be familiar with everything I've done lately. Anything wrong in moving furniture around? It was getting too scratched up. I sent a detail from (Continued on page 78)



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The Broken 3

(Continued from page 77)

headquarters. I suppose that's damning evidence, too, pointing at me?"

"You sent a civilian to help them? Whitfield, for instance?"

Rennels snorted.

"I'm not in the habit of sending my guests on fatigue details."

"Anyone else? A fat man?"

"No. No one else."

"About this main part of the house. Anyone else besides you have a key to the front door?"

"No!"

"Carried yours in your pocket?"

"Why would I? I kept it in my room. Yesterday when that fatigue detail got through I locked the door, locked it myself and left the key in it."

"Inside or out?"

"Inside, of course!"

"How'd you get out?"

"Into my own room through that door under the stair. I bolted it after me."

"Sure that's what you did, sir?"

"I tell you, Sergeant, I object to this questioning!"

"How long you known Whitfield?" Bright inquired, unruffled.

Rennels grunted, and shook his head again angrily, then, thinking better of it, replied: "Twenty years. Longer than that. In America? Certainly. In Washington. On his way back from Alaska. He'd been in the gold rush."

"How'd you happen to run into him over here?"

"Read about him in the papers. Had a ten-day leave in Paris. Looked him up."

"When was that?"

"A month ago. I tell you, Sergeant, I object to this questioning."

"Anything happen in Paris? Anything peculiar?"

"No. Damn it, no! Nothing!"

"Who were his friends?"

"How do I know? He hated Paris, wanted to come up here fishing."

"Where'd he stay in Paris?"

"He had an apartment."

"You stay there with him?"

The major gulped, then answered: "A few days."

"Who else?" Bright frowned at the floor. "Who else stayed there?"

"No one. Myself and my orderly."

"Who's your orderly?"

Rennels's teeth bit together. He looked at Grice almost as if asking help. The adjutant's response was cold. Bright repeated his question.

"Fellow named Olson from Minnesota."

"Name Olson?" Bright showed surprise. "That the one you took to Paris?"

The major looked at him sharply. "Anything you don't know?" he demanded. "No, it isn't. The one I took to Paris is sick. He's got the flu. In hospital."

"He's out of hospital," Bright said. He remembered the soldier whom the

sergeant major called into the garden several nights ago who admitted he had been taken on fishing trips.

"He's not out, damn it! Think I don't know what I'm talking about? He *was* out. One day. They took him back to Le Mans in an ambulance."

Bright turned this fact over in his mind. "What'd you say his name was?"

"Menz," Rennels answered shortly, "if that has anything to do with murder."

"You never can tell," Bright retorted. "How many times had Sir Harry visited you here?"

"Twice. About two weeks ago for three days. Then this time." The major walked stiffly to the table when he had said that, and ignoring Lieutenant Grice, poured himself another drink, again turned his back while he tossed it down. Bright reverted to the earlier questions.

"You saw the lieutenant and Sir Harry go to the kitchen late yesterday afternoon, then the lieutenant saw him come back towards your room. He was killed there in the doorway..."

Rennels turned quickly. "Which doorway?"

"The door of his own room. He had the lamp in his hand and a cognac bottle and the corkscrew. The door was open. The lamp dropped inside the room, and pieces of the glass shade fell into the hall. Glass don't go through closed doors, sir, so I know the door was open. You say you were in your own room and you didn't know anything about it. The lieutenant was in the kitchen eating sandwiches and he didn't know anything either. Didn't even take the trouble to turn out his bedroom light. But you both beat it, pronto. Both get out of town toot damn sweet..."

"Are you accusing me, Sergeant, of murdering my friend?"

"I'm telling you what happened," Bright persisted. "I was out there in the garden. Not alone, either. A Dutchman named Duclose was with me part of the time. He's outside right now admiring the architecture. I heard you make that remark about 'You'll do no more meddling!' which you say now was to Lieutenant Grice. Only I saw Whitfield's light go out just then, sort of slowly. And the next minute or so, yours, and a door slammed, and you came out the side door post haste. The clock struck six just before that. I came in to see Whitfield right then... yes, sir, on business." He touched the dispatch case. "Business about this, sir, if you want to know. I came in and found him dead. That was after you two beat it."

Grice was searching his pockets for matches; at last finding one, he lighted a cigarette. His fingers trembled. He puffed twice, then flung the cigarette after the match to the floor and stepped on it.

"Following that, sir," Bright repeated,

"you both went to Le Mans. I know kind of well what you did there. It will stand some explaining. What was it, Major, you and Rude were talking over so confidential?"

"Rude?"

"Yes, sir."

"Never heard of him," Rennels said doggedly.

Bright accepted this statement thoughtfully.

"Well, even if you didn't, what was it you and he were talking about in the gare?"

Rennels snapped his fingers.

"Thank God I'm not in your under-hand branch of service!" he shouted. He unhooked the collar of his blouse. "You followed me there, too? You mean that fellow from Josephine's house?"

Bright checked him. "Josephine?"

"A girl." The major glanced quickly at the lieutenant. "Lives down the road."

"You know her, too?" Bright inquired.

The major considered him with suspicion. "I happen to," he said severely. "The man whose name you tell me is Rude works in her house. I asked him when there'd be a train back to Domfront..."

"It was Corporal Perkins you asked that, sir."

The major's red face went slowly white; not from fear, Bright discovered next breath. Only anger could make a man's voice quite so brutal. "Perkins? I'd forgotten *his* name, too! What's it to you whom I ask about trains? A man of importance is murdered. And instead of getting busy you damned meddling police begin to ask suspicious questions of me. I'll tell you nothing more! Get out of my quarters..."

"One thing more," Bright continued insistently. "Why'd the lieutenant," he nodded toward Grice, "want to get transferred so bad?"

"Want to be? I wanted him transferred. Going to charge him with inefficiency..."

"Why, I say!" Grice protested.

There was an intrusive knock on the door, followed by a loud sneeze. The sergeant major, his cold no better, stepped into the room.

"Gendarme wants to see the sergeant cop," he said.

Bright turned impatiently. It was unfortunate to be interrupted just at this point. "Tell him to wait," he said.

Brigadier Bonnet, cap in hand, followed into the room.

"I regret to disturb you," he began, very ill at ease. "But occurrences... at my office require you..."

"What kind of occurrences?"

"I am not at liberty to disclose," Bonnet replied. He twisted his cap in his hands. "It is important to come."

"You don't need to be so mysterious,"

Bright retorted. "Wait . . . you'll come with me, please, Major Rennels? I'll send in a corporal to stay with you. Lieutenant. Here? Yes, sir. No, sir, not under arrest unless I got to. But it's good advice I put out when I say you'd better stay peaceful. Major . . ."

"I'm coming," Rennels replied grimly. "I wouldn't let you out of my sight a second."

Bright laughed uncomfortably. His eyes, while Rennels rebuttoned the collar of his blouse, fixed again on the figure 3 on his shoulder. "No danger, sir," the sergeant said, "we stick together, me and you, till somebody's got the bracelets on."

Rennels sat aloofly in the rear seat of his own car, the gendarme beside him; Bright, the dispatch case on his knees, in front with the regular driver, who was in a bad temper.

At the gendarmerie Bonnet scurried out and held open the door. Bright stepped aside to let Rennels pass.

Two men were waiting in the room with the stone floor, one a stout, middle-aged fellow in steel rimmed spectacles, the other noticeably tall for a Frenchman. They both wore plain, inconspicuous clothes, both carried umbrellas, and both appeared to be in serious contemplation.

"Here he is, m'sieurs," Bonnet said aggrievedly. "I have done as you direct."

The taller of the civilians walked forward. He carried a slip of blue paper in his hand, and looked hard at Bright.

"You are Pierre Breet?" he inquired. He spoke in a deep voice with more than a slur of Norman accent.

"I am," Bright answered.

The stranger gripped his sleeve. Bright, drawing away, saw Major Rennels staring wide-mouthed at the two newcomers, an expression of surprise mingled with satisfaction on his big, plain face. He heard Bonnet whisper "Regrettable!" to himself. He saw, too, that the stout fellow had crossed the floor quietly and stood in the way of the exit.

"I am inspector of police on the state railway," the man said hoarsely. "In the name of the Republic, I arrest you for the murder of one Bathhurst, a British citizen, on the Bordeaux-Paris express. Oui. There is no argument, I shall retain you. . . ."

"Arrest me?" Bright shouted. The two strangers were holding his wrists now. Rennels laughed unpleasantly. Brigadier Bonnet cried mournfully again:

"Pardon!"

The man in the spectacles yanked the dispatch case from Bright's elbow. Rennels still was laughing as the pair pushed the sergeant, kicking, toward the open door of the single cell. He shouted once; once struck out, catching the railway policeman on the cheek. He was heaved forward at that, and fell against the opposite wall. The door swung shut. Chains rattled. Bolts thumped. He was alone. The dispatch case was gone. In the outer room he heard Rennels laugh.

(To be continued)

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FIRST Lieutenant Uzal G. Ent, United States Army Air Corps, who records his experiences in the National Elimination Balloon Races in this issue, is a real peacetime air hero. In the balloon race of 1928, when eleven of the fourteen balloons entered were batted to earth by the fury of a line squall with tornado head two hours after they had taken off, Lieutenant Ent risked his own life in an attempt to save that of his pilot, Lieutenant Paul Evert. Their balloon was struck by lightning. Evert collapsed in the bottom of the basket as the balloon envelope above burst into flames. Lieutenant Ent, though stunned by the shock of the bolt, attempted to rouse his companion. He could not. Safety for himself lay in a parachute leap. But he knew that the loss of his weight would cause the blazing bag to ascend many hundred feet and that if Evert were merely unconscious he would inevitably be killed in falling from the greater altitude when the bag completed incineration. So Lieutenant Ent stuck to his post, riding the blazing meteor to earth. Only the basket and a few smoldering tatters of fabric and ropes remained when the wreck of the balloon touched ground. Lieutenant Ent hastened to remove his pilot's body, apparently uninjured. A doctor who was summoned to the scene shook his head, for Lieutenant Ent's bravery had been in vain. Lieutenant Evert had been instantly killed by the lightning bolt. For his heroic act Lieutenant Ent received the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Cheney Award, the latter an annual recognition of the outstanding act of valor in the Army Air Corps.

LIEUTENANT ENT enlisted as a private in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps on March 14, 1918, a few months before his seventeenth birthday. After recruit training at Fort Slocum and Kelly Field he was sent to Fort Omaha, headquarters of the Army Balloon Schools, where he served as company clerk with twelve different balloon companies. The round dozen transfers are explained by the fact that he was rated so highly as a clerk that the authorities would not let him leave with his own companies as they received orders for overseas duty. In November, 1918, before the Armistice, the then Corporal Ent took a competitive examination for entrance to West Point and passed with flying colors. He was discharged as a corporal on March 14, 1919, and immediately re-enlisted in grade. Until June, when he entered the Military Academy, he was first sergeant of the

59th Balloon Company, stationed at Wingfoot Lake, Akron, Ohio. After seven months at West Point he was flunked in mathematics. He at once studied to make up his deficiencies and was allowed to re-enter the academy as a plebe in June of 1920. When he was graduated in 1924 he was a lieutenant in the Academy Cadet Corps. He is now stationed at Langley Field, Virginia.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM J. FLOOD, Lieutenant Ent's companion, is also a World War veteran. He was graduated from the First Officers' Training Camp at Fort Myer, Virginia, and embarked for overseas duty in November, 1917. Most of his service in France was as commanding officer of the 1101st Aero Squadron at Colombey-les-Belles, although for a short time he served as aide to Brigadier General Benjamin Foulois. In 1923 Captain Flood miraculously escaped injury when the airship he was piloting exploded at a mooring mast at Wright Field, Ohio. He finished second in the national balloon race of 1925, starting from St. Joseph, Missouri, and he finished in seventh place in the international race of that year, starting from Brussels, Belgium, being forced down at the eastern edge of the English Channel. He commands the Nineteenth Airship Company at Langley Field.

FRANKLIN D'OLIER was born in the village of Burlington, New Jersey, near Philadelphia, where seven generations of his family, Quakers of French extraction, had preceded him. He was graduated from Princeton in 1898 and entered his father's business, Franklin D'Olier & Company, yarn merchants of Philadelphia. In 1917 Mr. D'Olier was past forty years old, the father of three children and president of the company. He volunteered immediately after the declaration of war and was commissioned a captain in the Quartermaster Corps. In France with the first fifty thousand, he helped to organize that wondrous phenomenon of military effort called the Services of Supply which is without precedent in history. He left the Army a lieutenant colonel of the General Staff, with the American Distinguished Service Medal and the French Legion of Honor. During the entire time of his military service he endorsed his pay vouchers over to the Red Cross. At present Colonel D'Olier is administrative vice president of the Prudential Life Insurance Company. It may be unnecessary to point out that the title of Colonel D'Olier's article is taken from the delightful little

book of child verse by A. A. Milne published five years ago, but it is probably not generally known that Mr. Milne himself is an ex-service man, having served with the British Expeditionary Forces in the Royal Warwickshires.

CYRUS LEROY BALDRIDGE, one-time cartoonist for *The Stars and Stripes*, returned from France in 1919 and immediately went to China. On his return he paid a short visit to the United States while en route to Italy, and on his way back had another fleeting glimpse of his native land while crossing it bound for China a second time. On his return from his second visit to China, Mr. Baldrige obviously concluded that he had not done the right thing by his country, so he packed his belongings into a second-hand touring car on the banks of the Hudson and drove it to California and return. After this act of simple justice to the United States he set out for Africa, where he spent a year. The result of this last trip will be a book, "White Africans and Black," written in collaboration with his wife, Caroline Singer (late A. R. C., A. E. F.), which is to appear this fall. For the past twenty minutes they have been living in New York City.

GENERAL HUGH L. SCOTT is a direct descendant of Benjamin Franklin, his mother having been Franklin's great-granddaughter. Graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1876 as a second lieutenant, he was promoted through the grades to major general in 1915. That simple statement covers one of the most active and colorful careers in the annals of the American Army—a career whose graphic story General Scott set forth a few months ago in "Some Memories of a Soldier" (Century Company). For more than twenty years—from 1876 to 1897—he was in the turbulent Indian campaigns that characterized that era in the West. Subsequently he became superintendent of the United States Military Academy and finally Chief of Staff of the United States Army. His "Memories" covers the period in which the average-age Legionnaire was growing up (not to mention the average-age Legionnaire's father)—plains warfare, the War with Spain, the Philippines, the Mexican Border Mixup, the World War. The book is not only an important contribution to history but is fascinating reading.

The Editor

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